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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

THE plan of this work is unique. No such collection has before been undertaken, or would have been possible under less favoring circumstances. The attempt is made to collect in one volume, all the tunes, from any and every source, which are widely popular in America. No new tunes are admitted; the purpose has been to give place to none but thoroughly tested tunes, which have *proved* popular, and to include, if possible, all of these.

Of the hundreds of tune-books which have been published in the last fifty years, there is, perhaps, not more than one which has presented to the public as many as twenty-five new tunes which have proved widely and permanently popular, and have continued to be extensively used. Many of these books have contained not one single new tune which has acquired more than transient popularity. Others have presented one, five, ten, or, possibly, in rare cases, twenty such tunes; which are, indeed, taking the music books as a whole, about as plenty as pearls among oyster shells.

Now, if a volume can be published containing all these popular tunes—tried and proved popular—and no others, it must be a treasure; the cream of all the music books; the pearls from an enormous mass of shells.

It is believed that the AMERICAN TUNE BOOK is such a volume.

There were two difficulties in the way of its preparation; first, to determine which these really popular tunes were; and, second, to obtain the right to print them. It would not do to trust to any one, or even several editors, however experienced, to make the selection. The judgment, experience,

and taste of the musical public must, somehow, be made available. Then, the tunes are, very many of them, copyright property, and cannot be used without the consent of those who control the right to print. The latter difficulty was not practically so great to the publishers of this work, because, as the most prominent publishers of sacred music books in this country, for nearly twenty years, and successors of those who had been the prominent publishers of this class of books before them, they have accumulated the rights to print most of the popular tunes from a variety of sources.

The following was the plan adopted and carried out in the selection of the tunes: the public can judge whether its results are reliable, and so whether THE AMERICAN TUNE BOOK is in reality, a complete collection of tunes which are widely popular in America.

A selection of one thousand experienced teachers of music and leaders of choirs, in all parts of the country, generally but one in a place, was made. By correspondence the plan of the proposed work was submitted to each one of these, and five hundred were induced to assist in its preparation. Each one prepared a list of tunes, from every source, which, in his section and experience, had proved permanently pleasing and useful, and so could be recommended for insertion in such a book. When these lists were all collected, they were carefully compared and collated, tables being prepared which showed all the tunes called for, and by just how many each particular tune was judged worthy. By this means it is believed that a perfectly reliable selection of the tunes which are popular in any considerable section

or sections of the country, was obtained, and that the degree of popularity of each tune was fairly measured. Of course a vast number of tunes were called for ; enough to fill many volumes ; but of these the great majority had a quite small number of votes—most of them but one or two, showing that their popularity was only local, and so they could by no means be regarded as widely popular tunes. On the other hand, a tune called for by hundreds, or even fifty of the five hundred (it being remembered that they were scattered all over the country, and had no consultation one with another), could be relied on as widely popular. The labor of carrying out this plan has been very much greater than anticipated when it was commenced, or than can be readily realized, and has consumed more time than was supposed to be necessary. But it has been faithfully and successfully carried out. This work is, therefore, presented as a collection, not of tunes merely supposed to be popular, but of those, and nearly all of those which are actually so—the facts respecting them being obtained by a process which must give accurate results.

Of course no individual can be held responsible for the contents of a volume so prepared. It is indeed a book with five hundred editors.

The variety of meters is complete, including all in the various hymn books in common use. The description of meters used in the Methodist Hymn Book is inserted, as well as those used in other books.

While none of the tunes in this book are new, unquestionably every individual and every choir will find in it many tunes which are new to them, while they have the satisfactory knowledge that every one of them has proved widely popular with others. The Anthems and Set Pieces have been selected upon the same principles, and so far as possible by the same method.

The Singing School Department is the only one which can

be announced as new. This has been prepared and revised by Dr. LOWELL MASON. The instruction is in catechetical form. It is believed this will be found the most attractive book for Singing Schools ever issued.

A thorough examination of this book of books will reveal that it is a collection of all the time-honored religious music from the days of Billings and Holden down to the present time, which has become national in character as associated with the American Protestant churches.

It contains all those familiar tunes which have been surrounded by dear and hallowed reminiscences in all sections of the country, and which have mainly attained their lasting popularity through the incessant labors and eminent talents of Dr. LOWELL MASON, whose life-devotion to the cause of Psalmody has given him a greater wide-spread fame than any other American writer or compiler of church music. A choir or congregation, with this book to sing from, will hardly have need of any other, as all that can be desired in good, substantial church psalmody is obtained in this volume.

A large portion of the tunes inserted are copyright property, and cannot be used without permission of the proprietors.

The publishers have been so fortunate as to obtain the right to print all the tunes inserted, except less than twenty, and those among the less desirable ones.

This work was projected and carried to completion, even to the printing of this announcement by MASON BROTHERS. Within a few days of its publication this house is, by the death of one of its partners, brought to the conclusion to retire from the publishing business. They have therefore disposed of their entire list of musical publications to Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, by whom, consequently, the AMERICAN TUNE BOOK will be published.

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1. How many essential distinctions or differences exist in the nature of musical sounds or tones? — *Three.*
2. What is the first? — *They are long or short.*
3. What is the second? — *They are low or high.*
4. What is the third? — *They are soft or loud.*
5. How many properties or conditions are consequently necessary to the existence of a tone? — *Three.**
6. What property or condition, necessary to the existence of a tone, is consequent upon the first distinction named? — *Length.*
7. What upon the second? — *Pitch.*
8. What upon the third? — *Force.*
9. How many departments, therefore, will be convenient in treating of music? — *Three.*
10. What is the department called which treats of the length of tones? — *Rhythmics.*
11. What is the department called which treats of pitch? — *Melodics.*
12. What is the department called which treats of force? — *Dynamics.*

* NOTE. — Another characteristic of tones necessary, not to their existence, but to their power to afford pleasure, is that of a good quality or timbre. Any sound, possessing the three qualities of length, pitch, and force, is a musical sound, or tone, whatever its quality; a sound wanting any one of these three distinctions, is not a tone.

CHAPTER II.

RHYTHMICS.

13. By what names are tones distinguished in the department of Rhythmics? — *By the name of whole or integer, or of its fractional parts as may be required; as, Whole, Half, Quarter, Eighth, Sixteenth, etc.*

NOTE. — Sometimes called Semibreve, Minim, Crotchet, Quaver, Semiquaver, etc.

14. What do these names indicate? — *Comparative or relative duration or length.*
15. May a tone be seen, or must it be heard? — *It must be heard.*
16. What are those characters called by which the relative length of tones is indicated to the eye? — *Notes.*
17. How many kinds of notes are required? — *As many as there are tone-lengths to represent.*
18. From what are the notes named? — *From the names of the tones which they represent, viz. Whole, Half, Quarter, etc.*

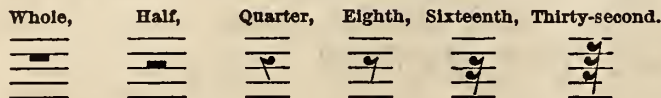
ILLUSTRATION.

Whole,	Half,	Quarter,	Eighth,	Sixteenth,	Thirty-second.
○	P	P	P	P	P

19. May notes be heard, or must they be seen? — *They must be seen.*
20. What is occasional silence called in music? — *Resting.*

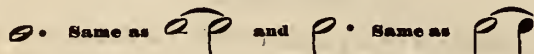
21. What are the characters named which indicate silence? — *Rests; as, Whole, Half, Quarter, etc.*

ILLUSTRATION.



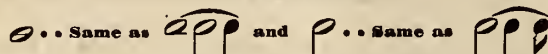
22. What character is that which adds to the significance of a note or rest one-half of its length? — *A dot, or point of addition.*

ILLUSTRATION.



23. By what character may three-fourths be added to the significance of a note or rest? — *Double dot, or double point of addition.*

ILLUSTRATION.



24. What character is used to indicate the diminution of the joint length of any three notes one-third, or to that of two without the character? — *The figure 3, called a mark of diminution.*

ILLUSTRATION.



NOTE. — Other figures are sometimes used for a similar purpose, indicating diminution of length, in accordance with the figure employed; as 5, 6, 7, etc.

CHAPTER III.

MEASUREMENT OF TONES.

25. How is the relative length of tones compared or measured? — *By a division of time into equal portions.*

26. What are such portions of time called? — *Measures and parts of measures.*

27. How may measures or parts of measures be made manifest to the ear? — *By equal counting, called counting time.*

28. How may they be manifested to the eye? — *By equal motions, as of the hand or fore-arm, called beating time.*

29. How are written measures (signs or notations of measures) indicated? — *By vertical lines, called bars.*

30. What is a written measure? — *The space between two bars.*

31. What sign is used to show the end of a strain, or line of poetry, or close of a piece of music? — *A double bar, or a close.*

KINDS OF MEASURES.

32. How many kinds of measures are there in common use? — *Four.**

33. Upon what does the kind of measure depend? — *The number of its parts.*

34. If a measure has two parts, what is it called? — *Double measure.*

35. Which is the strong or accented part in Double measure? — *The first.*

36. What figure is used as a sign of Double measure? — *The figure two (2).*

37. If a measure has three parts, what is it called? — *Triple measure.*

38. Which is the accented part in Triple measure? — *The first.*

39. What is the sign of Triple measure? — *The figure three (3).*

40. If a measure has four parts, what is it called? — *Quadruple measure.*

41. Which parts are accented? — *Principally the first, slightly the third.*

42. By what figure designated? — *By the figure four (4).*

43. If a measure has six parts, what is it called? — *Sextuple measure.*

44. Which parts are accented? — *Principally the first, slightly the fourth.*

45. How designated? — *By the figure six (6).*

46. When a tone commences on an unaccented part of a measure, and is continued on an accented part of a measure, thereby changing the accent, what is such a change or tone called? — *A Syncope, or syncopeated tone.*

*Measures are sometimes used of five, nine, and twelve parts.

47. How many varieties may there be in each kind of measure? — *As many as there are kinds of notes.*
48. What determines the variety of measure? — *The kind of note used on each part of the measure.*
49. What determines the kind of measure? — *The number of its parts.*
50. What are used as signs of variety of measure? — *Figures, representing comparative tone-length; as, 2, 4, 8, etc.*
51. When figures are used to designate both the kind and the variety of measure, in what form are they written? — *In the same form as when used to represent fractions.*
52. What is indicated by the numerator? — *The kind of measure.*
53. What is indicated by the denominator? — *The variety of measure.*

CHAPTER IV.

MELODICS — THE SCALE — INTERVALS — STAFF.

54. What is that department called which treats of the pitch of tones? — *Melodics.*
55. What is that series of tones, in which they are disposed or arranged with reference to the relation of pitch, called? — *The scale.*
56. From whence is this name derived? — *From the Italian, Scälä; meaning a ladder.*
57. How many tones constitute the scale? — *Eight.*
58. How are the scale tones named? — *From the names of numbers; as, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven and eight.*
59. In what consists the difference between the scale tones? — *In pitch.*
60. What is the difference of pitch between two tones called? — *An interval.*
61. What is an interval? — *The difference or relation of pitch between two tones.*
62. How many tones must be heard, in order to make manifest an interval? — *Two.*
63. How many intervals are there in the regularly progressive scale? — *Seven.*
64. Are the scale intervals alike, or do they differ? — *They differ.*
65. How many kinds of intervals are there in the scale? — *Two.*
66. In what do they differ? — *In magnitude.*
67. How many of the larger intervals are there in the scale? — *Five.*
68. How many of the smaller? — *Two.*

69. What are the larger scale intervals called? — *Steps.*
70. What are the smaller scale intervals called? — *Half-steps*

SYLLABLES.

71. What syllables in singing are usually applied to the scale tones? — *Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.*
72. In what order are the syllables applied to the scale? — *Do to one, Re to two, Mi to Three, Fa to Four, Sol to Five, La to Six, Si to Seven, Do to Eight.*
73. Of what use are syllables in learning to sing? — *They familiarize relative pitch, and thus lead to the practical knowledge of intervals.*

NOTE. — The principle is that of mental association; after a little practice, each syllable becomes so strongly associated with the pitch of the tone to which it is applied, as to recall it or bring it up quickly to the mind, and thus the pupil is enabled to produce the tone with ease and accuracy. This use of the syllables has been peculiar to England and America, though it has been introduced in Germany, where the one syllable, La, principally prevails. In Italy and in France, the same syllables are used for a very different purpose, or for the same purpose for which letters are used in Germany, England, and America, viz.: to indicate absolute pitch. But this is utterly destructive of that for which they were originally intended by Guido Aretino, who first made use of them in the eleventh century. He applied them not to designate absolute, but relative or scale pitch, as Ut to the tone One, Re to the tone Two, Mi to Three, etc., in whatever key the music may be written. This is the only way in which they can be applied, so as to be useful in class-teaching: but in this, their proper use after the manner of Guido, they may afford essential help to the pupil in taking the tones, whatever may be the interval, independently of instrumental aid. The use of the syllables in singing, is called *solfaing*, or singing by *solfa*, or *solmization*. Singing to single syllable or open vowel, is called *vocalizing*. The word Scälä (Italian for scale) has long been in use for vocalizing purposes.

THE STAFF.

74. By what character is relative pitch, or the scale, indicated? — *By the staff.*
75. Of what may the staff be regarded as a sign or picture? — *Of the scale.*
76. What constitutes the character called the staff? — *Five parallel horizontal lines with their intermediate spaces.*
77. What is each line and each space of the staff called? — *A Degree.*
78. How many degrees are there in the staff? — *Nine.*
79. If more than nine degrees are wanted, how can they be supplied? — *By additional lines and spaces.*
80. If the first line of the staff be supposed to represent the tone One, by what degree will Two be represented? — *By the next degree above.*

81. Is each tone of the scale necessarily represented by some one particular degree of the staff, or may any degree be taken to represent any one of the tones of the scale? — *Any degree may be taken.*

82. By what characters is the order of succession of tones indicated? — *By notes, placed upon the staff.**

CHAPTER V.

ABSOLUTE PITCH — MODEL SCALE — CLEFS.

83. What is that pitch called which is in itself independent of scale relationship? — *Absolute pitch.*

84. From what is absolute pitch named? — *From the name of letters.*

85. What characters (signs) are used to designate absolute pitch? — *Letters themselves, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.*

86. Must the pitch of the scale be always the same, or may it be changed, and any pitch be taken as One? — *Any pitch may be taken, as one.*

87. What is the name of that pitch which is taken as One in the first or model scale? — *C.*

88. What are the component tones (absolute pitch) of the model scale, or Scale of C? — *C, D, E, F, G, A, B.*

89. In what way may the absolute pitch of tones be represented in connection with their scale-relationship? — *By connecting the signs of absolute pitch with the staff.*

90. Will this require that all the letters be written upon the staff, or is a single one sufficient? — *One is sufficient.*

91. What is the letter called which is used for this purpose? — *A Clef.*

92. What is a Clef? — *A letter applied to the staff, to indicate absolute pitch.*

93. What are the most common clef-letters? — *F and G.*

94. What other letter is sometimes used for a clef? — *C.*

95. Upon what degree of the staff is the F-clef usually placed? — *Fourth line.*

96. Upon what degree of the staff is the G-clef usually placed? — *Second line.*

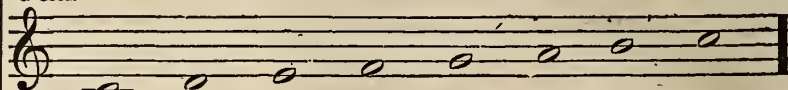
NOTE — Notes primarily indicate the length of tones; in connection with the staff they indicate relative pitch.

97. In the use of the F-clef, what degree of the staff will represent One of the model scale of C? — *Fourth degree.*

98. In the use of the G-clef, what degree of the staff will represent One of the model scale of C? — *Added line below.*

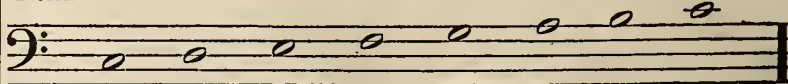
MODEL SCALE OF C, ILLUSTRATED.

G Clef.



Pitch.	C,	D,	E,	F,	G,	A,	B,	C.
Scale names. 1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6,	7,	8.	
Syllables. Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	

F Clef.



Pitch.	C,	D,	E,	F,	G,	A,	B,	C.
Scale names. 1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6,	7,	8.	
Syllables. Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	

CHAPTER VI.

SCALE EXTENDED — CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES.

99. What is the order or classification of such tones as are higher in pitch than eight of the scale? — *The same series of tones (or the scale) is repeated at the higher pitch of an octave.*

100. What is the order or classification of such tones as are lower in pitch than one of the scale? — *The same series of tones (or the scale) is repeated at the lower pitch of an octave.*

101. Are the tones of the higher and the lower scales just alike, or do they in any respect differ? — *They differ in respect to pitch.*

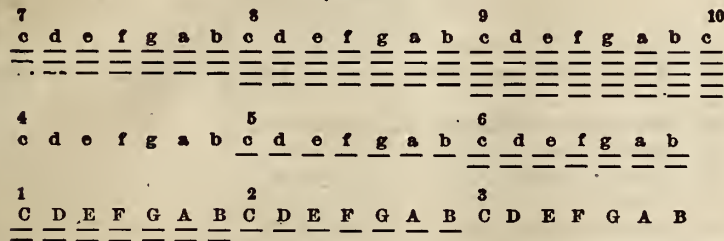
102. In what respect are they alike? — *In their relations to each other.*

103. By what signs or names may the different octaves be distinguished? — *By different sized or marked letters.*

The great scale of sounds, including the whole compass of tones appreciable by the human ear, consists of about nine octaves, about one-third of which, from G to g, are within the range of the human voice.

The system of noting or designating the tones of the great scale, is as follows : —

ILLUSTRATION.



NOTE.—Read the above beginning with C, marked 1, or in the order suggested by the figures, at the commencement of each successive series, or octaves.

EXPLANATION.

- 1, C.—This is the lowest sound produced by an Organ, and it can be obtained from no other instrument. It requires a pipe thirty-two feet long.
- 2, C.—This is the lowest C on the Piano-forte. It requires an organ-pipe sixteen feet long.
- 3, C.—This is called *the great C*. It is the lowest sound on the Violoncello, and it requires an organ-pipe eight feet long.
- 4, c.—Called *small c*. Written on the second space, Bass clef, and requires an organ-pipe of four feet.
- 5, c.—*Middle c*. Added line above, F clef, and added line below, G (Treble), clef. It requires a pipe of two feet.
- 6, c.—This is the c represented on the third space, G (Treble) clef. It requires an organ-pipe one foot long.

- 7, c.—Second added line above, Treble clef. Produced by an organ-pipe one-half of a foot long.
- 8, c.—Written on the space above the fifth added line above. Produced by an organ-pipe, one-fourth of a foot long.
- 9, c.—Highest c on the Piano-forte. Produced by an organ-pipe of one-eighth of a foot long.

A note to represent the lowest C in the above-described great Scale of Sounds, or C must be written on the ninth added line below the Staff, F-clef, and a note to represent the highest c, or c, must be written on the space above

the twelfth added line above the Staff, G (Treble) clef.

104. What is the most common distinction of pitch in the human voice? — *That of men's voices and women's voices.*
105. What is the usual compass of men's voices? * — *About two octaves.*
106. At what pitch? — *From capital G, to once marked small g.*
107. What are the lower voices of men called? — *Bass.*
108. What is the average compass of Bass voices? — *From capital G to the once marked small c.*
109. What are the higher voices of men called? — *Tenor.*
110. What is the average compass of Tenor voices? — *From small c to once marked small g.*
111. What is the average compass of women's voices? — *About two octaves. From small g to twice marked small g.*
112. What are the lower voices of women called? — *Alto.*
113. What is the average compass of Alto voices? — *From small g to twice marked small c.*
114. What are the higher voices of women called? — *Treble or Soprano.*
115. What is the average compass of the Treble voice? — *From once marked small c, to twice marked small g.*

* The compass of the different classes of voices is only very generally described here. There are many voices whose compass is less, and others whose compass is greater than that here given. Both men's and women's voices are often classed more minutely, each being divided into three classes: as, men's voices into Bass, Baritone, and Tenor, and women's voices into Alto, Mezzo-soprano, and Soprano; but for all the usual purposes of song, the above is sufficient.

116. Which F is indicated by the F-clef? — *Small f.*
 117. Which G is indicated by the G-clef? — *The once marked small g.*
 118. For what voices is the F-clef mostly used? — *Bass.*
 119. When is the F-clef used for Tenor voices? — *When the Tenor is written upon the same staff with the Bass.*
 120. For what voices is the G-clef properly used? — *Treble and Alto.*
 121. For what other voices is it sometimes used? — *Tenor.*
 122. When the G-clef is used for men's voices (Tenor), which G is indicated by it? — *The small g, being an octave lower than its legitimate use for women's voices.*

CHAPTER VII.

INTERVALS.

123. What is an interval? — *The relation of pitch between two tones.*
 124. What is the sign of an interval? — *The degrees of the staff by which its boundaries are indicated.*
 125. How many kinds of intervals are there in the regularly progressive scale? — *Two.*
 126. By what names are the scale-intervals distinguished? — *Steps and Half-steps.*
 127. From whence do they derive these names? — *From the word scale (scála), signifying a ladder; as this word is used as a name for the series of tones so called, so the intervals also derive their names (steps) from the same figure.*
 128. What other intervals are there, occasioned by skipping, or deviating from the regular scale succession? — *Seconds, Thirds, Fourths, Fifths, Sixths, Sevenths, Eighths, or Octaves, etc.*
 NOTE.—Steps are intervals of the same magnitude as seconds, and the one term will be exchanged for the other, in part, as the student advances.
 129. Are intervals reckoned from the higher to the lower, or from the lower to the higher of the tones between which they occur? — *From the lower to the higher.*
 130. When two tones are precisely of the same pitch, what are they called? — *Unison.*
 131. What is the interval between any tone and that which is next above it, in the regular scale series called? — *A Second.*
 132. How many kinds of seconds are there? — *Two.*

133. What are they called? — *Major (large), and Minor (small).**
 134. What is the interval between one and two? — *Major second.*
 135. Between two and three? — *Major second.*
 136. Between three and four? — *Minor second.*
 137. Between four and five? — *Major second.*
 138. Between five and six? — *Major second.*
 139. Between six and seven? — *Major second.*
 140. Between seven and eight? — *Minor second.*

THIRDS.

141. What is the interval between one and three called? — *A Major third.*
 142. Between two and four? — *Minor third.*
 143. Between three and five? — *Minor third.*
 144. Between four and six? — *Major third.*
 145. Between five and seven? — *Major third.*
 146. Between six and eight? — *Minor third.*
 147. Between seven and nine (or two of the scale above)? — *Minor third.*
 148. What is the magnitude of a Minor third? — *A step and a half-step.*
 149. What is the magnitude of a Major third? — *Two steps.*

FOURTHS.

150. What is the interval between one and four called? — *A perfect fourth.*
 151. What is the interval between two and five? — *A perfect fourth.*
 152. Between three and six? — *A perfect fourth.*
 153. Between four and seven? — *An augmented fourth.*
 154. Between five and eight? — *A perfect fourth.*
 155. Between six and nine? — *A perfect fourth.*
 156. What is the magnitude of a perfect fourth? — *Two steps and a half-step.*
 157. What is the magnitude of an augmented fourth? — *Three steps.*

* Corresponding to steps and half-steps.

The terms steps and half-steps are more intelligible in first describing the intervals, than those of Major and Minor seconds (which belong, rather, to the study of harmony) since they naturally arise out of the idea of the musical scale or *ladder*; they are also at all times afterwards convenient in defining the magnitude of intervals. The scale intervals are often called tones and half-tones, but the inconvenience of using the same names, both for tones themselves and also for the difference of pitch between them, is obvious.

FIFTHS.

158. What is the interval between one and five called? — *A perfect fifth.*
 159. Between two and six? — *A perfect fifth.*
 160. Between three and seven? — *A perfect fifth.*
 161. Between four and eight? — *A perfect fifth.*
 162. Between five and nine? — *A perfect fifth.*
 163. Between six and ten (three above)? — *A perfect fifth.*
 164. Between seven and eleven (four above)? — *A diminished fifth.*
 165. What is the magnitude of a perfect fifth? — *Three steps and a half-step.*
 166. What is the magnitude of a diminished fifth? — *Two steps and two half-steps.*

SIXTHS.

167. What is the interval between one and six called? — *A Major sixth.*
 168. Between two and seven? — *A Major sixth.*
 169. Between three and eight? — *A Minor sixth.*
 170. What is the magnitude of a Major sixth? — *Four steps and a half-step.*
 171. What is the magnitude of a Minor sixth? — *Three steps and two half-steps.*

SEVENTHS.

172. What is the interval between one and seven called? — *A Major seventh.*
 173. Between two and eight? — *A minor seventh.*
 174. What is the magnitude of a Major seventh? — *Five steps and a half-step.*
 175. What is the magnitude of a Minor seventh? — *Four steps and two half-steps.*

OCTAVE.

176. What is the interval between one and eight? — *An octave.*
 177. What is the magnitude of an octave? — *Five steps and two half-steps.*

CHAPTER VIII.

INTERMEDIATE TONES — CHROMATIC SCALE.

178. Between what tones of the scale may intermediate tones be readily distinguished? — *Between all such as differ by the interval of a step.*

179. Are these intermediate tones positively different from the scale-tones, or are they a modification by elevation or depression of them? — *They are absolutely different tones.*

180. In what do they differ from the scale tones? — *In pitch.*

181. Is it possible or impossible to change the pitch of a tone? — *Impossible.*

182. Which are those tones of the scale, between which intermediate tones may occur? — *One and Two, Two and Three, Four and Five, Five and Six, Six and Seven.*

183. What are the smallest intervals known in modern practical music? — *Half-steps.*

184. From what are intermediate tones named? — *From one of the tones between which they occur.*

185. When the intermediate tone between one and two is named from the former of these, what is it called? — *Sharp-one.*

186. What is the meaning of the word *sharp* when thus used? — *Higher.*

NOTE — That is, sharp-one is the name of a tone which is higher than one.

187. When the intermediate tone between one and two is named from the latter of these, what is it called? — *Flat-two.*

188. What is the meaning of the word *flat* when thus used? — *Lower.*

NOTE. — That is, Flat-two is the name of a tone which is lower than two.

189. Is it possible or impossible to sharp the tone one, that is, raise or elevate it in pitch? — *Impossible.*

190. Is it possible or impossible to flat the tone two, that is, to lower or depress it in pitch? — *Impossible.*

191. Is it possible or impossible to elevate or raise the pitch of any tone by a sharp, or to depress or lower the pitch of any tone by a flat? — *Impossible.*

192. Is it proper or improper, then, to speak of elevating or depressing a tone? — *Improper.*

193. Do the tones, named sharp-one and flat-two, differ in pitch, or are both practically the same pitch? — *Both are practically the same pitch.*

194. Why, then, are they called by different names? — *Because they differ in their relation to other tones.*

NOTE. — The various keys, as will be seen in the chapters on Transposition, render a twofold representation or notation, and consequently a twofold nomenclature, often needful.

195. What is the name of C-sharp as related to the scale of C? — *Sharp-one.*

196. What is the pitch of sharp-one, if occurring in the scale of C? — *C-sharp.*

197. What is the name of D-flat as related to the scale of C? — *Flat-two.*

198. What is the pitch of flat-two, if occurring in the scale of C? — *D-flat.*

199. How are the tones named, flat or sharp (intermediate tones), noted or indicated by the staff? — *By characters designed for that purpose.*

200. What character is used to indicate a tone named sharp? — *A character called a sharp, thus #.*

201. What character is used to indicate a tone named flat? — *A character called a flat, thus ♭.*

202. What is the signification of the word sharp, as technically used in music? — *Higher.*

203. What is the signification of the word flat, as technically used in music? — *Lower.*

204. How far does the significance of a sharp or flat extend? — *Through the written measure in which it occurs.*

NOTE. — This usage is not universal; and the safest way is so to mark the degree of the staff, as that it shall, without any uncertainty, represent the tone required.

205. What character is used to terminate the significance of a sharp or a flat? — *A Natural.*

206. How many intermediate tones may be readily distinguished between the regular tones of the scale? — *Five.*

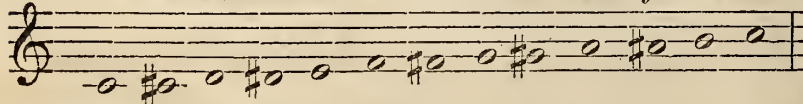
207. What is that scale called which consists of thirteen tones, including the eight scale tones and the five intermediate tones? — *The Chromatic Scale.*

208. How many intervals are there in the chromatic scale? — *Twelve.*

209. Are the intervals in the chromatic scale all practically alike, or do they differ? — *They are all practically alike.*

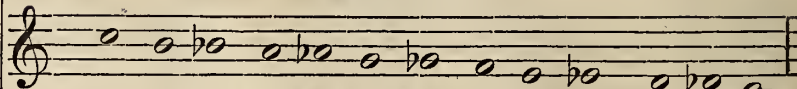
210. What is their magnitude? — *Half a step.*

THE CHROMATIC SCALE REPRESENTED. — *Ascending Scale.*



Names.	One,	Sharp one,	Two,	Sharp two,	Three,	Four,	Sharp four,	Five,	Sharp five,	Six,	Sharp six,	Seven,	Eight.
Pitch.	C	#C	D	#D	E	F	#F	G	#G	A	#A	B	C.
Syl.	Do	Di*	Re	Ri*	Mi	Fa	Fi*	Sol	Si*	La	Li*	Si	Do.

Descending Scale.



Names.	Eight,	Seven,	Flat seven,	Six,	Flat six,	Five,	Flat five,	Four,	Three,	Flat Three,	Two,	Flat Two,	One.
Pitch.	C	B	♭B	A	♭A	G	♭G	F	E	♭E	D	♭D	C.
Syl.	Do	Si	Se*	La	Le*	Sol	Se*	Fa	Mi	Me*	Re	Ra	Do.

*In pronouncing, give e the sound of a in may.

NOTE. — Besides the intervals to which reference has already been made, there are others derived from the Chromatic scale, and differently named by different authors; as, Diminished, Augmented, Superfluous, Extreme, etc. But as they belong, rather, to the study of harmony than that of singing, any further notice of them is here omitted.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MINOR SCALE.

211. What is the model or C-scale, consisting of eight tones, called, to distinguish it from the chromatic scale? — *The Diatonic Scale.*

212. Is there more than one kind of the Diatonic scale? — *There are two, Major and Minor.*

213. In what respect do they differ? — *In the order of their intervals.*

214. How many forms has the minor scale? — *Several, but principally three.*

215. What are they called? — *Natural, Harmonic, and Melodic.*

216. What are the constituent tones in the natural model minor scale? — *A, B, C, D, E, F, G.*

217. What are the constituent tones of the model harmonic minor scale? — *A, B, C, D, E, F, G#.*

218. What are the constituent tones of the model melodic minor scale? — *A, B, C, D, E, F#, G#.*

219. When the melodic minor scale is used in ascending, what form is most commonly employed in descending? — *The Natural.*

220. When is the minor scale said to be parallel, or relative to the major scale? — *When it is based upon, or commences with six of the major.*

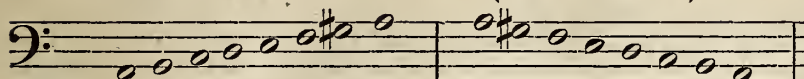
221. When is the major scale said to be parallel or relative to the minor scale? — *When it is based upon, or commences with three of the minor.*

222. What is the parallel minor to C-major? — *A.*

223. What is the parallel major to A-minor? — C.

MINOR SCALE —

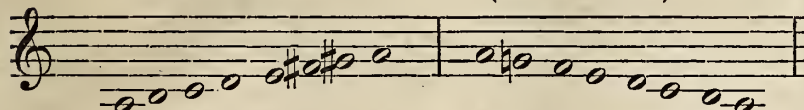
(Harmonic Minor.)



Names.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
Pitch.	A	B	C	D	E	F	G#	A	A	G#	F	E	D	C	B	A
Syl.	La	Si	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Si	La	La	Si	Fa	Mi	Re	Do	Si	La.

MINOR SCALE —

(Melodic Minor.)



Names.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1.
Pitch.	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	A	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	A.
Syl.	La	Si	Do	Re	Mi	Fi	Si	La	La	Sol	Fa	Mi	Re	Do	Si	La.

CHAPTER X.

TRANSPPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

224. In what consists the transposition of the scale? — *In the change of its pitch.*

225. What is the pitch taken as one called? — *The key, or the key-tone.*

226. In what key is the model scale? — *In the key of C.*

227. How many tones are required to constitute a key? — *Seven.*

228. What tones constitute the key of C? — *C, D, E, F, G, A, and B.*

229. What is the meaning of the word *key* when thus used? — *The relationship of the tones thus brought together, or figuratively, a tone-family.*

230. In transposing the scale, is the relation or the pitch of the tones changed? — *The pitch.*

231. What must remain unchanged? — *The relation of tones, or the order of intervals.*

232. How may the order of the scale intervals, or the relation of its tones be preserved, if its pitch be changed? — *By the disuse of such tones as may not be required, and the use of such intermediate tones, as may be necessary to constitute the new key.*

233. How are the different keys noted or designated? — *By sharps or flats at the beginning of a piece of music.*

234. What are such flats or sharps, at the beginning of a piece called? — *The signature.*

235. What is indicated by the signature of any particular key? — *The component tones of that key.*

236. What is the signature to the key of C? — *The absence of all flats and sharps.*

237. Why are neither flats nor sharps required in the signature of the key of C? — *Because this as the model key includes no intermediate tone.*

238. What is the most natural order of transposition from any key? — *To that to which it is most nearly related.*

239. What constitutes key relationship? — *Tones in common.*

240. Which are those keys which are nearest related? — *Those which have all but one of their tones in common.*

241. By what intervals must transposition proceed, so as to preserve this nearest relation? — *By fifths or by fourths.*

TRANSPPOSITION BY FIFTHS — C. TO G.

242. What is the pitch of the model scale? — *C.*

243. What is the pitch (in this key) of sharp-four? — *F#.*

244. What is the pitch of five? — *G.*

245. What is the interval between C and G? — *A fifth.*

246. If, then, the scale be transposed from C a fifth, what will be its pitch? — *G.*

247. What pitch is one in the key of G? — *G.*

248. If G be one, what will be two? — *A.*

249. What will be three? — *B.*

250. What will be four? — *C.*

251. What will be five? — *D.*

252. What will be six? — *E.*

253. And what is required for seven in the key of G? — *F#.*

254. Why is F# required as seven in the key of G? — *That the proper scale-order of intervals may be preserved.*

255. What is F# in its relation to the key of C? — *Sharp-four.*

256. What is F# in the key of G? — *Seven.*

257. What tone is that (as related to the key of C), on which transposition to the key of G depends? — *Sharp-four.*

258. What is that tone, on which transposition from any key to its fifth depends? — *Sharp-four.*

259. What tones constitute the key of G? — *G, A, B, C, D, E, F#.*

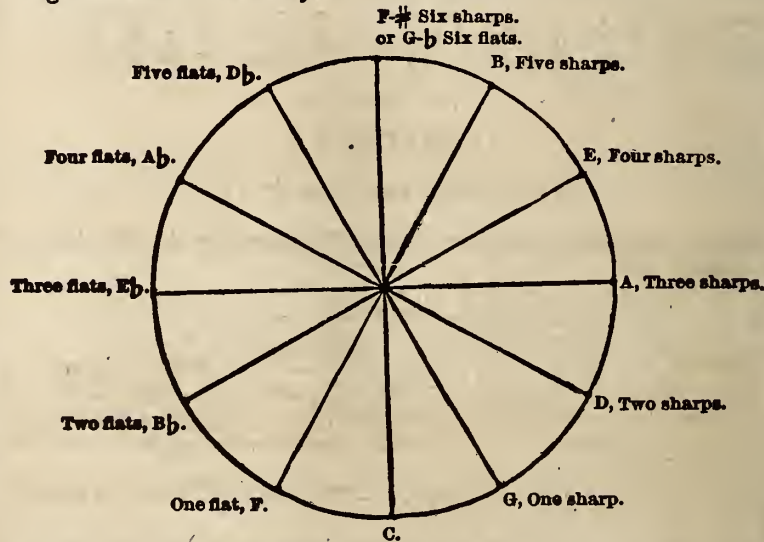
260. What tone has the key of C which does not belong to the key of G? — *F*.
261. What tone has the key of G which does not belong to the key of C? — *F \sharp* .
262. What tones have the two keys, C and G, in common? — *G, A, B, C, D, E*.
263. What is six in the key of G? — *E*.
264. What key is the parallel minor to the key of G? — *E Minor*.
265. What is the signature to the key of G? — *F \sharp* .
266. What is the signature to the key of E-minor? — *F \sharp* .
267. Why is the same signature used for the two parallel keys? — *Because F \sharp is required in both.*

TRANSPPOSITION BY FOURTHS.

268. What is the pitch of the model scale? — *C*.
269. What is the pitch of its flat-seven? — *B-flat*.
270. What is the pitch of four in the key of C? — *F*.
271. What is the interval between C and F? — *A fourth*.
272. If the scale be transposed from C a fourth, what will be its pitch? — *F*.
273. What pitch is one in the key of F? — *F*.
274. What is two? — *G*.
275. What is three? — *A*.
276. What is four? — *B \flat* .
277. What is five? — *C*.
278. What is six? — *D*.
279. What is seven? — *E*.
280. Why is B \flat required as four in the key of F? — *That the proper scale-order of intervals be preserved.*
281. What intervals would be wrong, if B should be taken as four instead of B \flat ? — *That between three and four, and that between four and five.*
282. What would be the interval between three and four, if B be taken as four? — *A step.*
283. What must be the interval between three and four? — *Half-step.*
284. What would be the interval between four and five, if B be taken as four? — *Half-step.*
285. What must be the interval between four and five? — *A step.*
286. What is the relation of B \flat to the key of C? — *Flat-seven.*
287. What is B \flat in the key of F? — *Four.*

288. What tone is that as related to the key of C, on which transposition to the key of F depends? — *Flat-seven.*
289. What tone is that upon which transposition from any key to its fourth depends? — *Flat-seven.*
290. What tones constitute the key of F? — *F, G, A, B \flat , C, D, E*.
291. What tone has the key of C, which does not belong to the key of F? — *B*.
292. What tone has the key of F, which does not belong to the key of C? — *B \flat* .
293. What tones have the two keys in common? — *C, D, E, F, G, A*.
294. What is six in the key of F? — *D*.
295. What key is the parallel minor to the key of F? — *D*.
296. What is the signature to these two parallel keys? — *B \flat* .

Diagram furnishing an illustration of the transposition by fifths or by fourths through the whole circle of keys.



EXPLANATION. — Commencing with the key of C; we pass to the right by fifths, as follows: G, D, A, E, B, F \sharp , D \flat , A \flat , E \flat , B \flat , F, back again to C: or, commencing with C, we pass to the left by fourths, thus: F, B \flat , E \flat , A \flat , D \flat , G \flat , B, E, A, D, G, back again to C. It will be understood that the key of F \sharp is the same as the key of G \flat ; as represented, and also as named, there appear to be two keys, but this view is confined to the mere names and signs; in reality, there is but one key.

CHAPTER XI.

297. What are those tones called which are often introduced on the unaccented part of the measure for graceful or tasteful purposes? — *Passing Tones*.

298. When a passing tone precedes an essential tone on an accented tone of the measure, what is it called? — *Appoggiatura*.

NOTE. From *Appoggiare*, an Italian word, which signifies *to lean*, or *to rest upon*. An *appoggiatura* is a tone on which the voice leans or rests in its passage of intervals, or from one tone to another. The *appoggiatura* is generally considered a tone of embellishment, but it should rather be regarded as a tone of expression, since it is designed to give tenderness or pathos to a performance.

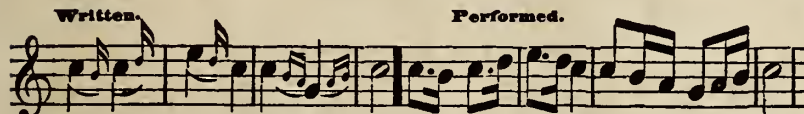
299. What is meant by an essential tone? — *One which necessarily belongs to the chord in which it is found*.

ILLUSTRATION.



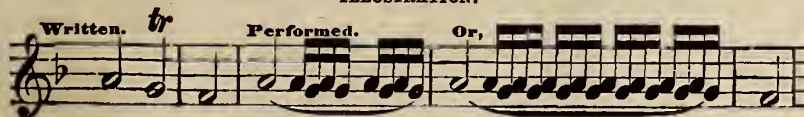
300. When a passing tone follows an essential tone on an unaccented part of a measure, what is it called? — *After-tone*.

ILLUSTRATION.



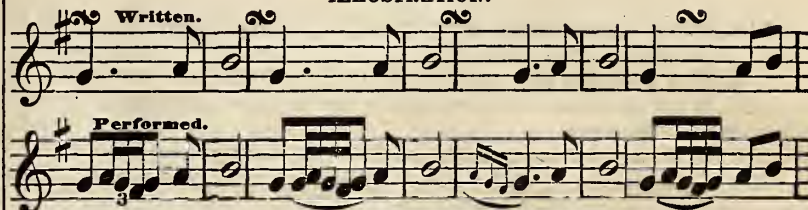
301. What is the rapid alternation of a tone with the next tone in regular succession above it called? — *Shake or Trill*.

ILLUSTRATION.



302. When a tone is sung in rapid succession with the conjoint tones above and below, what is it called? — *A Turn*.

ILLUSTRATION.



NOTE. — There are many forms of turns to which it is not necessary here to allude.

303. When successive tones are produced in a closely connected manner, or interwolved, what is the style of singing called? — *Legato*.

304. Is legato the *rule*, or is it the *exception*, in song? — *The rule*.

305. When tones are produced in a very short, pointed, or articulate manner, what is the style of singing called? — *Staccato*.

306. Is staccato the *rule* in ordinary singing, or the *exception*? — *The exception*.

307. What is that style of singing called which is intermediate between legato and staccato? — *Martellata*.

308. When the voice is rapidly conducted from one tone to another by an almost imperceptible glide, what is the style of singing called? — *Portamento*.

309. What is the prolongation of a tone beyond its indicated length called? — *A pause, or hold, written thus, ~*.

310. When are pauses most effectively introduced? — *At a climax, or culminating point*.

CHAPTER XII.

DYNAMICS — FORCE OF TONES.

311. What is a tone of medium force called? — *Mezzo*.

312. What is a tone somewhat softer than mezzo called? — *Piano*.

313. What is a tone somewhat louder than mezzo called? — *Forte*.

314. What is a tone softer than piano called? — *Pianissimo*.

315. What is a tone louder than forte called? — *Fortissimo*.

316. How many principal degrees of tones are there? — *Five*.

317. What others may be employed? — *Mezzo piano. Mezzo forte, etc.*

CHAPTER XIII.

FORMS OF TONES.

318. What is a tone called when it begins, continues, and ends with the same degree of force? — *Organ tone*.

319. How may the organ tone be indicated? — *By parallel lines* \parallel .

320. What is a tone called which, commencing piano, gradually increases to forte? — *Crescendo*.

221. How may the crescendo be noted? — *By divergent lines* \angle .

322. What is a tone called which, commencing forte, gradually diminishes to piano? — *Diminuendo or decrescendo*.

323. How may the diminuendo be noted? — *By convergent lines* \triangleright .

324. What is the union of the crescendo and the diminuendo called? — *Swell*.

325. How may the swell be noted? — *By the union of divergent and convergent lines* $\angle \triangleright$.

NOTE. — The swell is also called the *drawn tone*. "To draw the tones well," says the distinguished teacher, Garcia, "is to be a good singer."

326. What is a very sudden or instantaneous crescendo called? — *Pressure Tone*.

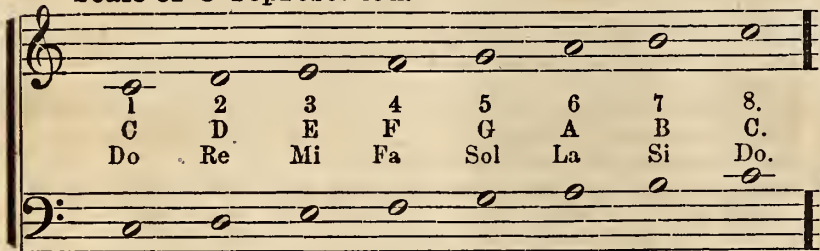
327. How may the pressure tone be noted? — *By abrupt divergent lines* \angle .

328. What is a very sudden or instantaneous diminish of a tone from loud to soft called? — *Sforzando or fortzando*. In elocution, the same is called the *Explosive Tone*.

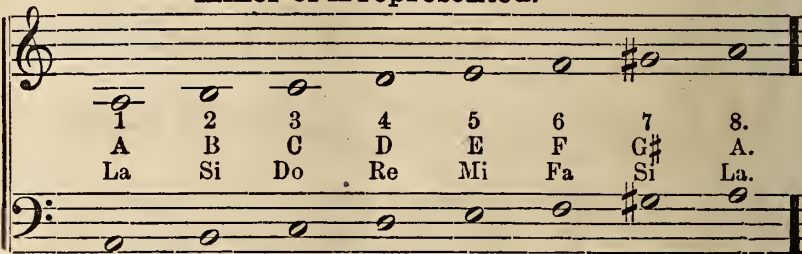
329. How is the sforzando noted? — *By short abrupt convergent lines* \triangleright .

PARALLEL MAJOR AND MINOR SCALES.

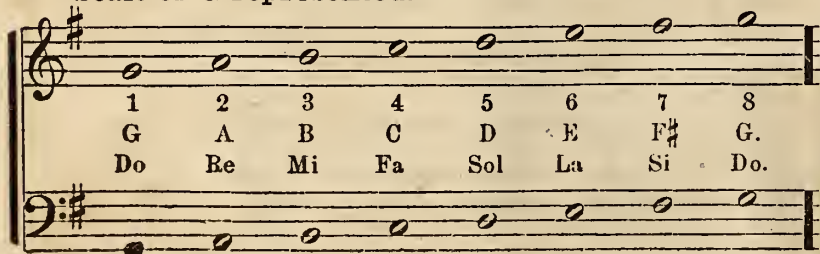
Scale of C represented.



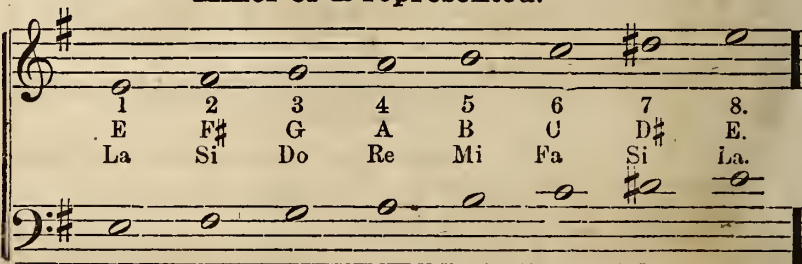
Minor of A represented.



Scale of G represented.



Minor of E represented.



MAJOR AND MINOR SCALES.

17

Scale of D represented.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
D E F# G A B C# D
Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do.

Minor of B represented.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
B C# D E F# G A# B.
La Si Do Re Mi Fa Si La.

Scale of A represented.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
A B C# D E F# G# A.
Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do.

Minor of F# represented.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
F# G# A. B C# D E# F#
La Si Do Re Mi Fa Si La.

Scale of E represented.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
E F# G# A B C# D# E.
Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do.

Minor of C# represented.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
C# D# E F# G# A B# C#.
La Si Do Re Mi Fa Si La.

Scale of F represented.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
F G A B \flat C D E F.
Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do.

Minor of D represented.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
D E F G A B \flat C# D.
La Si Do Re Mi Fa Si La.

Scale of B \flat represented.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
B \flat C D E \flat F G A B \flat .
Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do.

Minor of G represented.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
G A B \flat C D E \flat F \sharp G.
La Si Do Re Mi Fa Si La.

Scale of E \flat represented.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
E \flat F G A \flat B \flat C D E \flat .
Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do.

Minor of C represented.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
C D E \flat F G A \flat B Si C.
La Si Do Re Mi Fa Si La.

Scale of A \flat represented.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
A \flat B \flat C D \flat E \flat F G A \flat .
Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do.

Minor of F represented.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
F G A \flat B \flat C D \flat E F.
La Si Do Re Mi Fa Si La.

Scale of D \flat represented.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
D \flat E \flat F G \flat A \flat B \flat C D \flat .
Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do.

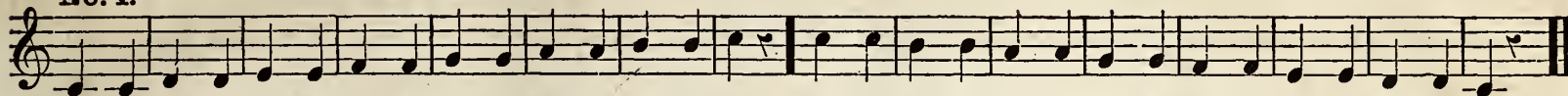
Minor of B \flat represented.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
B \flat C \flat D \flat E \flat F G \flat A B \flat .
La Si Do Re Mi Fa Si La.

ELEMENTARY EXERCISES.

The following Exercises should be sung sometimes slower, and sometimes quicker; sometimes louder, and sometimes softer; sometimes to La, sometimes to syllables, and sometimes to Poetry.

No. 1.



Let us now be up and do-ing, With a heart for a - ny fate! Still a-chiev-ing, still pur-su-ing, Learn to la-bor, and to wait.

No. 2.



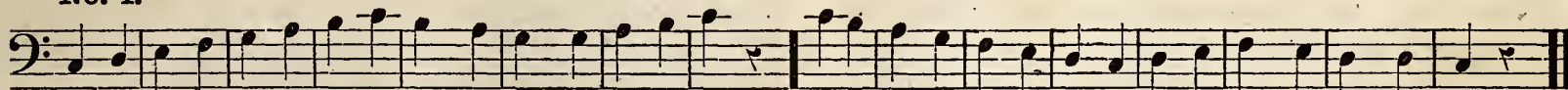
War, he sung, is toil and trouble, Honor but an empty bub - ble!

No. 3.



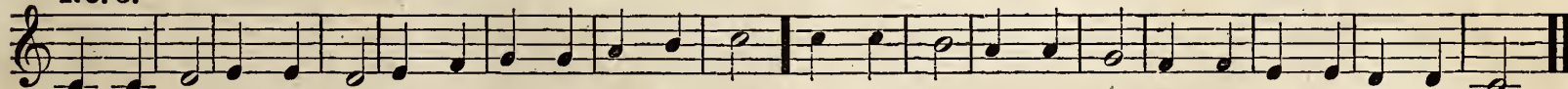
Who made the sun with beams so bright? Who made the moon to shine at night?

No. 4.



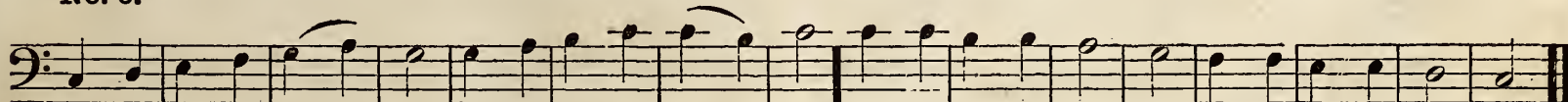
Lo, the bright, the ro - sy morning, Calls me forth to take the air, Cheerful spring with smiles re-turn-ing, Ushers in the new-born year.

No. 5.



Now re - joice, Now re - joice, Sing a - loud with cheer - ful voice. Now re - joice, Now re - joice, Sing a - loud with cheer - ful voice.

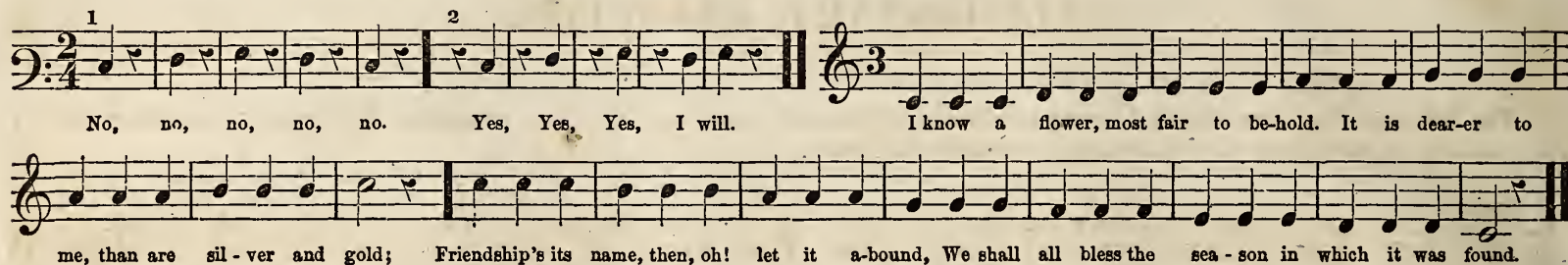
No. 6.



Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - - men. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - - men.

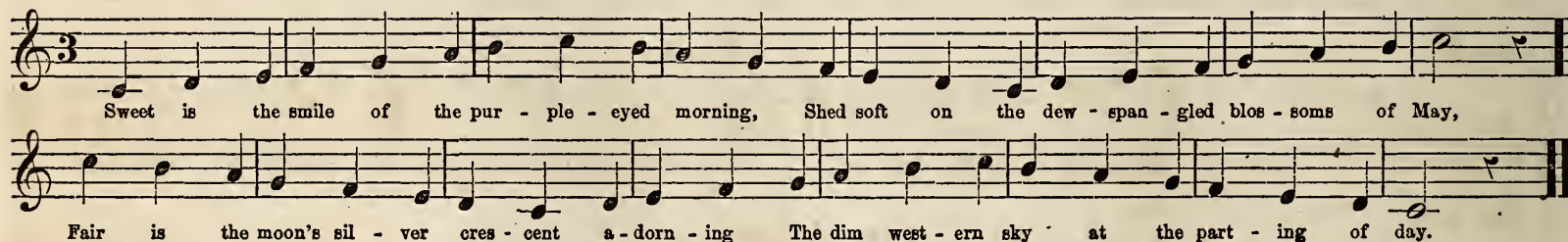
No. 7. This may be sung in two parts, or as a Round. *

No. 8.



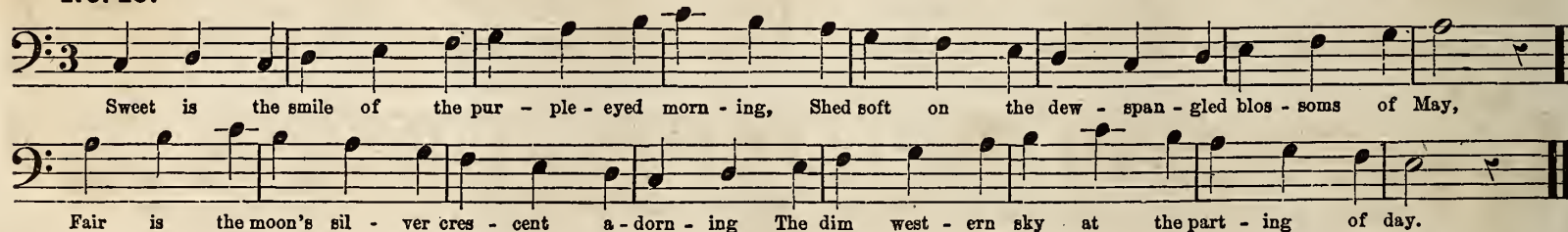
No, no, no, no, no. Yes, Yes, Yes, I will. I know a flower, most fair to be-hold. It is dear-er to me, than are sil-ver and gold; Friendship's its name, then, oh! let it a-bound, We shall all bless the sea-son in which it was found.

No. 9.



Sweet is the smile of the pur-ple-eyed morning, Shed soft on the dew-span-gled blos-soms of May, Fair is the moon's sil-ver cres-cent a-dorn-ing The dim west-ern sky at the part-ing of day.

No. 10.



Sweet is the smile of the pur-ple-eyed morn-ing, Shed soft on the dew-span-gled blos-soms of May, Fair is the moon's sil-ver cres-cent a-dorn-ing The dim west-ern sky at the part-ing of day.

NOTE. Exercises 9 and 10 may be sung together; let the class be divided, and while the first division sings 9, let the second division sing 10; then change, and let the first division sing 10, and the second division sing 9. The division may be made according to sex, or otherwise.

*NOTE. By a Round is meant a piece of music, in which one part commences after another, and each follows round in a regular order. In the above round for two parts, the second voice or voices should commence when the first voice or voices arrive at the figure 2.

No. 11.

Be to oth - ers kind and true, As you'd have them be to you. Nev - er do, nor say to men That which you'd not wish from them.

No. 12.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the might - y o - cean, And the pleas - ant land.
2. Lit - tle deeds of kindness, Lit - tle words of love, Make our earth an E - den, Like the heaven a - bove.

No. 13.

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, yes, yes, yes, I come.

No. 14.

Go, go, go, go, go. No, no, no, no, no, no, I'll not go.

No. 15.

Stay, O stay, O stay, O stay, O stay, No, No, No, I'll a - way.

Nos. 13, 14, 15 may be sung in two parts, or as Rounds.

No. 16.

Life is like a ship in motion, Sometimes high and sometimes low; Where eve - ry one must brave the o - cean, What - so - ev - er wind may blow.
While we're safe from storm or shower, Waft - ed by the gen - tle gales, We'll seize the present, passing hour, And to the breeze un - furl our sail.

No. 17.

See the stream so smoothly gush - ing, O'er the rock - y ledge is rush - ing, Swift as shaft from bat - tle bow;

Hark, the hills and woods re - sound - ing, To its roar, as foam ing, bound - ing, Rage its an - gry waves be - low.

No. 18.

See the stream so smoothly gush - ing, O'er the rock - y ledge is rush - ing, Swift as shaft from bat - tle bow;

Hark, the hills and woods re - sound - ing, To its roar, as foam - ing, bound - ing, Rage its an - gry waves be - low.

NOTE. Exercises. 17 and 18 may be sung together.

No. 19.

The tall - est pine must feel the pow'r of win - ter's blast, The loft - iest tow'r comes heaviest to the ground.

The bolts that spare the moun - tain's-side, His cloud capt em - i - nence di - vide, And spread the ru - in round.

No. 20.

The tall - est pines must feel the pow'r of win - ter's blast, The loft - iest tow'r comes hea - viest to the ground,

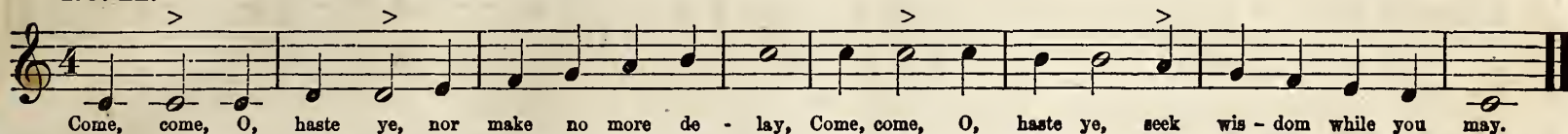
The bolts that spare the moun - tain's side, His cloud - capt em - i - nence di - vide, And spread the ru - in round.

NOTE. Exercises 19 and 20 may be sung together.

No. 21.

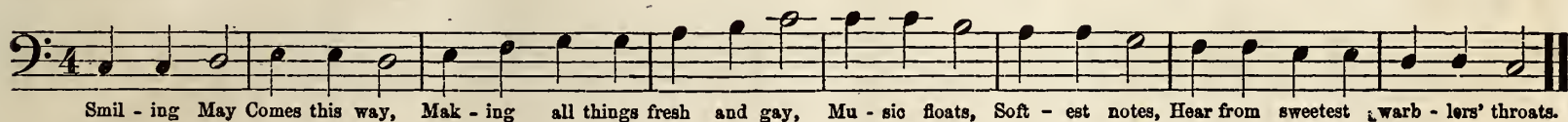


No. 22.

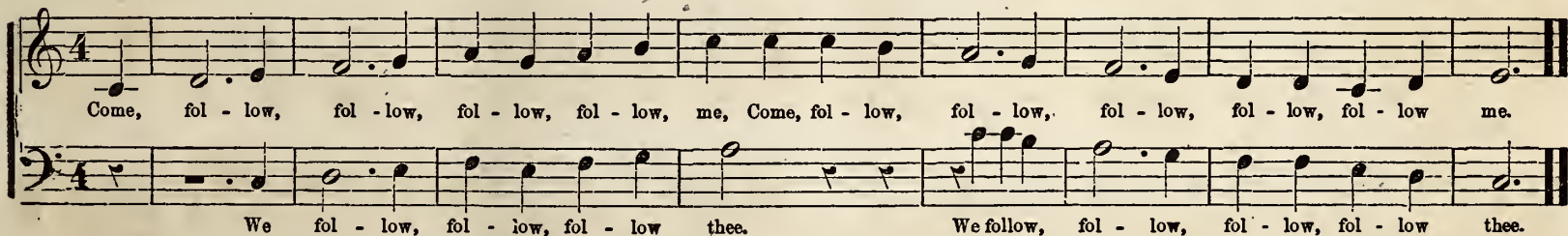


NOTE. A strong accent should be given to the notes marked >

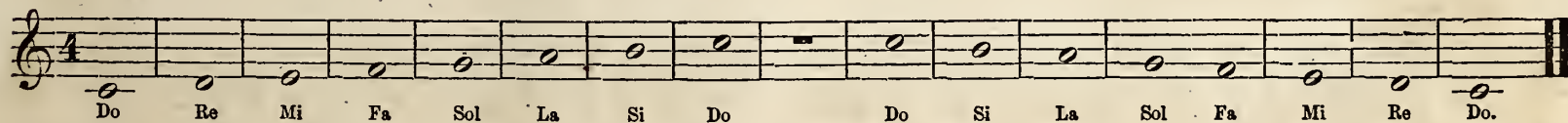
No. 23.



No. 24.



No. 25.



NOTE. The scale, as here represented, should be daily sung, in long, sustained tones, and with great attention to steadiness, firmness, and to an open, full, sonorous quality of voice.

No. 26.—In two parts.

Will you go? Will you go? Will you go? Will you go? Say? No, no, no, not to-day.

No. 27.

O tell me, O tell me, O tell me, O tell me, why? No, no, no, no, no.

No. 28.

E-ver, e-ver, e-ver, e-ver come. Ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver roam.

No. 29.

O haste, O haste, O haste, Do not de-lay! Yes, I will, I will, I will, I will a-way.

No. 30.

Yes, yes, no, no, yes, no, yes, no, yes, No, no, yes, yes, no, yes, no, yes, no, no.

No. 31.

Hear the trumpet's lof-ty sound, E-cho through the courts around— E-cho through the courts a-round.

No. 32.

Hear the trumpet's lof-ty sound, E-cho through the courts around— E-cho through the courts a-round.

*In softening this passage, but one syllable should be used for two tied notes.

No. 33. In two parts.

2




O - blithe new com-er, I have heard, I hear thee and re-joice; O tell me, shall I call thee bird? Or but a wandering voice? Cuckoo.

No. 34.



Can you tell what I have heard? Sure, it was a sing-ing bird. Can you tell what I have heard? Sure, it was a singing bird.

No. 35.



No. 36.

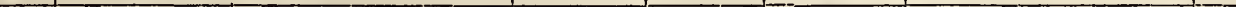
Come, come quick - ly a - way. Haste ye, haste ye come while you may.

*These notes should receive a strong accent.

No. 37.

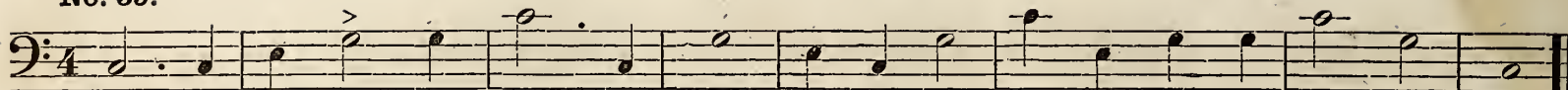
Sing we re - joic - ing the boun - teous, heavenly hand, Scatter - ing ev - ery bles - sing o'er our hap - py land.

No. 38.



Hail, cheer - ful morn, In thee we re - joice, Shout - ing, ex - ult - ing, in loud, cheer - ful voice.

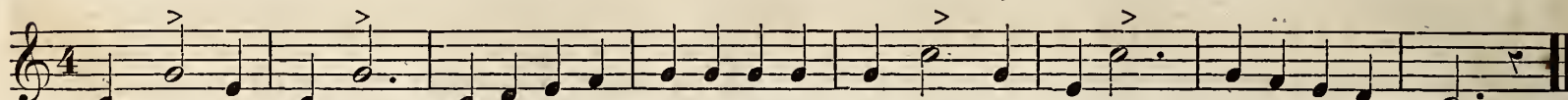
No. 39.



Hail, all hail, hail, re - viv - ing spring, We re - joice, we re - joice, and loud - ly sing.

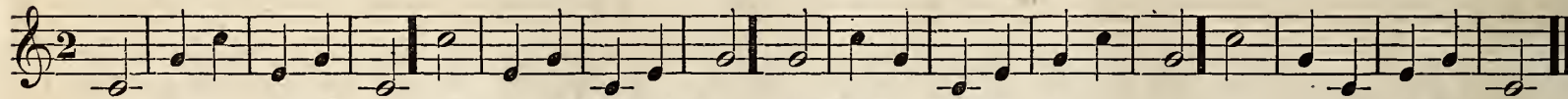
Observe a strong accent for this mark >.

No. 40.



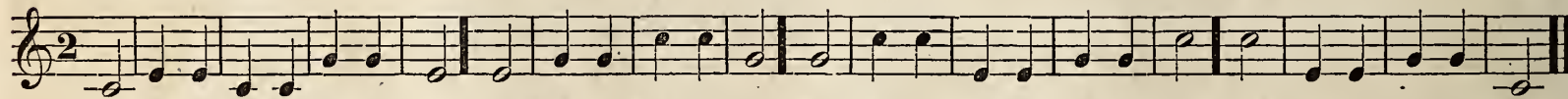
Come, come, Oh, come, come, come, Oh, come a - way, a - way; Come, come, come, oh, come, come, come while yet 'tis day.

No. 41. TUNE.



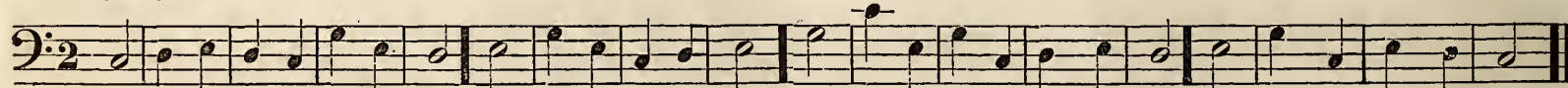
1. Sweet is the dawn of day, When light first streaks the sky, When shades and darkness pass a - way, And morning beams are nigh.
2. But sweet-er far the dawn Of ho - ly love in youth; When doubt and darkness are with-drawn, Be - fore the light of truth.

No. 42. TUNE.



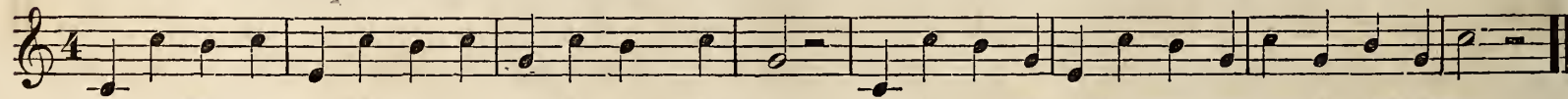
1. The morn of spring sheds mild its beams, The waste be - gins to bloom, And flowers and plants, with vig - or new, Break from their win - try tomb
2. 'Twas thus the day-spring from on high Beamed on our win - try waste; The des - ert blossomed as the rose, The wil - der - ness was blest.

No. 43. TUNE.



1. How hap - py he who loves to hear In - struc - tion's warning voice; And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.
2. She guides the young with in - no - cence, In pleas - ant paths to tread; A crown of glo - ry she be - stows Up - on the hoar - y head.

No. 44.

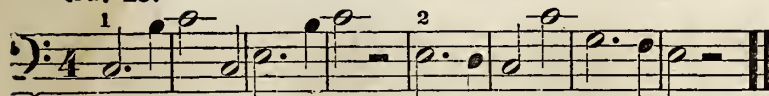


Hear us sing - ing, Mu - sic bring - ing, Voi - ces ring - ing round; Voi - ces ring - ing, Music bring - ing, Hear the cheerful sound.

ELEMENTARY EXERCISES.

27

No. 45. ROUND IN TWO PARTS.



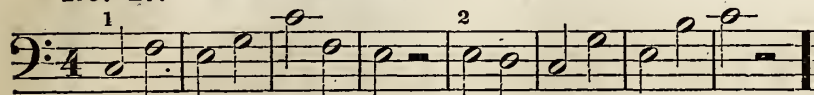
Ev-er faithful, firm, and sure, Friend from friend, what want we more?

No. 46.



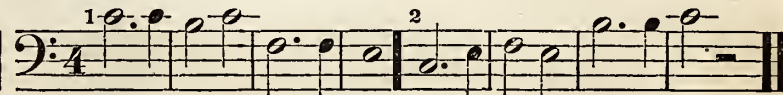
Cheerful and happy, in friendship with all men, Forgiving, rejoicing, exulting we sing.

No. 47. ROUND IN TWO PARTS.



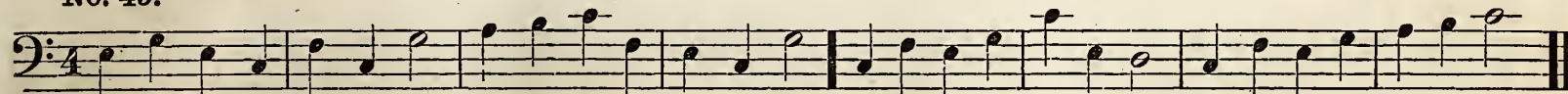
Gather ro-ses while they blow, I-dly let no moment flow.

No. 48. ROUND IN TWO PARTS.



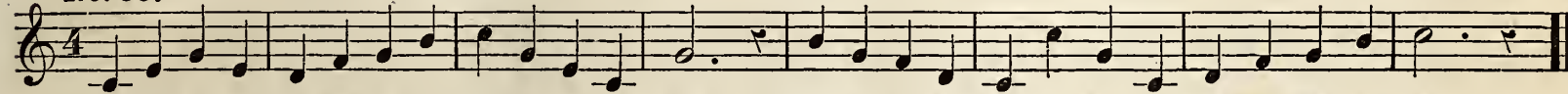
While we meet in peace a-gain, Sing with joy, the grate-ful strain.

No. 49.



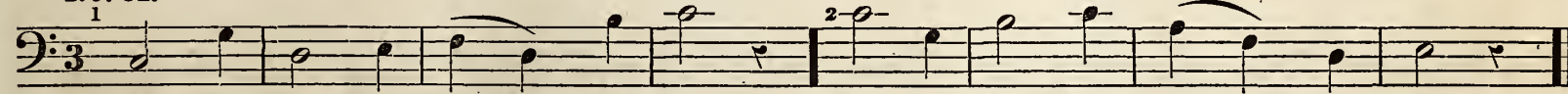
Brightly freedom's gifts are strown O'er the land we call our own; Grateful off'rings ev-er bring, Songs of sa-cred prais-es sing.

No. 50.



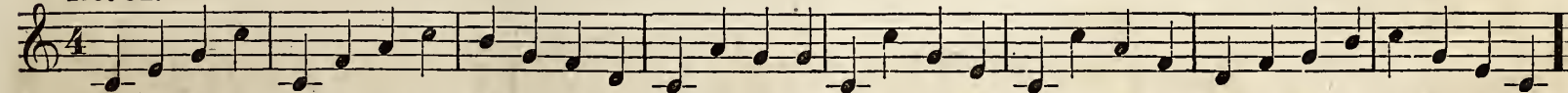
What delight, in morning bright, To cher-ish ho-ly love; Right maintain, And wisdom gain, To guide our way a-bove.

No. 51.



Now the win-try winds a-rise, See the dark and cloud-y skies.

No. 52.



Cull the flowers 'Mong the bowers, Sweetest po-sies, pinks and ros-es, While the thrushes, In the bush-es, Sing to-gether, This warm weather.

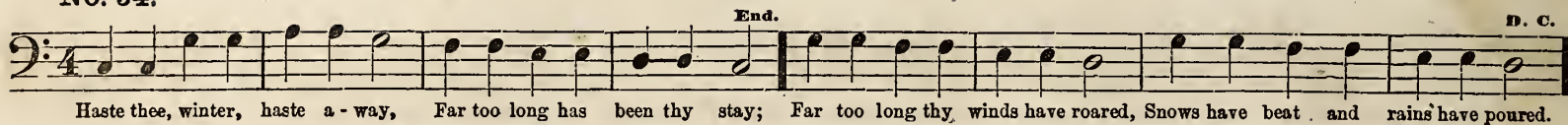
No. 53.



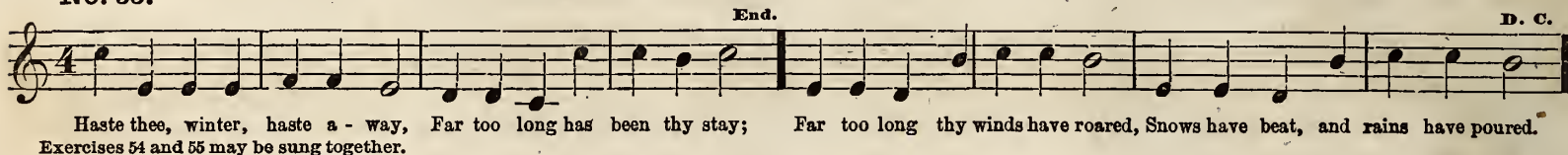
While the thrushes, in the bush-es, Sing to-gether, This warm weather, Cull the flowers 'Mong the bowers, Sweetest po-sies, Pinks and ros-es.

NOTE: Exercises 52 and 53 may be sung together.

No. 54.



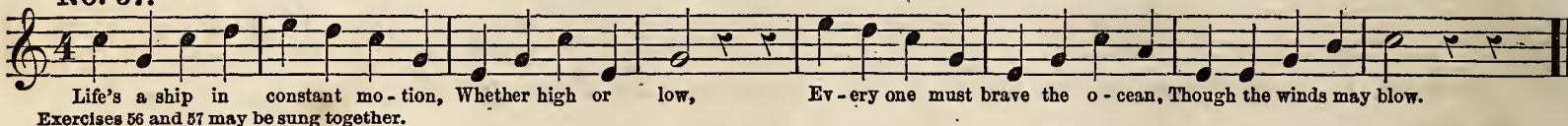
No. 55.



No. 56.



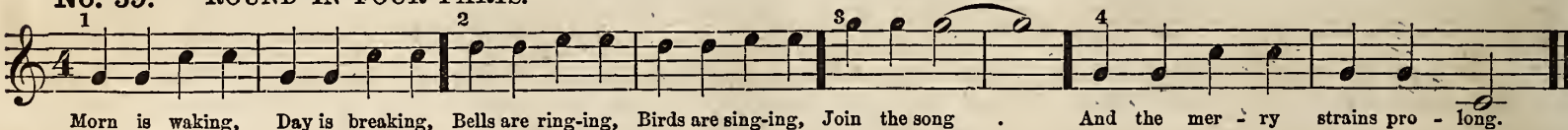
No. 57.



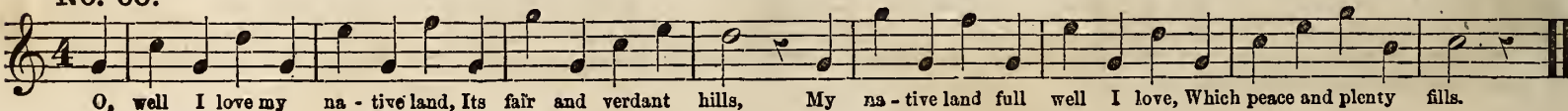
No. 58. TUNE.



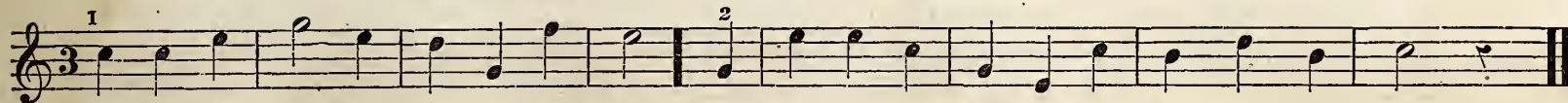
No. 59. ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.



No. 60.

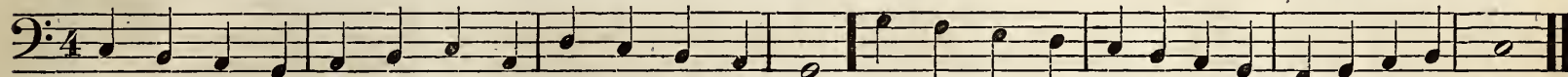


No. 61.



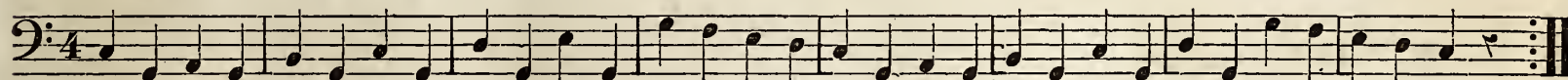
Sing we a - loud, The cho - rus we raise, We join in the song of thanks - giv - ing and praise.

No. 62.



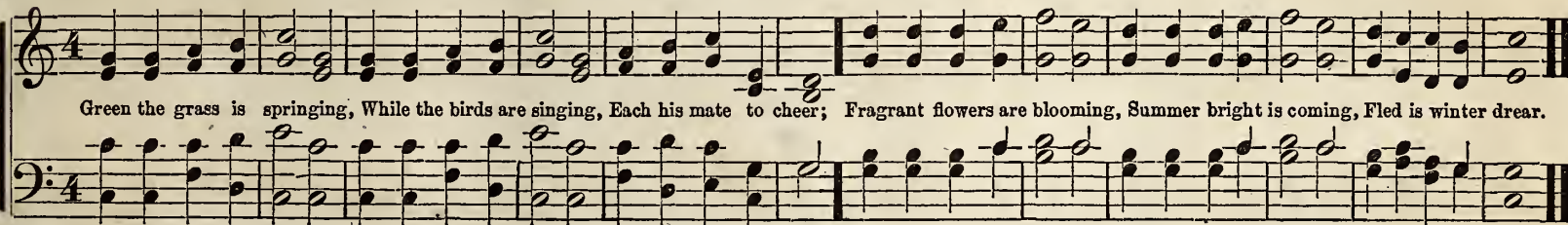
All the day I'm sing - ing live - ly, Though the day is long, And from morn - ing dawn to evening Sounds my hap - py song.

No. 63.



Dark and deep the wa - ters flowing, While our boat is swiftly row - ing, And the dis - tant thunder roar - ing, Bids us quickly seek the shore;
Now the boisterous winds are blowing, And on waves we high are soar - ing, Yet we safe - ly reach the mooring, And our cares and fears are o'er.

No. 64. FOUR PART SONG. — "GREEN THE GRASS IS SPRINGING.



Green the grass is springing, While the birds are singing, Each his mate to cheer; Fragrant flowers are blooming, Summer bright is coming, Fled is winter drear.

No. 65.

Count Six.



If wish - es were ef - forts, most men would be great. For most are de - si - rous of wealth and es - tate;



But they on - ly pros - per, who choose to work hard, And slug - gards by wish - es can gain no re - ward.

No. 66. FOUR PART SONG. — "THE FADING LEAF."

(The Four Parts written on Two Staves.)

Six in a Measure.

1. I am a falling leaf, The chil-ly winds have found me, I fade with all a-round me. All murm'ring life is brief.
 2. I saw the sky so blue, The birds were singing o'er me, The flowers sprung up be-fore me, Of eve-ry changing hue.
 3. We fade, as all else must; No more the birds are call-ing, The flow'rs and leaves are fall-ing; To-mor-row we are dust.

No. 67. Two beats to a measure.

f Sing we now of hap-py home hap-py home; Yes, with heart and voice un-tir-ing,
p
f
 We will join the strain in-spir-ing, Sing-ing now of hap-py home, hap-py home.

No. 68.

Cold the wind is blow-ing, And the storm is loud; Now the rain is pour-ing, From the blackened cloud.

No. 69.

The wind is loud-ly roar-ing, And win'try is the blast, The rain a-round us pour-ing, From gloom-y clouds falls fast.

No. 70.

Like a ship in constant motion, Sometimes high and sometimes low, Eve-ry one must brave the o-cean, What-so-ev-er winds may blow.

No. 71. — THE AFFLICTED MOTHER.



1. O soft - ly sleep, my bonnie bairn, Rock'd on this breast o' mine, The heart that beats sae sair with - in Will not a - wa - ken thine.
child so sore

2. Dry up, Dry up, ye bri - ny tears, Lest on my bairn ye dreep; Oh, break in si - lence, wae - ful heart, And let my ba - by sleep.
wo - ful

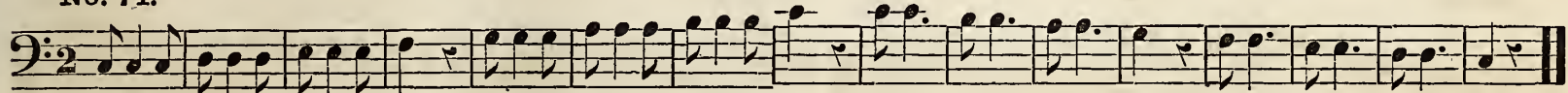
No. 72. — EXERCISES in compound forms of measure; eighth notes.



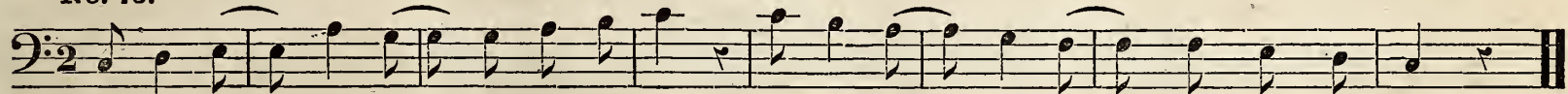
No. 73.



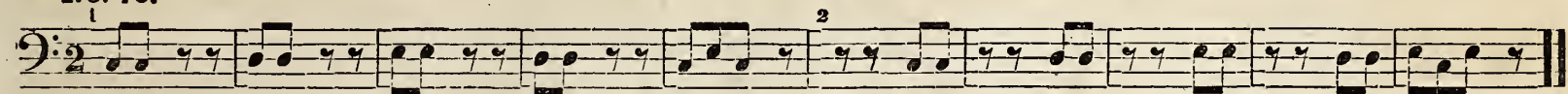
No. 74.



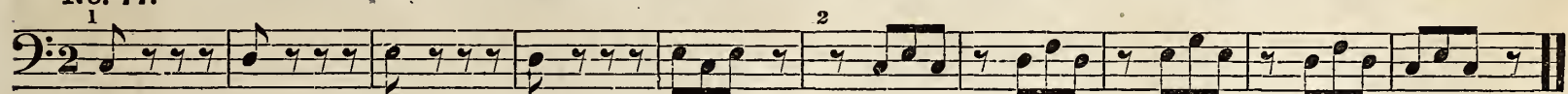
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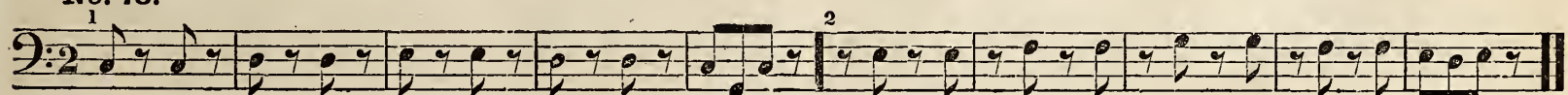
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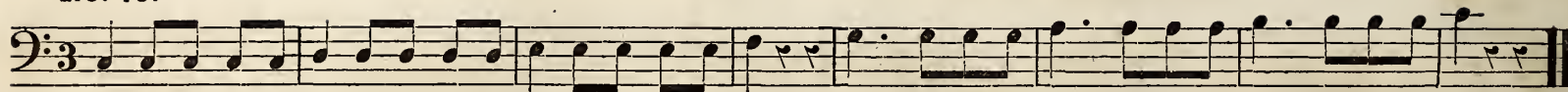
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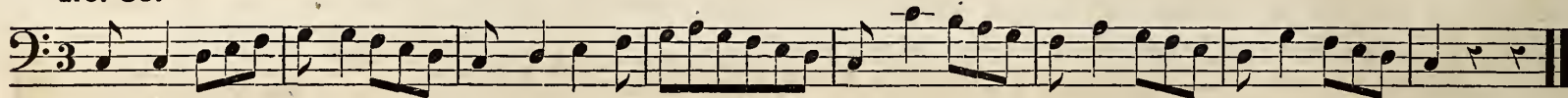
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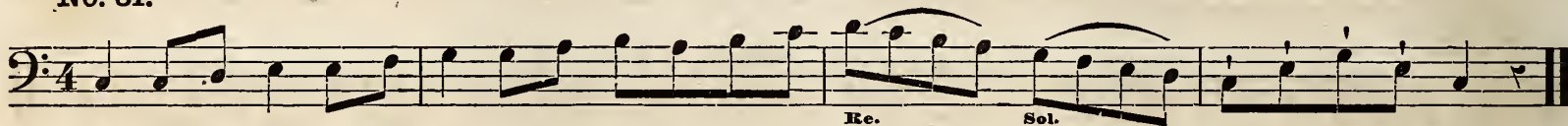
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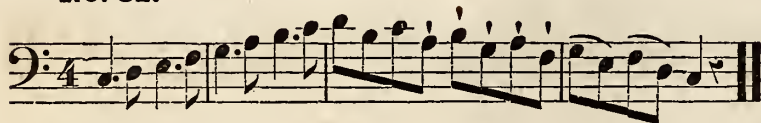
No. 80.



No. 81.



No. 82.



No. 83.



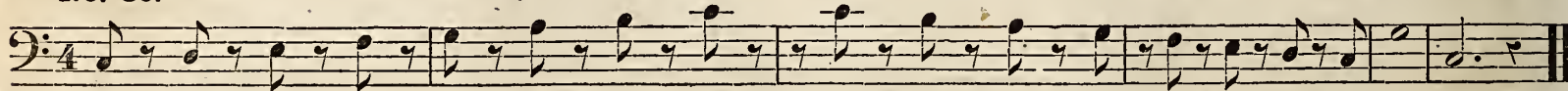
No. 84.



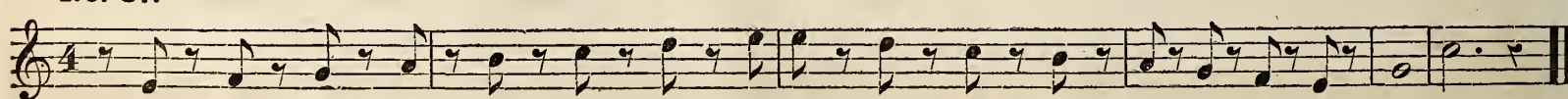
No. 85.



No. 86.



No. 87.



NOTE. Nos. 86 and 87 may be sung together.

No. 88.

Sing, mer - ri - ly sing, sing, mer - ri - ly sing, sing, sing, sing, mer - ri - ly sing.

Sing, mer - ri - ly sing, sing, mer - ri - ly sing, sing, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing.

No. 89.— In two parts.

Fruit - ful fields are wav - ing, With the yel - low grain, Peace - ful herds are graz - ing On the ver - dant plain.

No. 90.— In two parts.

NOTE. Exercises 89 and 90 are given as specimens of different varieties of measure. They are the same to the ear, and only differ in the noting, or in the characters by which they are represented.

No. 91.

Fine. D.C.

No. 92.

Fine. D.C.

NOTE. Exercises 91 and 92 may be sung together.

No. 93.

No. 94.

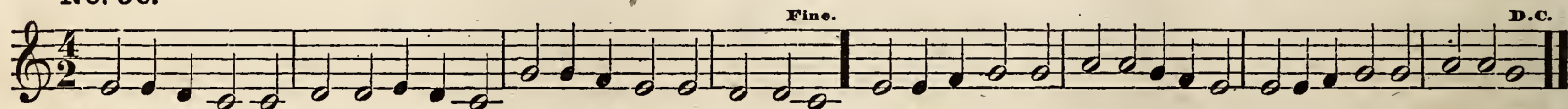


NOTE. Exercises 93 and 94 may be sung together.

No. 95.

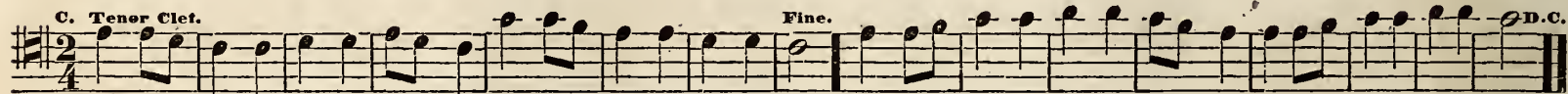


No. 96.



NOTE. Exercises 95 and 96 may be sung together.

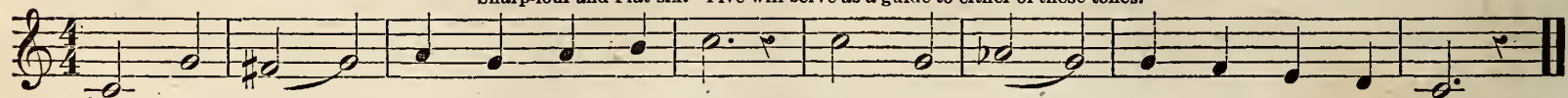
No. 97.



NOTE. Exercises 96 and 97 only differ in notation; they represent precisely the same thing, both as respects time and tune.

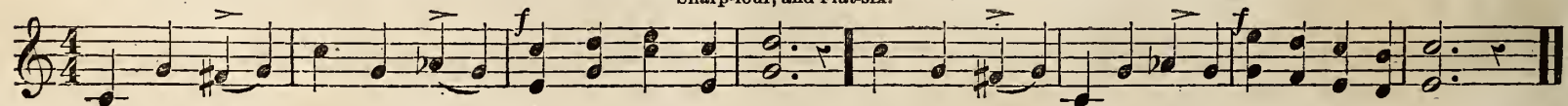
No. 98.

Sharp-four and Flat-six. Five will serve as a guide to either of these tones.



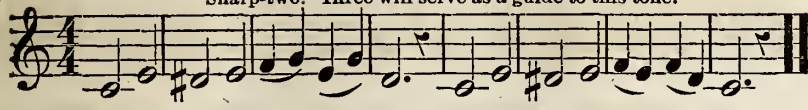
No. 99.

Sharp-four, and Flat-six.



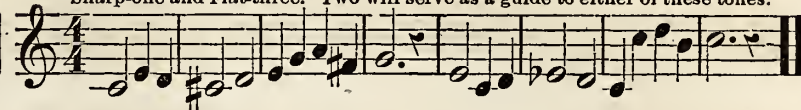
No. 100.

Sharp-two. Three will serve as a guide to this tone.



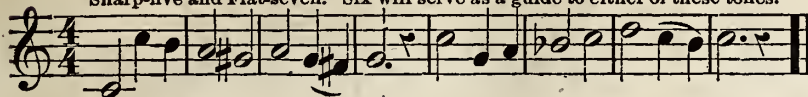
No. 101.

Sharp-one and Flat-three. Two will serve as a guide to either of these tones.



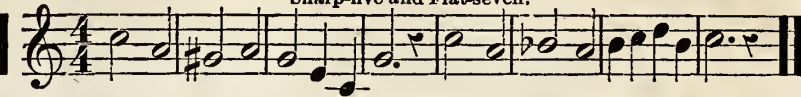
No. 102.

Sharp-five and Flat-seven. Six will serve as a guide to either of these tones.



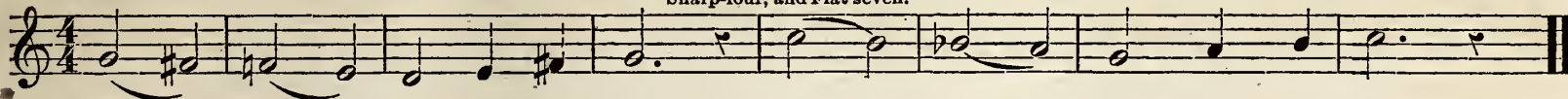
No. 103.

Sharp-five and Flat-seven.



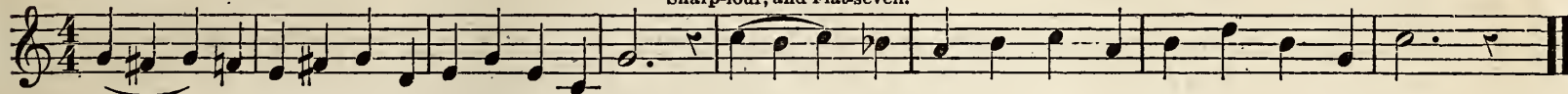
No. 104.

Sharp-four, and Flat seven.



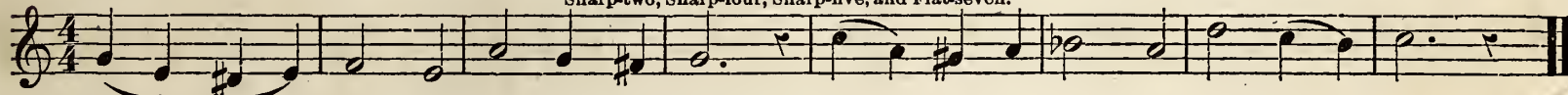
No. 105.

Sharp-four, and Flat-seven.



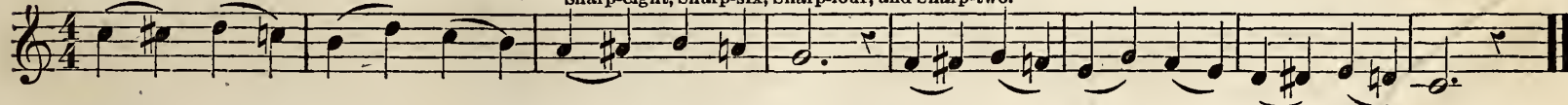
No. 106.

Sharp-two, Sharp-four, Sharp-five, and Flat-seven.



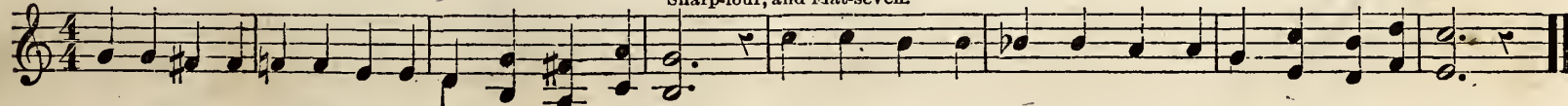
No. 107.

Sharp-eight, Sharp-six, Sharp-four, and Sharp-two.

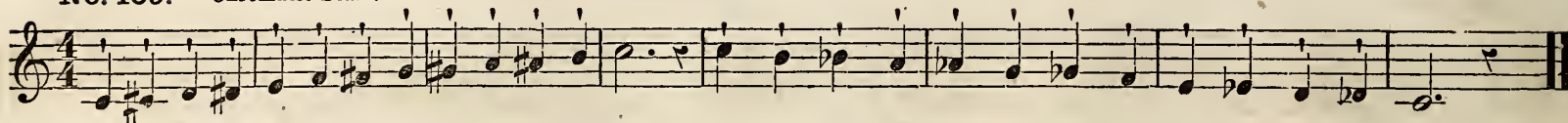


No. 108.

Sharp-four, and Flat-seven.

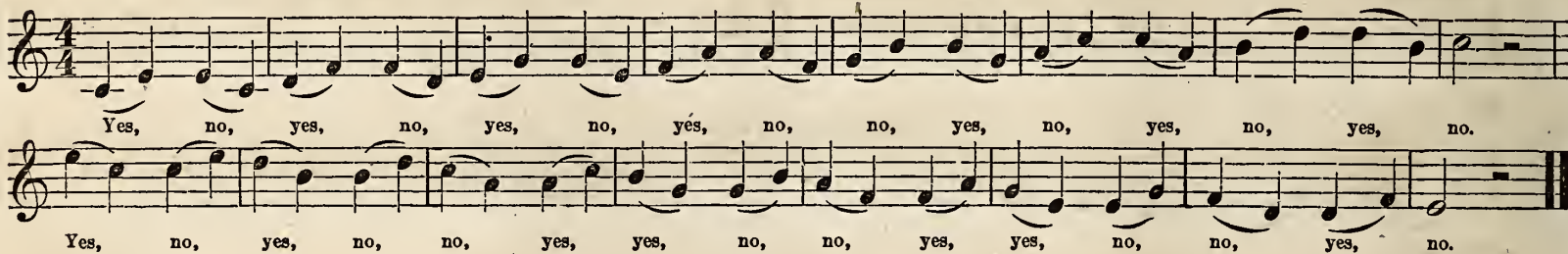


No. 109. — Chromatic Scale.



NOTE. The following lessons (110 to 115) may be sung responsively by two divisions, the first division singing the first two notes, and the second division the last two notes of each measure. They should be sung both with and without slurs.

No. 110.



No. 111.



No. 112.



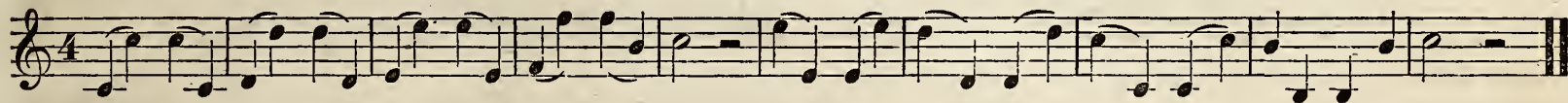
No. 113.



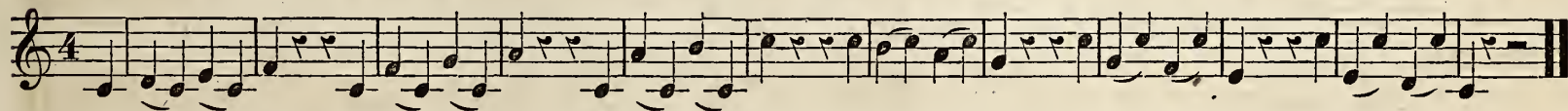
No. 114.



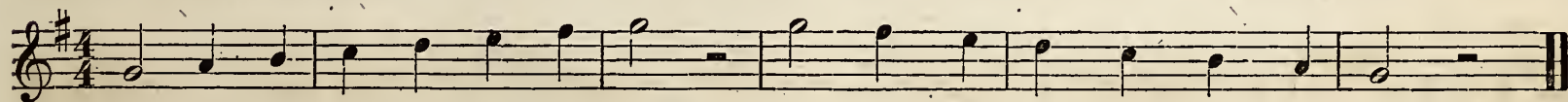
No. 115.



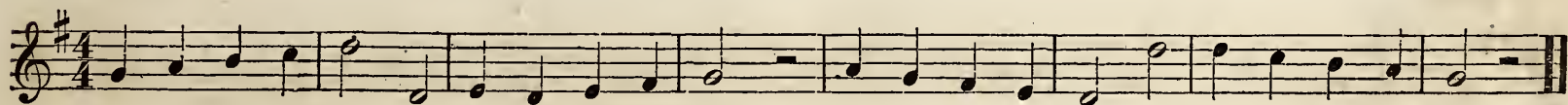
No. 116.



No. 117. — Scale. G MAJOR.



No. 118.



NO. 119. — Scale. E MINOR.

E MINOR

[illegible]

Handwritten musical notation for the bass line of 'The Rose Tree'. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing beamed eighth notes. The notation is written on a five-line staff.

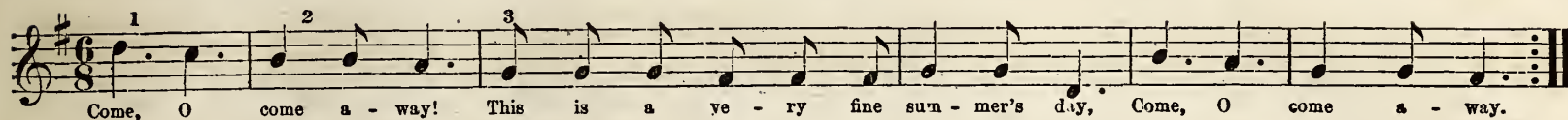
NO. 123.

1 2

NO. 120.

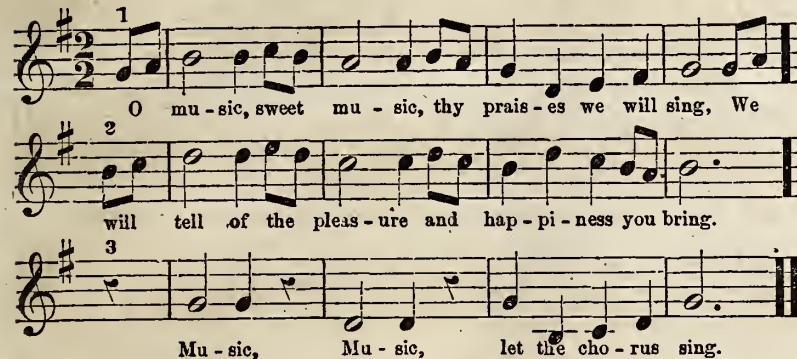
1 2

No. 127. — ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "COME, O COME AWAY."



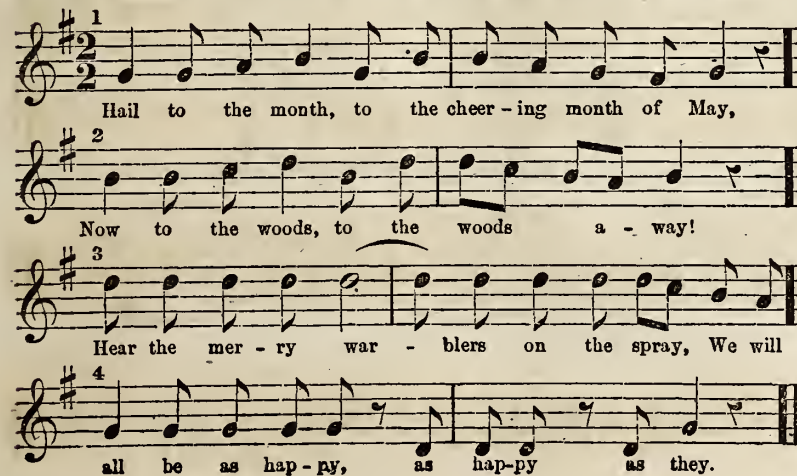
Come, O come a - way! This is a ye - ry fine sun - mer's day, Come, O come a - way.

No. 128. — ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "O MUSIC."



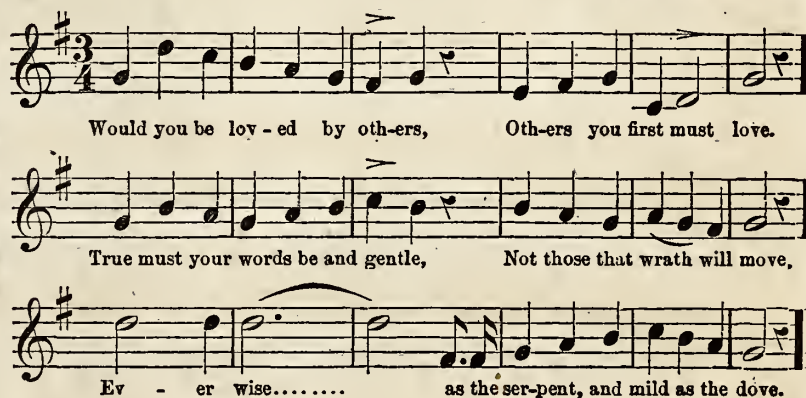
O mu - sic, sweet mu - sic, thy prais - es we will sing, We
will tell of the pleas - ure and hap - pi - ness you bring.
Mu - sic, Mu - sic, let the cho - rus sing.

No. 129. — ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "HAIL TO THE MONTH."



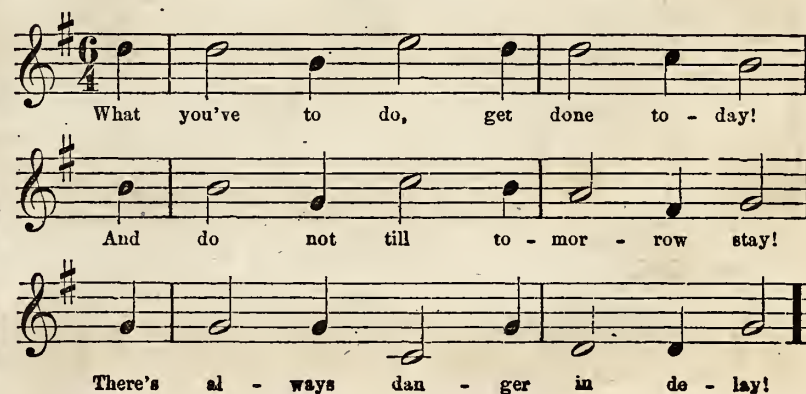
Hail to the month, to the cheer - ing month of May,
Now to the woods, to the woods a - way!
Hear the mer - ry war - blers on the spray, We will
all be as hap - py, as hap - py as they.

No. 130. — ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "WOULD YOU BE LOVED."



Would you be lov - ed by oth - ers, Oth - ers you first must love.
True must your words be and gentle, Not those that wrath will move.
Ev - er wise..... as the ser - pent, and mild as the dove.

No. 131. — ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "WHAT YOU'VE TO DO."



What you've to do, get done to - day!
And do not till to - mor - row stay!
There's al - ways dan - ger in de - lay!

No. 132. — ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "ECHO."



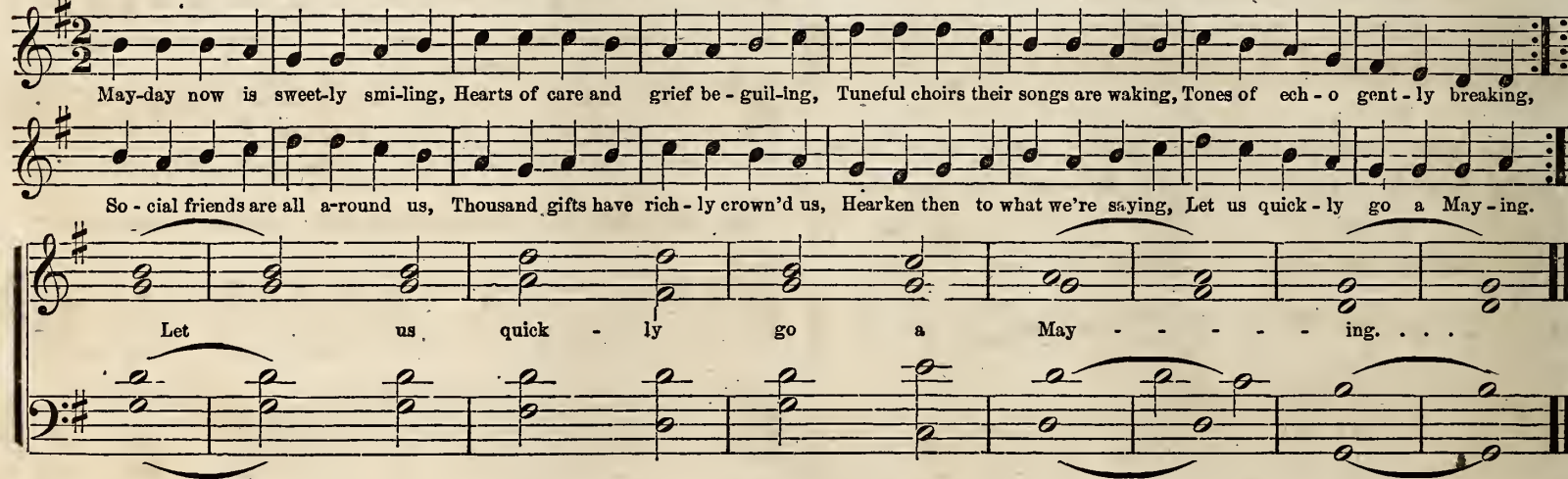
Ech - o, Ech - o, Ech - o, An - swer, ye, while we are call - ing, now.

Ech - o, Ech - o, An - swer, ye, from the moun - tain's brow.

Ech - o, An - swer. An - swer ye, high or low.

No. 133.

NOTE. This Lesson may be sung at first slowly, and afterwards gradually increased to very quick. It will afford a good exercise on the rapid articulation of words.

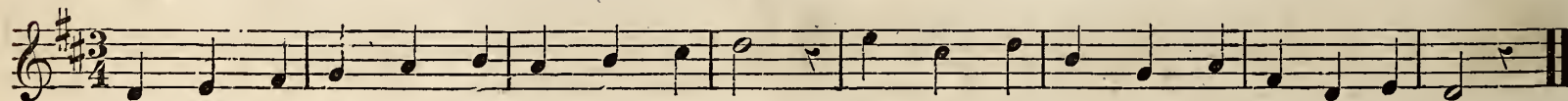


May-day now is sweet-ly smi-ling, Hearts of care and grief be-guil-ing, Tuneful choirs their songs are waking, Tones of ech-o gent-ly breaking,

So-cial friends are all a-round us, Thousand gifts have rich-ly crown'd us, Hearken then to what we're saying, Let us quick-ly go a May-ing.

Let us quick-ly go a May-ing. . . .

No. 134.



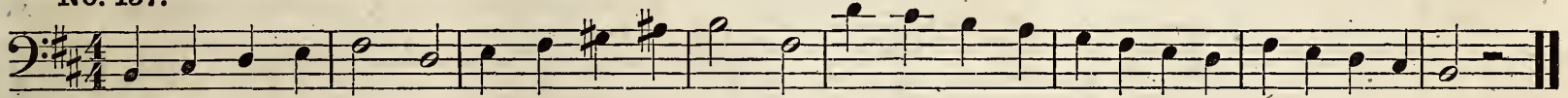
No. 135.



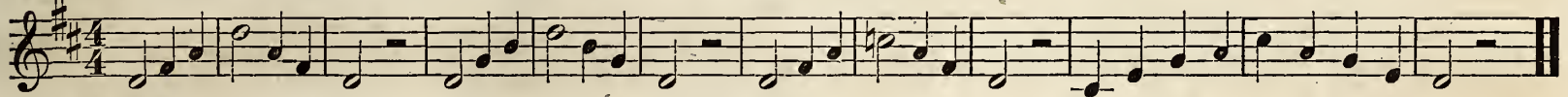
No. 136.



No. 137.



No. 138.

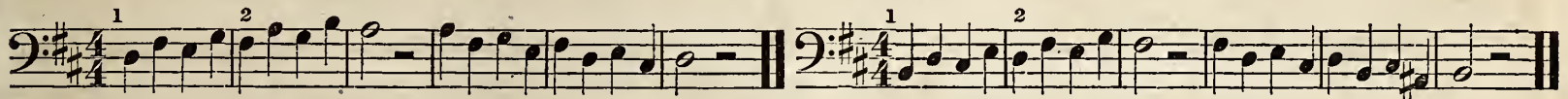


No. 139.



No. 140. — IN TWO PARTS,

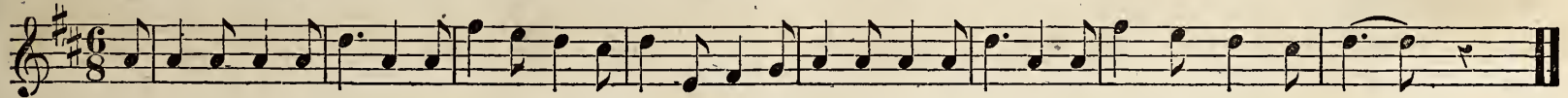
No. 141.



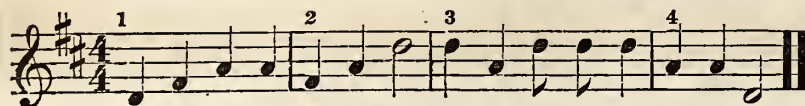
No. 142. — Two beats to a measure.



No. 143. — Two beats.



No. 144.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "MORNING BELLS."

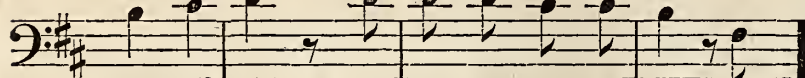


Morning bells I love to hear, Ring-ing mer - ri - ly, loud and clear.

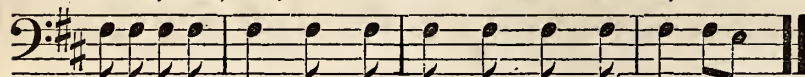
No. 145.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "COME, COME, COME."



Come, come, come, the sum - mer now is here,



Come, come, come, the sum - mer now is here, Come



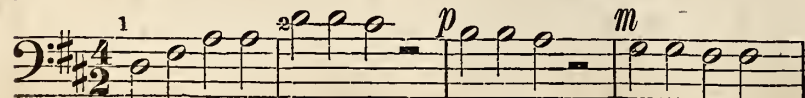
out among the bow - ers, and cull some pret - ty flow - ers.

No. 146.—ROUND IN FIVE PARTS. "GOOD NIGHT."

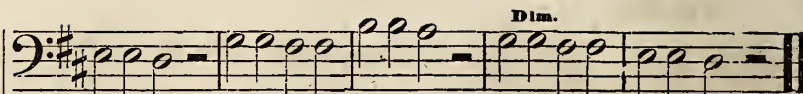


Now to all Good-night, Now to all Good-night, Good-night.

No. 147.—ROUND IN TWO PARTS. "WARBLE FOR US."

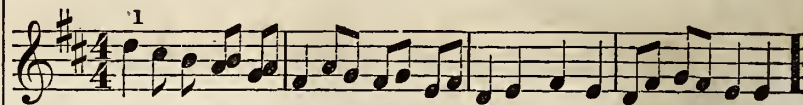


Warble for us, ech-o sweet, ech-o sweet, Softly now, our

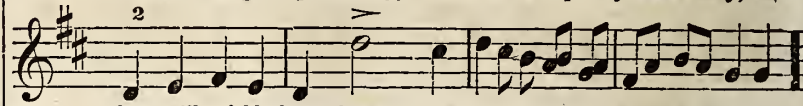


songs repeat, Gentle echo wake from sleep, Gentle echo, clear and deep,

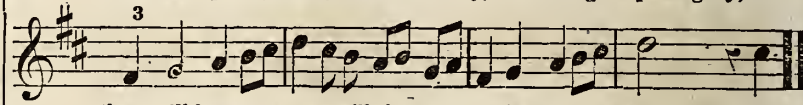
No. 148.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "NOW WE WILL SING."



Now we will sing our parting lay, And then we'll quickly haste a-way, And



then we'll quickly haste, haste a-way, we will sing our parting lay, And

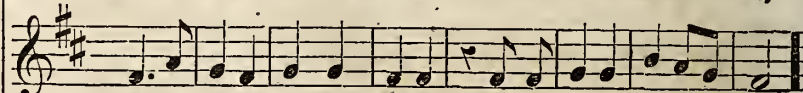


then we'll haste away, we will sing our parting, parting lay. So

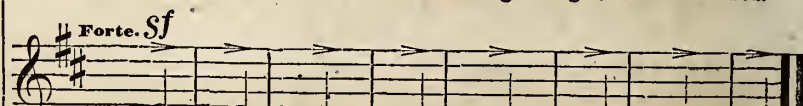
No. 149.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "HARK, THE DISTANT CLOCK."



Hark, the distant clock re-minds us; That an-oth-er hour has fled,



Night is come, our work is ended, So good-night, 'tis time for bed.



One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.

No. 150. ROUND IN TWO PARTS. — "WHETHER YOU WHISPER."

Wheth-er you whis-per low, or loud-ly call, Distinct-ly dis-tinct-ly speak, or do not speak at all.

No. 151.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "VILLAGE BELLS."

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, The vil-lage bells. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Hark.

Hark, hark, the dis-tant vil-lage bells. Hark, . . hark, the dis-tant vil-lage bells.

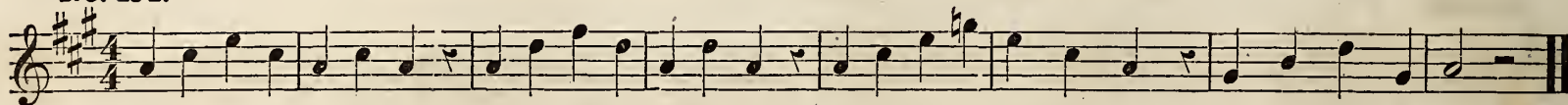
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. A-long the vale their mu-sic swells.

Along the vale their mu-sic swells, their mu-sic swells.

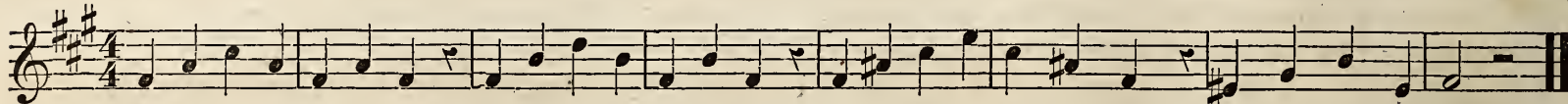
No. 152.—Scale in A MAJOR.

No. 153.—Scale in F# MINOR.

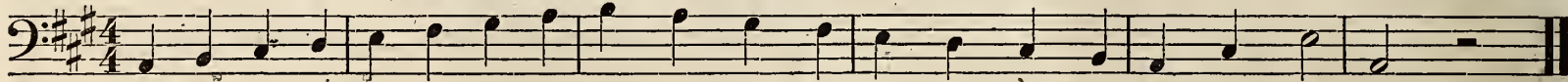
No. 154.



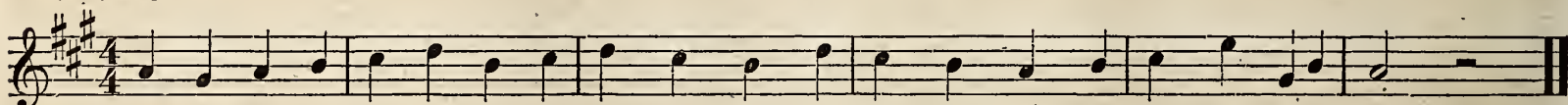
No. 155.



No. 156.



No. 157.



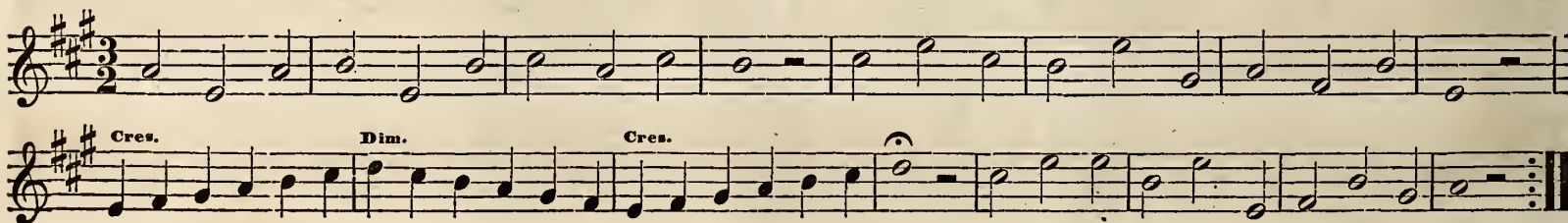
NOTE. 156 and 157 may be sung together.

No. 158.

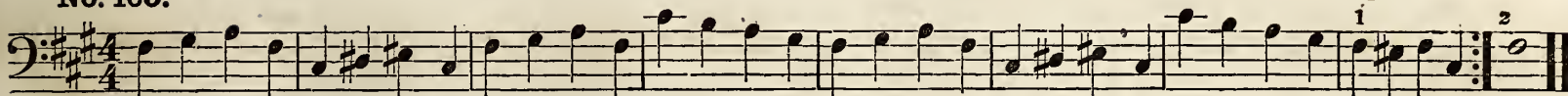


NOTE. This lesson may be sung by two divisions, as indicated by the figures.

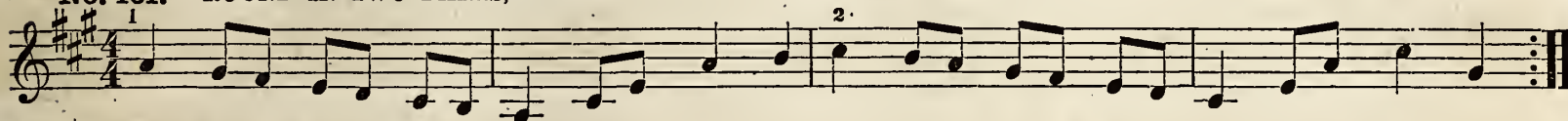
No. 159.



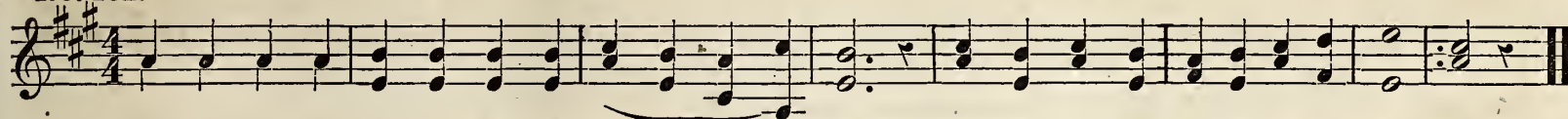
No. 160.



No. 161.—ROUND IN TWO PARTS,



No. 162.



Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

No. 163.—SENTENCE. "HALLELUJAH."



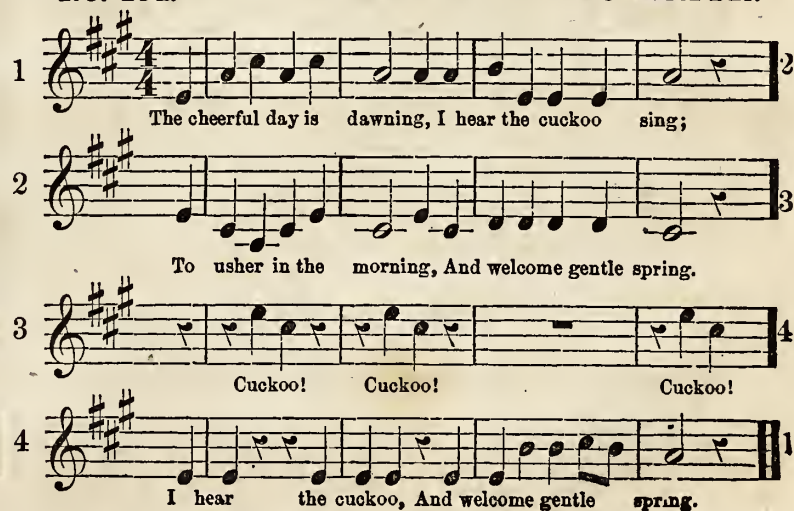
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - - - men.

No. 164.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "THE CHEERFUL DAY."



The cheerful day is dawning, I hear the cuckoo sing;

To usher in the morning, And welcome gentle spring.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

I hear the cuckoo, And welcome gentle spring.

No. 165. — ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "THE PASTURES."

1 The pas - tures are clo - thed with flocks,
 2 The val - leys are cov - ered with corn;
 3 They shout and sing a - loud for joy.

No. 166. — ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "TO THE PRAISE OF TRUTH."

1 To the praise of truth, to the praise of truth we sing,
 2 To the praise of truth, to the praise of truth we sing.
 3 For the truth is a no - ble thing.

No. 167. — MARCH SONG. "COME AND MARCH THE ROUNDS."

Come and march the rounds with me, Come and march the rounds with me.

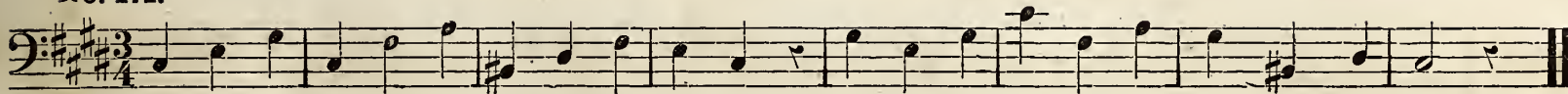
March to the meadow, March to the meadow, March to the old shady tree.
 O the morn-ing, morning light! Welcome, welcome, cheering sight!
 D.C.
 We will quick - ly haste a - way, To speed a joy - ful, hap - py day, So

No. 168. — Scale in E MAJOR.

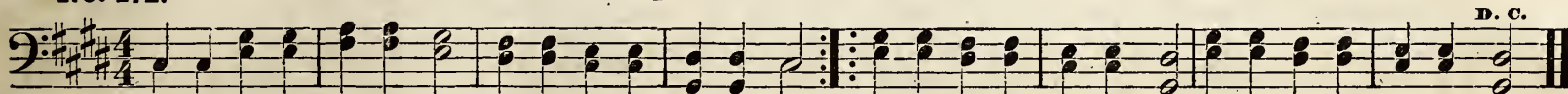
No. 169. — Scale in C# MINOR.

No. 170.

No. 171.



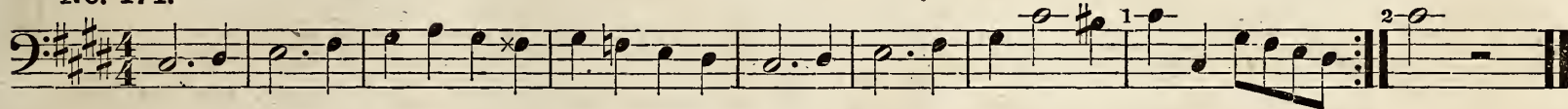
No. 172.



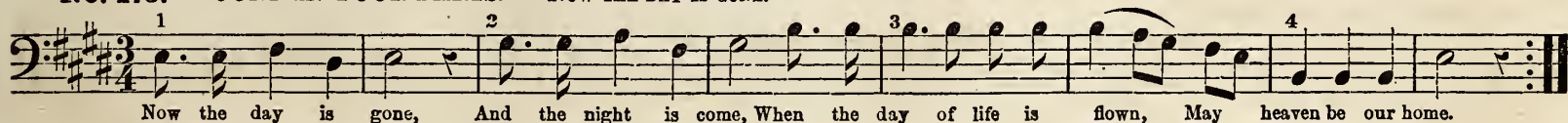
No. 173.



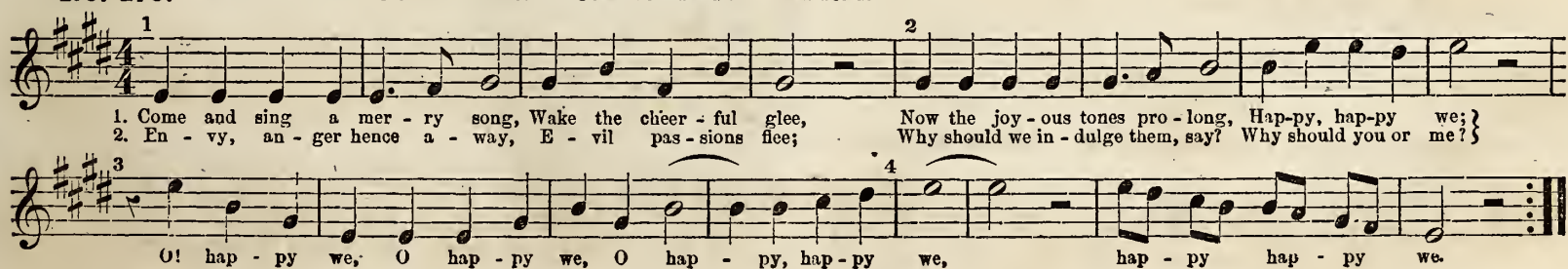
No. 174.



No. 175.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "NOW THE DAY IS GONE."



No. 176.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "COME AND SING A MERRY SONG."

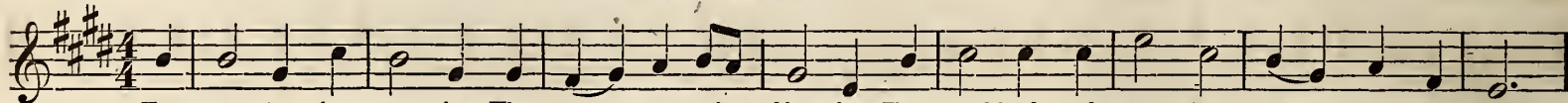


No. 177.—SENTENCE. "HARD THINGS BEFORE US."

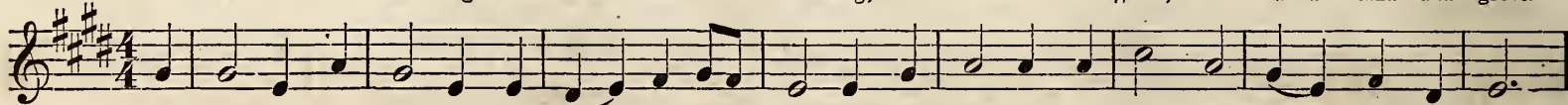


Hard things be-fore us, all gloom-i-ly rise, Yet we still press for-ward, with joy in our eyes.

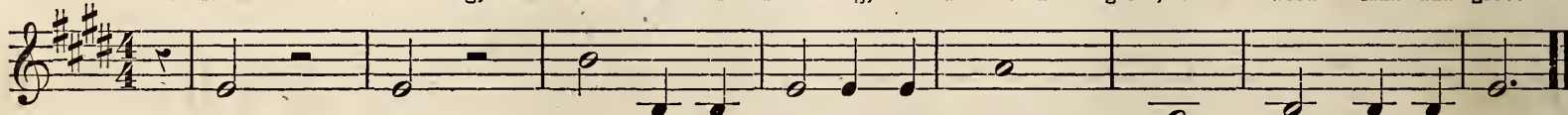
No. 178.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "HOW SWEET TO BE ROAMING."



How sweet to be roam-ing. When sum-mer is bloom-ing, Thro' wood-land and grove, Thro' wood-land and grove.

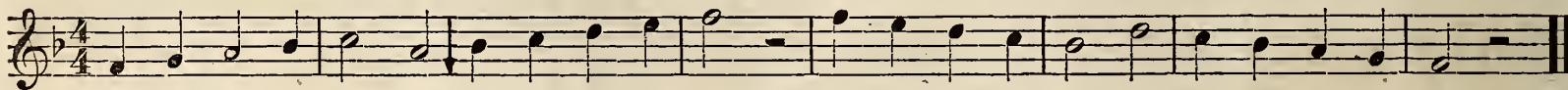


How sweet to be roam-ing, When sum-mer is bloom-ing, Thro' wood-land and grove, Thro' wood-land and grove.



Sweet, sweet, sweet to be roam-ing, Through wood-land, wood-land and grove.

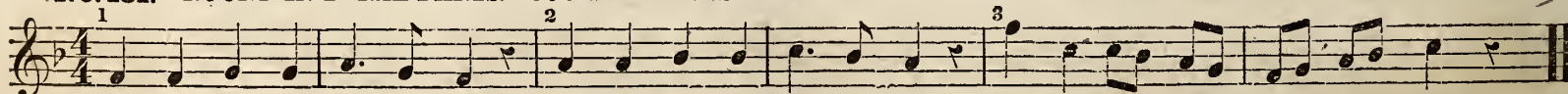
No. 179.—Scale in F MAJOR.



No. 180.—Scale in D MINOR.



No. 181.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "JOIN WE ALL TO SWELL THE SONG."



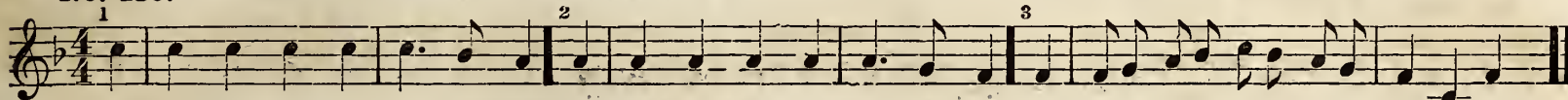
Join we all to swell the song, Young and old the strain pro-long, Mu-sic now em-ploy each tongue.

No. 182.—SENTENCE. "THE MORNING FLOWERS."



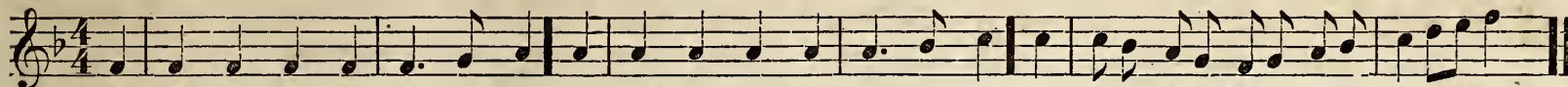
The morning flowers display their sweets, And gay their silken leaves unfold, As care-less of the noon-day heats, As fear-less of the eve-ning cold.

No. 183.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "THE MERRY MONTH."



The mer - ry month be - gins to - day, That drives the win - try cold a - way, The merry, merry, merry, merry, month of May.

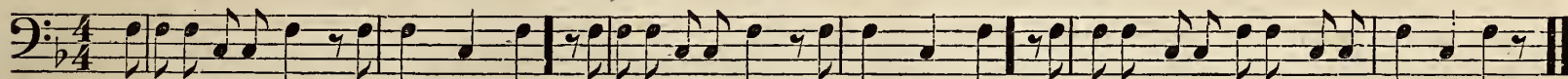
No. 184.



The mer - ry month be - gins to - day, That drives the win - try cold a - way, The merry, merry, merry, merry, month of May.

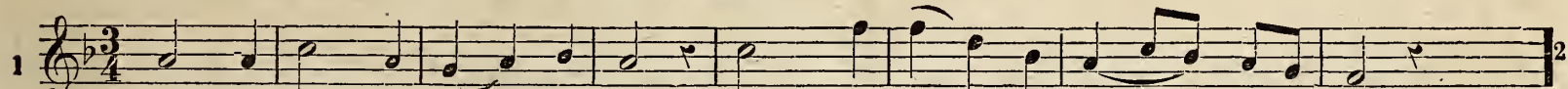
NOTE. 183 and 184 may be sung together—each in three parts, and 185 may be added as a bass.

No. 185.

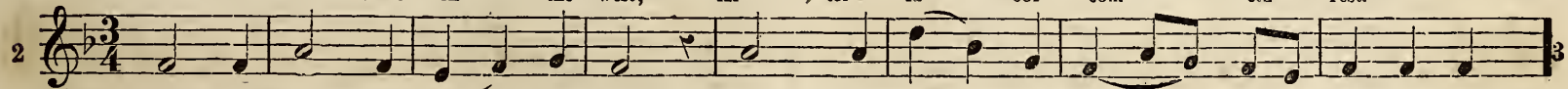


The merry merry month, the month of May, The merry, merry month, the month of May, The merry, merry, merry, merry, month of May.

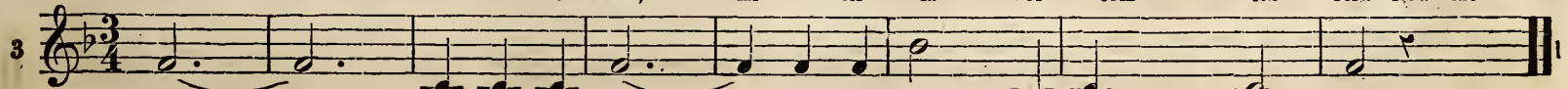
No. 186.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "NOW THE SUN SINKS IN THE WEST."



Now the sun sinks in the west; Af - ter la - - bor com - - - eth rest.



Now the sun sinks in the west; Af - ter la - - bor com - - - eth rest. Now the



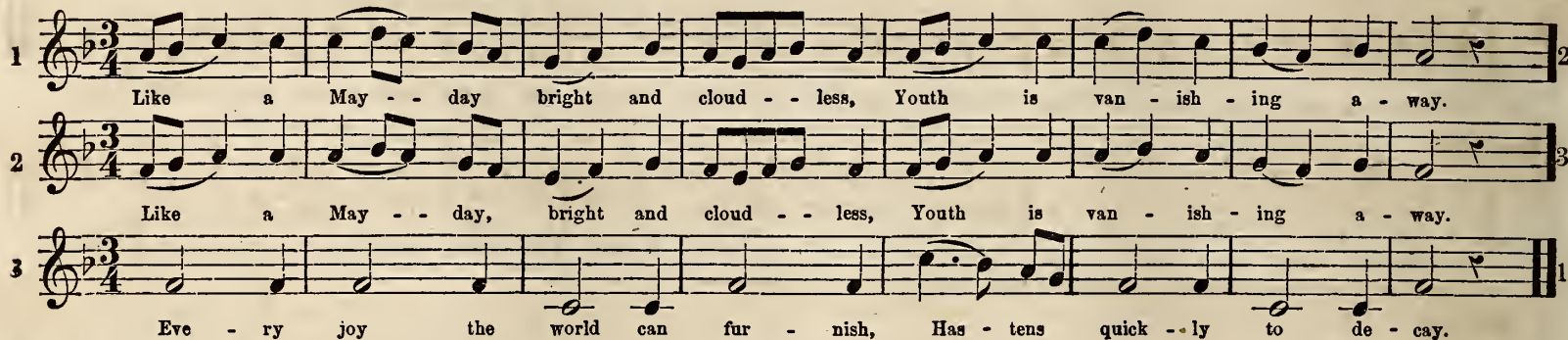
sun . . . sinks in the west; Af - ter la - - bor com - - - eth rest.

No. 187.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "IN THE FIELD."



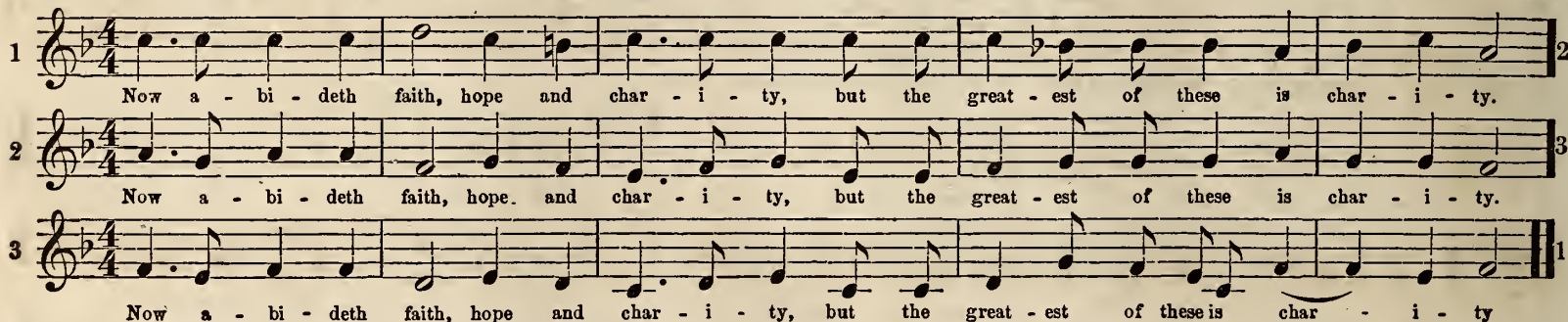
In the field the men are mow - ing, Come and help them, I am go - ing.

No. 188.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "LIKE A MAY-DAY."

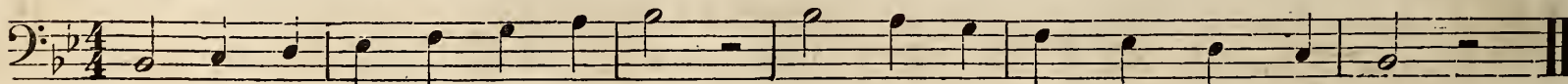


Like a May - - day bright and cloud - - less, Youth is van - ish - ing a - way.
 Like a May - - day, bright and cloud - - less, Youth is van - ish - ing a - way.
 Eve - ry joy the world can fur - nish, Has - tens quick - - ly to de - cay.

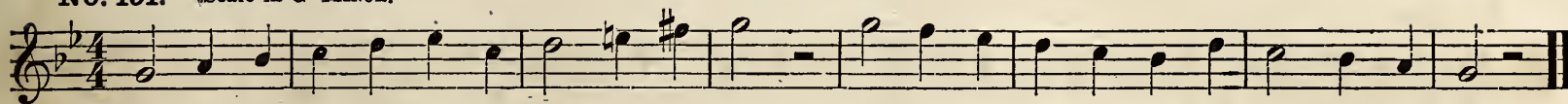
No. 189.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "NOW ABIDETH FAITH."



Now a - bi - deth faith, hope and char - i - ty, but the great - est of these is char - i - ty.
 Now a - bi - deth faith, hope and char - i - ty, but the great - est of these is char - i - ty.
 Now a - bi - deth faith, hope and char - i - ty, but the great - est of these is char - i - ty

No. 179.—Scale in B $\frac{1}{2}$ MAJOR.


No. 191. — Scale in G MINOR.

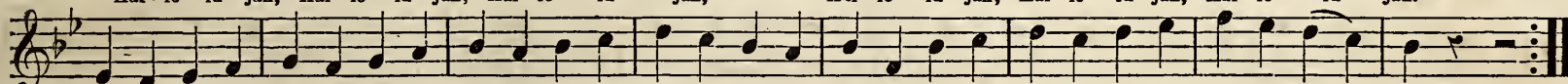


No. 192. — ROUND IN TWO PARTS. "HALLELUJAH."



Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

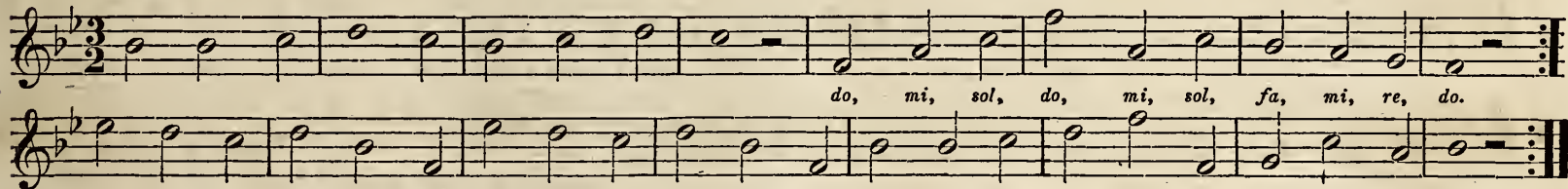


Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

No. 193.

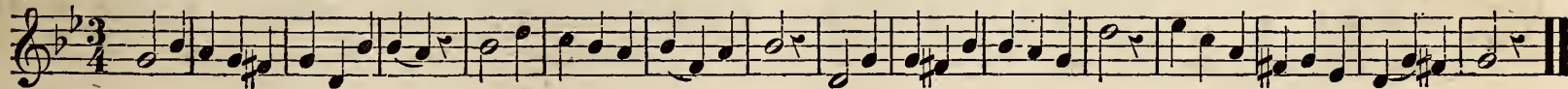


No. 194.



do, mi, sol, do, mi, sol, fa, mi, re, do.

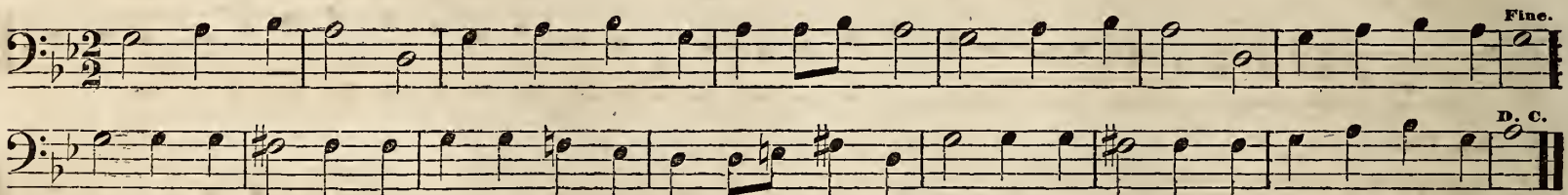
No. 195.



No. 196.



No. 197.



No. 198.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "How shall I count?"

1 How shall I count this six-eight time, So that our voices all may chime?

2 Shall I count it by six, or shall I count it by three, by six, or by three?

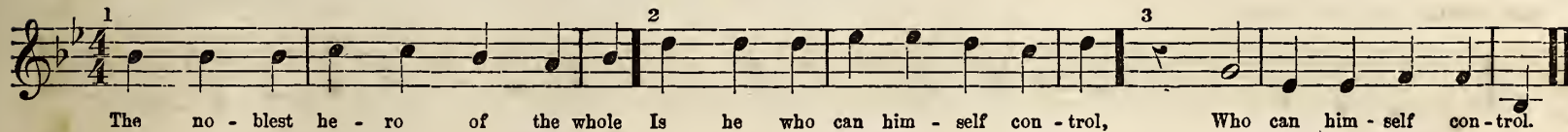
3 No, no; don't you see, you must count it by two?

4 One, two, one, two, one, two, one, two, one, two, one, two, one, two

ELEMENTARY EXERCISES.

5

No. 199.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "THE NOBLEST HERO OF THEM ALL."



The no - blest he - ro of the whole Is he who can him - self con - trol, Who can him - self con - trol.

No. 200.—SONG. "HOME."

Slowly.



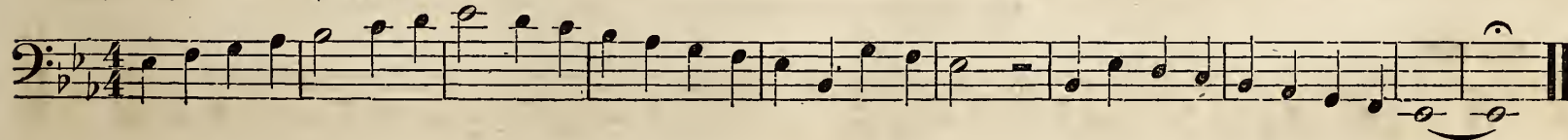
How can I for - get thee, Dear - ly loved home? No, I still will love thee, Tho' far from thee I roam; Home, home, dearest, happy home.

No. 201.—SENTENCE. "HASTE, O HASTE AWAY."

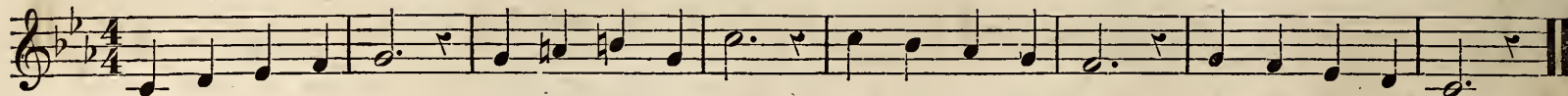


Haste, O haste a - way. O haste a - way, O haste a - way, O haste a - way, O haste a - way, O haste a - way, While yet 'tis day, while yet 'tis day. O haste a - way, O haste a - way, while yet 'tis day, O haste, while yet 'tis day.

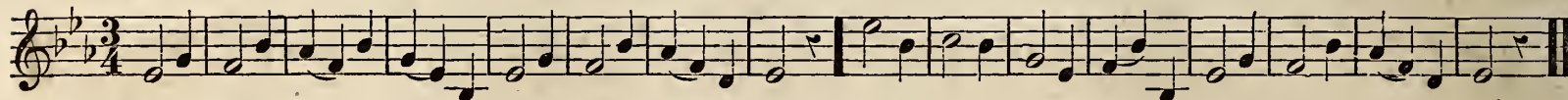
No. 202.—Scale in E_b MAJOR.



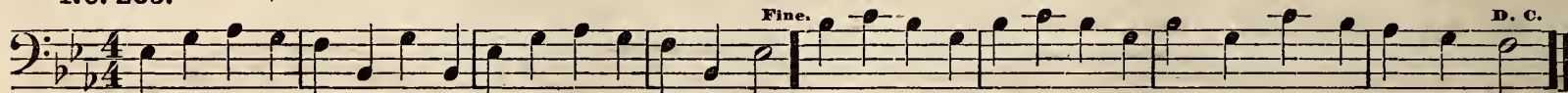
No. 203.—Scale in C MINOR.



No. 204.



No. 205.



No. 206.

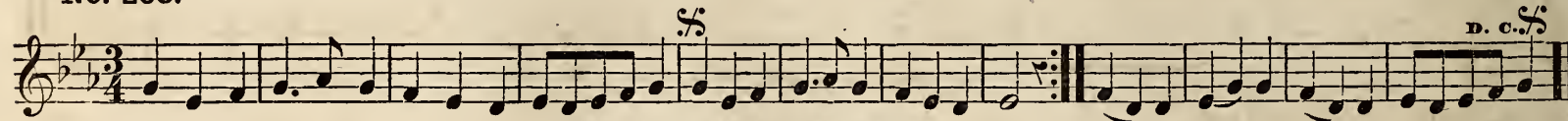


NOTE. 205 and 206 may be sung together.

No. 207.

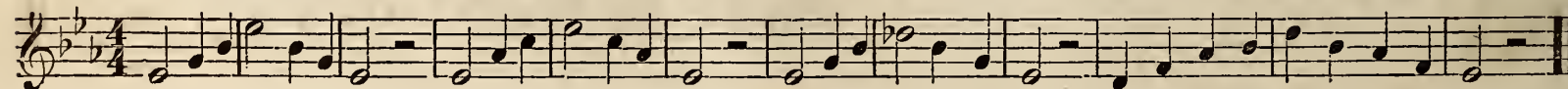


No. 208.

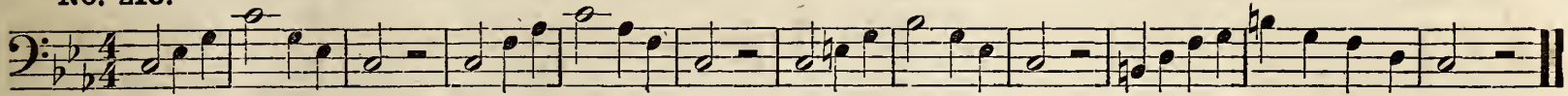


NOTE. 207 and 208 may be sung together.

No. 209.



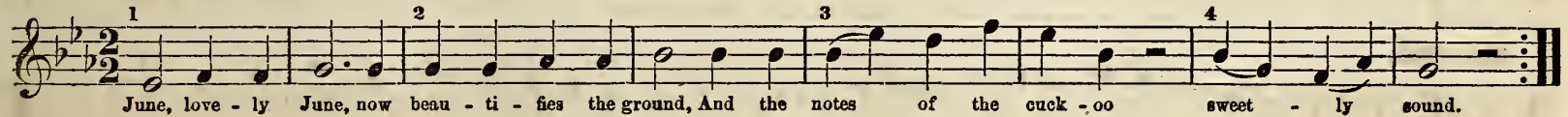
No. 210.



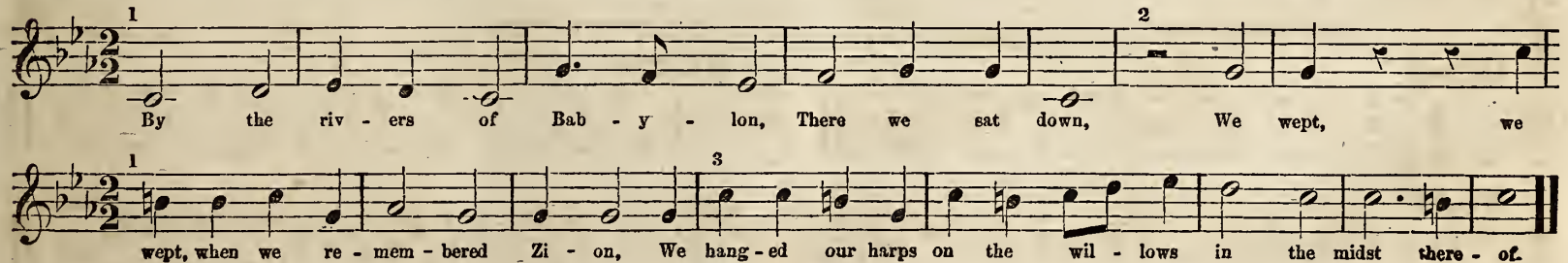
No. 211.



No. 212.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "JUNE, LOVELY JUNE."



No. 213.—ROUND, FOR THREE VOICES. "BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON."



No. 215.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "GOOD NIGHT."

1 Good night! Good night!

2 Time sounds its warning call, Sweet rest descend on all.

3 Time sounds its warning call, Sweet rest descend on all.

4 Good night, Good night.

No. 219.—Scale in F MINOR.

No. 220.

No. 221.

No. 223.

Fine.

D. C.

No. 216.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "EVER BLOOMING."

1 2 3

Ev - er blooming, ev - er gay, Ev - er welcome, lovely May.

No. 217.—ROUND IN TWO PARTS. "GATHER ROSEBUDS."

1 2

Gather rose-buds while you may, For time will quickly pass away, Then gather

No. 218.—Scale in A $\frac{1}{2}$ MAJOR.

SAD MEMORIES.

AGNES BURNLEY.

1. Fair-ry like, Fair-ry like, o-ver my spir-it, Stealeth re-membrance of hap-pi-er hours; Ten-der-ly, Ten-der-ly,
Fair-ry like, fair-ry like,

2. Grace-ful-ly, grace-ful-ly down in yon mea-dow, Bend-eth the wil-low bough o-ver each grave; Blight-ed and with-ered lie

e'en as the fragrance, Of sweet scented, fa-ded, au-tum-nal flowers; Beau-ti-ful, Beau-ti-ful, all were my loved ones, Pur-er than

all the fair flowers, All that I most cher-ished, but could not save; Des-o-late, des-o-late, now is the hearth-stone, Drear are the

lil-ies, my blos-soms now sleep; Si-lent-ly, Si-lent-ly, like fall-ing snow-flakes, They left me in sor-row a-lone to weep.

halls which re-ech-oed with glee, Wea-ri-ly, Wea-ri-ly, pass-eth the lone hours Of wait-ing, be-lov-ed, to come to thee.

Allegro. mp *mf*

1. Brightly beam-ing, Clearly gleaming, Thro' the ha - zy distance streaming, Full of splendors, Sun-light renders, Eve - ry hight, Pure and bright, How full of

2. Horns are ringing, Warblers singing, Mu - sic to the breez-es fling - ing, Brooklets meet us, Laugh and greet us, Then they flow Far be - low, How full of

joy the smiling earth, How full of joy the smi - ling earth, How full of joy the smi - ling

joy the smiling earth, How full of joy the smi - ling earth, How full of joy the smi - ling

earth, How full of joy the smi - ling earth, Climb - ing yon - der, Let us wan - der, Up - ward lead - eth the way No lon - ger

earth, How full of joy the smi - ling earth, Climb - ing yon - der, Let us wan - der, Up - ward lead - eth the way, No lon - ger

Moderato.

stay, a - way, a - way, No long-er stay, a - way, a - way,

stay, a - way, a - way, No long-er stay, a - way, a - way.

1. Walking now with stead-y gait, We start, but lest we

2. Now, a-gain, we homeward start, And of our journey

Cresc.

should be late, We now will try a fast-er pace, And with old Time will run a race, While gal-lop-ing, gal-lop-ing o-ver the plain, And

walk a part, Then once a-gain with whip and spnr, The met-tle of our steed we stir, And gal-lop-ing, gal-lop-ing o-ver the plain, And

Dim.

gal-lop-ing on with-out draw-ing a rein, Till we're tired, and then we slow-er go, And then at last we stop.

gal-lop-ing on with-out draw-ing a rein, Till we're home, and then we slow-er go, And then at last we stop.

f 1. Land of our fa - thers, where - so - e'er we roam, Land of our birth! to us thou still art home; Peace and pros - per - i - ty *mp*

2. Though oth - er climes may bright - er hopes ful - fil, Land of our birth! we ev - er love thee still! Heaven shield our hap - py home

on thy sons attend, Down to pos - ter - i - ty their in - flu - ence descend; All then u - ni - ting, hearts and voi - ces

from each hos - tile band, Free - dom and plen - ty ev - er crown our na - tive land; All then u - ni - ting, hearts and voi - ces

join - ing, Sing we in har - mo - ny, our na - tive land, our na - tive land, our na - tive land, our na - tive land, our na - tive land.

join - ing, Sing we in har - mo - ny, our na - tive land, our na - tive land, our na - tive land, our na - tive land, our na - tive land.

THE LAND WE LOVE. Chorus for the 4th of July.

61

WRITTEN BY GEORGE W. BIRDSEYE.

T. F. SEWARD.

D.C. 1. To thee be glo - ry in the com - ing years, Land we love, Land we love! By fath - er's blood, and by our mother's tears, We'll

2. Low un - to thee shall all the na - tions bow, Land we love, Land we love! Co - lum - bia's sons shall tru - ly keep their vow, All

Fine.

stand by thee, Oh, land we love!..... When we shat - ter'd the sword of Eng - land's might, Free - dom called this dear

lands shall praise thee, Land we love! Oh, land we love! Now the Heav'n's kind - ly bend to thy em - brace, While the starr'd skies thy

D.C.

land her own; And the dark - ness gave place to gold - en light, For through the clouds, oh, land we love! The stars of glo - ry shone.

ban - ners are; May the God of our na - tion show His grace, And spread His all - pro - tect - ing arm A - bove each State and Star.

1. On the stormy o - cean, 'Mid its wild com - mo - tion, Help - less sea-man! Heav'n at - tend thee! God be-friend thee! God befriend thee!

2. O'er life's o - cean dreary Faint, for-lorn, and wea-ry, Help - less mor-tal! Heav'n at - tend thee! God be-friend thee! God befriend thee!

BOAT SONG.

AGNES BURNAY.

1. Our boat is off, our boat is off, See how she floats the wave, As if on wing, the fai - ry thing, Skims o'er the waters brave; With laugh and song, we

2. We'll speed away through dashing spray, O'er waves of every hue, And bound along with current strong, Upon the wa - ters blue; With laugh and song, we

3. As safe are we as proudly free, As birds that cleave the air; On wings as white, as swift our flight As sea-gulls darting there;

glide a-long Up - on the rip-pling sea; All fa - ces bright with pure delight, Oh, who is so mer-ry as we, as we, Oh, who is so mer-ry as we?

glide a-long Up - on the rip-pling sea; All fa - ces bright with pure delight, Oh, who is so mer-ry as we, as we, Oh, who is so mer-ry as we?

SPARKLING WATER. Temperance Glee.

T. F. SEWARD.

63

1. Come, let us sing of fount and spring, Of brook - let, stream and riv - er, And tune our praise to Him al - ways, The

2. Down fall the showers to feed the flowers, And in the sum - mer, night - ly, The blos - soms sip with ro - sy lip The

3. Each lit - tle bird, whose song is heard Thro' grove and mead - ow ring - ing, At stream - let's brink will blithe - ly drink, To

great and gra - cious Giv - er. What drink with wa - ter can com - pare, That na - ture loves so dear - ly? The

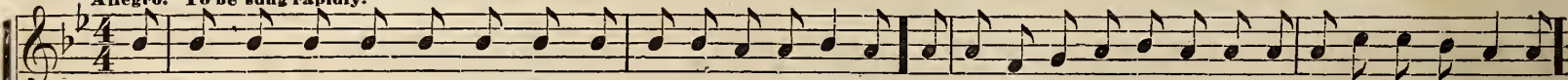
dew - drops gleam - ing bright - ly. What drink with wa - ter can com - pare, That na - ture loves so dear - ly? The

tune its voice to sing - ing.

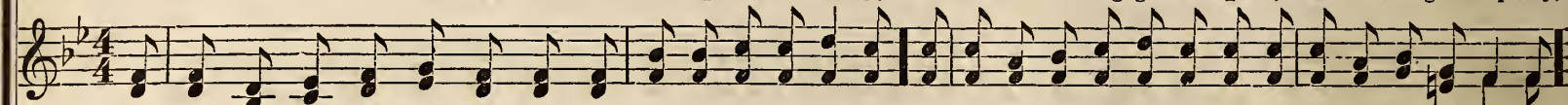
sweet - est draught that can be quaffed, wa - ter. wa - ter, wa - ter that spar - kles so clear - ly.

sweet - est draught that can be quaffed, Is wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter that spar - kles so clear - ly.

Allegro. To be sung rapidly.

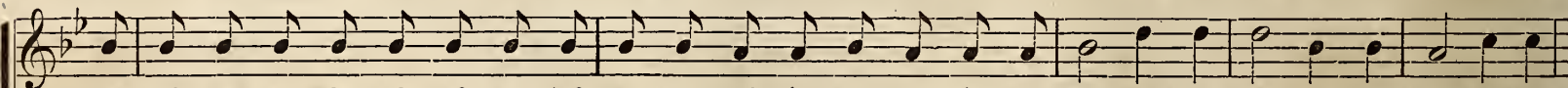
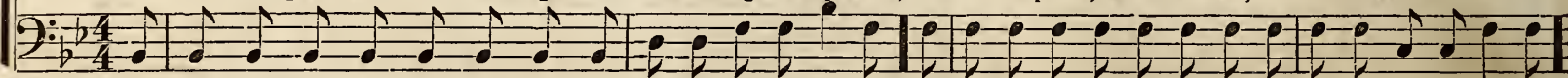


1. The mer - ry girls a May - ing went, One morning bright and ear - ly; The flow'rs were blooming, grass was green, The dew was bright and pearly,



2. The love - ly maids now here and there, With baskets, crowned with blossoms, They cull'd the flow'rs of white and blue, To deck their heads and bosoms;

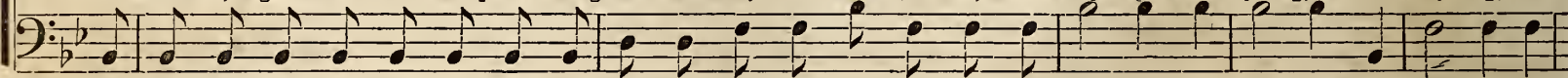
3. With cheer - ful glee and cho - rus song, The hours were winged with pleasure, Some found a pebble, some a flow'r, Each tri - fle seem'd a treasure.



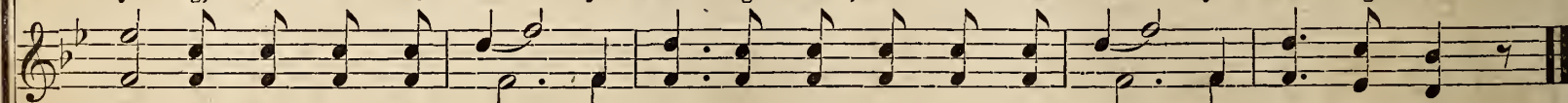
The wind was gen - tle, soft and sweet, And all were fill'd with joy to meet, For stray - ing and May - ing, For stray - ing, and



And sang with air of sweet con - tent, As through the wind - ing paths they went, Still stray - ing and May - ing, Still stray - ing, and
For tri - fles, light as air can please The guile - less heart, in hours of ease, While stray - ing and May - ing, While stray - ing, and

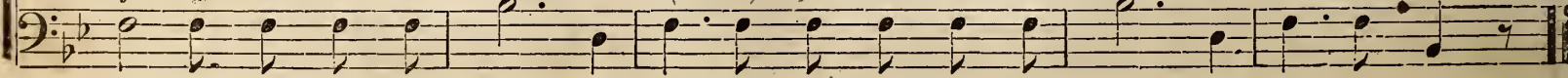


May - ing, A - mid the ear - ly bloom - ing flow'rs, A - mid the ear - ly bloom - ing flow'rs.



May - ing, A - mid the ear - ly bloom - ing flow'rs, A - mid the ear - ly bloom - ing flow'rs.

May - ing.



ONCE MORE A SONG, GOOD NIGHT.

W. B. BRADBURY.

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Allegro. Alla Barcarolle.

1. Once more a song, a song, a song, The day is past and gone, Soon parts our hap - - py throng, our throng, When evening's coming

2. Sound now the mer - ry strain, the strain, Let all our voi - ces swell, For now we part, we part, a - gain, a - gain, All hap - py, gay and

3. So a good night to all, to all, Good night, good night, good night, To all, both large and small, and small, Good night, good night to

on, coming on, When evening's coming on, And thus around us far, Drops all her cur - tains down, curtains down, Jewelled with many a

well, Let none of us be sad, be sad, Let part-ing cause no pain, But let us all be glad; For we shall meet a -
all, We part, but not in pain, Good night, good night, good night, We hope to meet a - gain, Good night, good night, good

star; Good night, good night, we hope to meet a - gain, Good night, good night, good night, good night, We hope to meet again -

-gain; Good night, good night, good night, good night, We hope to meet a - gain, Good night, good night, We hope to meet a - gain.
night, We meet again, Good night, We hope to meet a - gain, We hope to meet a - gain.

Larghetto e piano

Gent - - - ly swell - - - ing, sleep - ing o - cean, Nev - - - er still your

Gent - - - ly swell - - - ing, sleep - ing o - - - cean, Nev - - - er still..... your

Gent-ly swell - ing, gently swelling, sleep - ing o - cean, sleep - ing o - cean, Nev - er still your wa - ters be, Nev - er

wa - - - ters be, Flowing flow - ing on with cease - - - less mo - tion,

wa - - - ters be,..... Flowing, flow - ing on. with cease - - - less mo - tion,

still, never still, nev - er still your wa - ters be, Flowing on with cease - less mo - - - tion, Flowing on with ceaseless mo - tion,

Sweet - ly sing - ing lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Sweet - ly sing - ing lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by,

Sweet - ly sing - ing lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Sweet - ly sing - ing lul - la - by.

CANON. "Soft the Evening falls."

BEETHOVEN.

87

Soft the eve - ning falls, The bird of twi - light Soft the eve - ning falls, The bird of twi - light
 calls Our foot - steps home..... No long - er
 Soft the eve - ning falls, The bird of twi - light calls Our foot - steps home.....
 Soft the eve - ning falls, The

calls, Our foot-steps home, No long - er roam, For soft the eve - ning falls, The bird of twi - light calls Our foot - steps home.

bird of twi - light calls For Our foot - steps home..... No long - er foot-steps home..... No long - er roam,
 No long - er roam, For soft the eve - ning falls, long - er The soft the eve - ning falls, No long - er roam.

foot - steps home..... No long - er *roam, For soft the eve - ning * falls, No long - er roam.

falls, The bird of twi - light calls Our foot - steps home..... calls, No long - er roam.

•When about to close, pass from the first asterisk to the second, omitting two measures.

Largo e piano.

1. Deep be thy sleep! Rest thee with - in thy grave, Thou love - ly form, whose breath From cold re - lent - less death No bloom

1. Deep be thy sleep! Rest thee with - in thy grave, Thou love - ly form whose breath From cold, re - lent-less death No

..... of youth could save; Deep be thy sleep, In peace with - in thy grave.

bloom of youth could save; Deep be thy sleep, In peace with - in thy grave.

2. Deep be thy sleep;
How brief thy fleeting day!
The morning's rosy light
To shades of silent night,
Too soon hath passed away.
Deep be thy sleep!
How brief thy fleeting day.

3. Deep be thy sleep!
Thy spirit goes before;
Through bitter, falling tears
Our faith the message hears:
"Ye all shall meet once more,"
Deep be thy sleep!
Thy spirit goes before.

WHEN THE GREEN LEAVES.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. When the green leaves come a - gain, my love, When the green leaves come a - gain, Why put on a dark and

2. Ah, the spring will still be like the last, Of its prom - ise false and vain; And the sum - mer die in

cloud - y face, When the green leaves, When the green leaves, When the green leaves come a-gain.

win-ter's arms, Ere the green leaves, Ere the green leaves, Ere the green leaves come a-gain.

f *mf* *Dim.*

3. So the seasons pass, and so our lives
Yet I never will complai;
But I sigh, while yet I know not why—
When the green leaves come again.
4. Nay, lift up your thankful eyes, my love!
Thinking less of grief or pain;
For as long as hill and vale shall last
Will the green leaves come again.
5. Sure as earth lives under winter's snow,
Sure as love lives under pain,—
It is good to sing with every thing,
When the green leaves come again.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Ring, mer - ry, mer - ry bells, The Christmas morn! Ring out a joy - ous peal! The Saviour comes, The Christ is born! He comes to save and

2. Ring, mer - ry, mer - ry bells, O'er all the land, By hall and cot - tage fires— Let eve - ry home And household band Hear mu - sic from your

heal, The Sa - viour comes, The Christ is born! He comes to save and heal.

spires; Let eve - ry home And house - hold band Hear mu - sic from your spires.

3. Ring merry, merry bells!
There cometh here
The wondrous Truth, at last,
By ancient king
And kingly seer,
So longed for, ages past!
4. Ring, merry, merry bells!
Let hill and vale,
Through all the festal day—
In notes of joy
Repeat the tale
Of Christ, the Living Way!
5. Ring merry, merry bells!
Our heavy load
We lay, rejoicing, down;
For by His cross
We gain the road
To our eternal crown.
6. Ring, merry, merry bells,
Your carols pour—
Nor let your gladness cease,
The Wonderful!
The Counsellor!
The mighty Prince of Peace!

MARIE MASON.

Now the light fail - ing, Darkness prevailing, Nature re - po - ses, So the day clo - ses; See, the night cheering, The moon now appearing, Slowly ascending, The

mf *p* *Cres.* *mf*

Now the light fail - ing, Darkness prevailing, Nature re - po - ses, So the day clo - ses; See, the night cheering, The moon now appearing, Slowly ascending, The

stars her attend - ing: Now the light fail - ing, Darkness prevailing, Nature re - pos - es, So the day clo - ses. Nature re - po - ses, So the day clo - ses.

mp *mp* *mf* *p* *mf* *pp*

stars her attend - ing: Now the light fail - ing, Darkness prevailing, Nature re - pos - es, So the day clo - ses, Nature re - po - ses, So the day clo - ses.

BEHOLD THE DARKNESS FLIES.

FROM GLUCK. (ALCESTE).

Vivace.

1. Be - hold the dark - ness flies! The night has passed a - way; From drowsy sleep a - rise, And welcome in the day! }
 With vig - or new a - wake! And greet the blushing morn; Be - hold the morn - ing break! An - oth - er day is born. } The fields and woods around, With

2. A - wake from i - dle sleep, The day for toil was made; And he who hopes to reap, Must sow in time the seed; }
 The ox with - in his stall Is low - ing to his mate; The plowman's cheerful call They pa - tient - ly a - wait; } The plow a - gain must move, And

mu - sic loud are ring - ing, The hills and groves resound, The mer - ry birds are sing-ing! A - wake, a - wake, a - wake and welcome, wel-come the day!

in the heav - y fur - row; No sluggard must he prove, Who would not come to sorrow. A - wake, a - wake, a - wake and wel-come the day!

NIGHT SONG. "Murmur, gentle Lyre."

GERMAN. TRANSLATED BY S. F. SMITH.

Andante. *Cres.* *Dim.*

1. Mur - mur, gen - tle lyre, Through the lone - ly night, Let thy trem - bling wire Wak - en dear de - light.
2. Though the tones of sor - row Min - gle in thy strain, Yet my heart can bor - row Pleas - ure from the pain.

3. Hark! the quivering breez - es List thy sil - very sound, Eve - ry tu - mult ceas - es, Si - lence reigns a - round.
4. Earth be - low is sleeping, Mea - dow, hill, and grove; An - gel stars are keep - ing Si - lent watch a - bove.

mf *Dim.* *p* *mf* *Rit.*

Mur - mur gen - tle lyre, Through the lone - ly night, Let thy trem - bling wire Wa - ken dear de - light.

mf *Dim.* *p* *mf* *Rit.*

Mur - mur, gen - tle lyre, Through the lone ly night, Let thy trem - bling wire Wak - en dear de - light.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces, though we may roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to

2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain, Oh, give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain, The birds sing - ing gay - ly, that

hal - low us there, Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere, Home, home, sweet home, There's no place like home.

come at my call, Give me that sweet peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home, home, home, sweet home, There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

ON THE OCEAN.

FRENCH SONG.

1. On the o - cean, on the o - cean, sails unfur'd and anchor weigh'd, Breez - es blow - ing, breez - es blow - ing, on her course our good ship speed,

2. On the o - cean, on the o - cean, gal - lant - ly the waves we plow, And the wa - ters, and the wa - ters wild - ly rush a - round our bow,

3. If a storm come, if a storm come, yet our hearts shall know no fear, Though in mountains, though in mountains, high - er yet the waves ap - pear;

Bil - lows roll - ing, bil - lows rolling, bear us far from friends and home, On the o - cean, on the o - cean, ma - ny leagues a - way we roam.
 Far be - hind us, far be - hind us, lingers yet our path of foam, And the billows, and the billows, still in wild com - mo - tion come.

Wild - ly roar - ing, wild - ly roar - ing, though the winds do madly rave, On the o - cean, on the o - cean, trust we Him whose power can save.

WINTER'S GOING.

Sprightly.

1. Win - ter's go - ing, Al - most gone! Streams are flow - ing, Glows the sun - Spring is com - ing,
 2. Mod - est dai - sies, Sprin - kle o'er Grass - y mead - ows, By the shore Of the riv - er

3. Buds are burst - ing On the trees, Fra - grance fill - ing Eve - ry breeze Bees are wing - ing
 4. Birds are sing - ing Loud and clear; Ech - oes ring - ing Through the air. Joy - ous prais - es

Soft the air! Flow'rs are spring - ing, Eve - ry where, Flow'rs are spring - ing Eve - ry where.
 Rip - pling by - Sing - ing ev - er Lul - la - by, Sing - ing ev - er Lul - la - by.

All the day, Ev - er hum - ming Bu - si - ly, Ev - er hum - ming Bu - si - ly.
 We should give - And a - dor - ing Ev - er live, And a - dor - ing, Ev - er live.

WE PARTED.

WORDS BY W. W. CALDWELL.

Slowly.

1. We part - ed, we who loved so well, When ear - ly morning glimmered gray, } We part - ed, when the au - tumn leaf fell soft - ly
And in the west, the moon's pale shell Fa - ded be - fore the com - ing day;

2. But, when be - neath the sky of May, The hawthorn blossom'd far and near, } For then, be - neath the lin - den's shade, Once more I
There dawned for us a brighter day, And fate proved kind - er than our fear:

on the yellowing plain; We parted with the voiceless grief Of those who ne'er may meet a - gain. Oh! wea - ry pain, Ne'er meet a - gain.

held thee to my heart, And there the whisper'd vows were made, That joined our lives no more to part. Oh! hap - py heart, No more to part.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Night - winds are mourn - ful - ly sweep - ing, Whis - per - ing oak - branch - es wave }
Where your loved ash - es are sleep - ing, Forms of the true and the brave!

2. Sweet and se - rene be your slum - ber! Hearts for whose free - dom ye bled, }
Mil - lions, whom no man can num - ber, Tears of sad grat - i - tude shed. }

Si-lence reigns breathless around you, All your stern conflicts are o'er, Deep is the sleep that hath bound you, Trumpet shall rouse you no more.

mf *mp* *Cres.* *lent.*

Nev-er shall morn brightly breaking En-ter your chambers of gloom, Till the last trumpet a-wak-ing Sound thro' the depths of the tomb.

COME, JOIN WITH MERRY ROUNDELAY.

Allegro.

Come, join with mer-ry rounde-lay, Thy voice let Har-mo - ny o-bey; Each heart with gladness Let music in - spire. Join all, join mer-ri - ly the strain, Fly grief and

p *f* *p*

Come, join with mer-ry rounde-lay, Thy voice let Har-mo - ny o-bey; Each heart with gladness Let music in - spire. Join all, join mer-ri - ly the strain, Fly grief, and

nev-er come again; Hence, gloomy sadness; Hope bids thee re - tire. Harmony, Harmony, hope still re-new-ing, And care, old hon-es-ty never sub-du-ing.

f *p* *f*

nev-er come again; Hence, gloomy sadness; Hope bids thee re - tire. Harmony, Harmony, hope still re-new-ing, And care, old hon-es-ty never sub-du-ing.

1. May eve-ry year but draw more near The time when strife shall cease, And truth and love all hearts shall move To live in joy and peace. Now

2. Let good men ne'er of truth despair, Though humble ef-forts fail; Oh, give not o'er un-til once more The righteous cause pre-vail; In

sor-row reigns, and earth complains, For fol-ly still her power maintains; But the day will sure-ly come When the might with the right, And the

vain, and long-en-dur-ing wrong, The weak may strive a-gainst the strong; But the day shall yet ap-pear When the might with the right, And the

When the might with the right, And the truth shall be, And come what there may, to stand in the way, That day the world shall see.

truth shall be with the right.....
When the might with the right, And the truth shall be, And come what there may, to stand in the way, That day the world shall see.

mr *Cres.* *mp*

1. Hark! how the rain is fall - ing, And loud - ly roars the blast; What tor - rents pour! Shut to the door, And close the shut - ters fast.

2. Oh! pi - ty now the sail - or, And all that cross the seas, What fears are theirs! What toils and cares! While here we sit at ease.

f *mp*

On such a rough and bit - ter night, How pleasant 'tis to know, We have nought here to fear, We have nought here to fear, We have nought here to fear.

May they in safe - ty reach their port, Nor wreck nor danger know, And on shore, fear no more, And on shore, fear no more, And on shore, fear no more.

p *mp* *f*

When the stormy winds do blow, When the stormy winds do blow When the stormy winds do blow, When the stormy winds do blow. blow.

When the stormy winds do blow, When the stormy winds do blow When the stormy winds do blow, When the stormy winds do blow. blow.

1. When win - ter comes and freez - es o'er, Our crys - tal lakes from shore to shore, We vote the in - gle - side a bore, And all go out a
 2. And when the bit - ing northern wind, Its way to muf - fled ears will find, We don't a con - fi - den - tal mind, But all go out a

3. And if perchance the ice is thin, Some reck - less chap will tum - ble in, And there a - ris - es quite a din, When we go out a

ska - ting; And then we have such jol - ly fun, And such fan - tas - tic tricks are done Up - on the ice, that eve - ry one Thinks
 ska - ting; And, may - hap, if the ice be all A - glare, and bumps of cau - tion small, A gent may cut an awk - ward sprawl, Or

ska - ting; The la - dies scream and faint with fright, And com - rades work with all their might, To save their chum from drowning quite, While

noth - ing like it 'neath the sun. } Fro - ty whis - kers, I - cy nose, Chat - tering teeth, and fro - zen toes All for pleas - ure,
 la - dy lose her wa - ter - fall. }

ur - chins laugh to see the plight. Fro - ty whis - kers, I - cy nose, Chat - tering teeth, and fro - zen toes, All for pleas - ure,

so it goes, When we go out a ska-ting, When we go out a ska-ting, Oh!

so it goes, When we go out a ska-ting, When we go out a ska-ting, Oh!

THE FISHER BOY.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

With feeling.

1. Poor lit - tle fish - er boy, out on the sea, Poor lit - tle fish - er boy, out on the sea, The moon gives no light, And
 2. Poor lit - tle fish - er boy, out on the sea, Poor lit - tle fish - er boy, out on the sea, The winds wild - ly roar, The

3. Think of the fish - er boy, out on the sea, Think of the fish - er boy, out on the sea, His moth - er doth wake - Looks

dark is the night, And dark is the night, Out in the old boat now sailing is he; Poor lit - tle fish - er boy out on the sea.
 rain-torrents pour, The rain-torrents pour. Drear - y and woeful now there it must be; Poor lit - tle fish - er boy out on the sea.

up for his sake, Looks up for his sake - Out in the fear-ful boat Sailing is he; Poor lit - tle fish - er boy out on the sea.

WORDS BY AGNES BURNLEY.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Oh, how sweet the morn, At the ear - ly dawn, When the sun breaks forth so bright, When so pure the air, Fragrance
D. C. Oh, how sweet, &c.

2. Sounds of bee and bird Eve - ry - where are heard, At the first beam of the sun; Eve - ry liv - ing thing, On the
D. C. Oh, how sweet, &c.

FINE.

eve - ry where; Oh, what joy brings morn - ing light. Then the zeph - yrs sweet, Eve - ry flow - 'ret greet, Sweet - est
earth or wing, Wakes to life then one by one. Wel - come, then, bright morn, Wel - come, ear - ly dawn, With your

D.C.

bird - songs fill the air; And the spark - ling dew, All the flow'rs re - new, Love - ly morn so fresh and fair.
treas - ures fresh and free, O - dors sweet a - bound, Blossoms all a - round, Oh, how sweet the morn to me.

THE AMERICAN TUNE BOOK.

ADDA. L. M.

Arranged from GLÜCK.
by DR. L. MASON.

Andante legato.

1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest a-bove; To that our longing souls as-pire, With cheerful hope, and strong de-sire.

2. No more fatigue, no more distress, Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place; No groan shall mingle with the songs, Which warble from immortal tongues.

The musical score for 'ADDA. L. M.' is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It consists of two systems. The first system contains the first two staves, which are treble clef. The second system contains the third and fourth staves, which are bass clef. The music is marked 'Andante legato'.

AUGUSTA. L. M.

FROM THE CHOIR.

1. Come hither, all ye weary souls, Ye hea-vy la-den sin-ners, come! I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.

2. They shall find rest who learn of me: I'm of a meek and low-ly mind; But passion rages like the sea, And pride is rest-less as the wind.

The musical score for 'AUGUSTA. L. M.' is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It consists of two systems. The first system contains the first two staves, which are treble clef. The second system contains the third and fourth staves, which are bass clef. The music is marked 'FROM THE CHOIR'.

Spirited.

1. Triumphant Zi-on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead ! Tho' humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy ex - celled be known; Decked in the robes of righteousness, Thy glo-ries shall the world confess.

ALBERT. L. M.

Moderato.

1. Blest are the men of peaceful life, Who quench the coals of growing strife; They shall be called the heirs of bliss, The sons of God, the God of peace.

2. Blest are the faithful, who par-take Of pain and shame for Je-sus' sake; Their souls shall triumph in the Lord; E-ter-nal life is their re-ward.

1. Bless, O my soul, the living God, Call home thy thoughts that rove a-broad; Let all the powers within me join.

2. Let every land his power con - fess, Let all the earth a - dore his grace: My heart and tongue with rapture join.

In work and worship so di - vine, Let all the powers with - in me join, In work and worship so di - vine.

In work and worship so di - vine, My heart and tongue with rap-ture join, In work and wor - ship so di - vine.

AMES. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Poco Adagio.

1. God in his earthly temple, lays Foundation for his heavenly praise; He likes the tents of Jacob well, But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2. His mercy visits ev-ry house That pay their night and morning vows; But makes a more delightful stay Where churches meet to praise and pray.

Slow.

1. The flowery spring at God's command, Per-fumes the air, and paints the land: The summer rays with vig-or shine. To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

2. His hand in autumn rich-ly pours, Thro' all her coasts, re-dun-dant stores; And winters, softened by his care, No more the face of hor-ror wear.

AERION. L. M. Double.

*Andante.**Cres.**Dim.*

1. Lord I am thine, but thou wilt prove My faith, my patience, and my love; When men of spite against me join, They are the sword, the hand is thine.

3. What sinners val-ue, I re-sign; Lord 'tis enough that thou art mine; I shall be-hold thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness.

2. Their hope and portion lie be-low; 'Tis all the hap-pi-ness they know; 'Tis all they seek, they take their share, And leave the rest a-mong their heirs.

4. This life's a dream an emp-ty show; But that bright world to which I go, Hath joys sub-stan-tial and sin-cere; When shall I wake, and find me there.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, At-tempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise: But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame! What mortal verse can reach the theme!

2. Enthroned a - mid the ra - di - ant spheres, He glo - ry like a gar - ment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thou - sand suns a-round him shine.

ATTICA. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Moderato.

1. From ev' - ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev'ry swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mercy - seat.

2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads, A place, of all the earth, most sweet, It is the blood-bought mercy - seat.

AULD. L. M.

Moderato.

1. We bless the Lord, the just, the good, Who fills our hearts with joy and food, Who pours his blessings from the skies, And loads our days with rich supplies, And loads our days with rich supplies.

2. He sends his sun the circuit round To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground: He bids the clouds with plenteous rain Refresh the thirsty earth again, Refresh the thirsty earth again.

Allegretto.

1. As when the wea - ry trav - ler gains The height of some o'er - look - ing hill, His heart revives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, tho' distant still.

2. So when the Christain pil - grim views, By faith, his mansion in the skies, The sight his fainting strength renews, And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3. "'Tis there," he says, "I am to dwell With Je - sus in the realms of day; Then shall I bid my cares farewell, And he will wipe my tears a - way."

ASHWELL. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Rather Slow.

1. When we our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream. We wept with doleful thoughts oppressed, And Zi - on was our mournful theme.

2. Our harps, that when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With si - lent strings, neglect - ed hung, On wil - low trees that withered there.

ALL-SAINTS. L. M.

W. KNAPP. 87

Moderato

1. Who shall as - cend thy heavenly place, Great God, and dwell before thy face? The man that loves re - lig-ion now, And humbly walks with God be-low.

2. Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean; Whose lips still speak the thing they mean; No slanders dwell up - on his tongue; He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

ANVERN. L. M.

Slow and in steady time.

1. Triumphant Zion! lift thy head From dust and darkness, and the dead! Tho' humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Savior's strength, And gird thee with thy Savior's strength. *Ritard.*

2. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy excellence be known: Deck'd in the robes of righteousness, Thy glory shall the world confess, Thy glory shall the world confess. *Ritard.*

APPLETON. L. M.

1. Oh come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud praise to our al - migh - ty King; For we our voi - ces high should raise, When our salvation's rock we praise.

2. In - to his presence let us haste, To thank him for his fa - vors past; To him ad - dress, in joy - ful song, Praises which to his name belong.

Bold and Energetic.

Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall join In work so pleas-ant so di-vine; My days of praises shall ne'er be past

ASNER. L. M.**Allegro Maestoso.**

While life, and thought, and be-ing last, While, life and thought, and be-ing last.

Chorus. f

1. O all ye peo-ple clap your hands,

2. The trum-pet swells a-long the sky,

And shout with tri-umph while you sing Of God, who all the earth com-mands— Of God the dread-ful might-y King.

We hear the joy-ful, sol-emn sound; The righ-teous God as-cends on high, And shouts of glad-ness ech-o round.

Recitando. Strict Time.

1. The trumpetswells a - long the sky; We hear the joy - ful, sol-emn sound; The righteous God ascends on high, And shouts of gladness e - cho round.

2. The Lord, who o'er the earth bears sway, Sits on his throne of ho - li - ness; The heathen now his laws o - bey; Let all the earth his praise ex-press.

BACA. L. M.

W. B. BRADRURY.

Moderato.

1. We all, O Lord, have gone astray, And wandered from thy heavenly way: The wilds of sin our feet have trod, Far from the paths of thee our God, Far from the paths of thee, &c.

2. Hear us, great Shepherd of thy sheep! Our wanderings heal, our footsteps keep: We seek thy sheltering fold again; Nor shall we seek thee, Lord in vain, Nor shall we seek, &c

BECKER. L. M.

FROM THE GERMAN.

1. Bright King of glo - ry! dread - ful God! Our spir - its bow be - fore thy seat; To thee we lift an humble thought, And worship at thy awful feet!

2. A thousand ser-aphs, strong and bright, Stand round the glo - rious De - i - ty; But who a - mong the sons of light, Pretends comparison with thee?

Moderato.

1. { The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; } My noon - day walks he shall at - tend
 His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch - ful eye; }

2. { When in the sult - ry glebe I faint, Or on the thirst - y mountain pant, } Where peace - ful riv - ers, soft and slow,
 To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads, My wea - ry, wand'ring steps he leads; }

And all my mid - night hours de - fend. My noon - day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

A - mid the ver - dant land - scape flow. Where peace - ful riv - ers soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant landscape flow.

BERNE. L. M.

1. Fa - ther of heaven! whose love profound A ran - som for our souls hath found, Be - fore thy throne we sinners bend: To us thy pardoning love extend.

2. Al - might - y Son! in - car - nate Word! Our Prophet, Priest, Re - deem - er, Lord! Be - fore thy throne we sinners bend: To us thy saving grace extend.

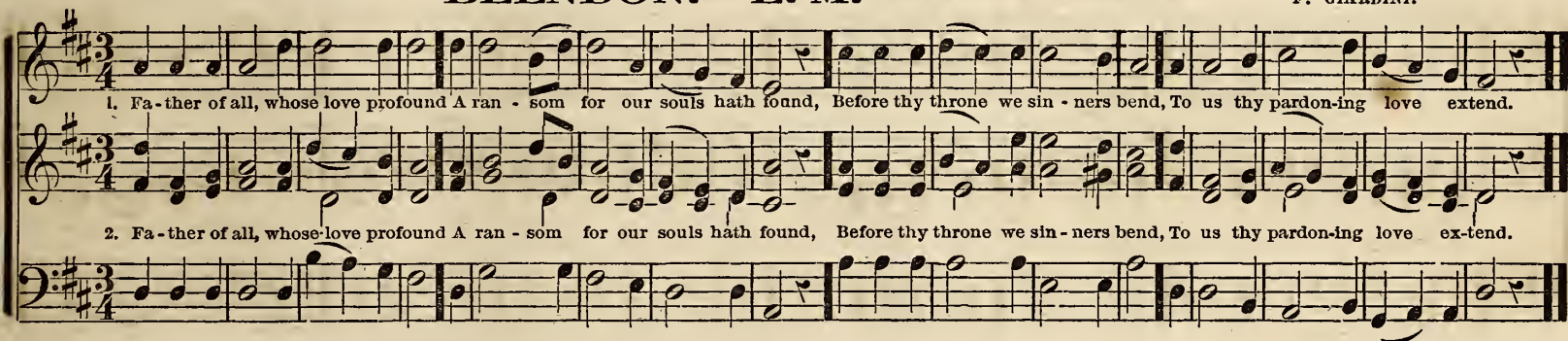


1. E-ternal Spir-it, we con-fess And sing the wonders of thy grace; Thy power conveys our blessings down From God the Fa-ther and the Son.

2. Enlightened by thy heaven-ly ray, Our shades and darkness turn to day; Thine inward teachings make us know Our danger and our refuge, too.

BLENDON. L. M.

F. GIARDINI.



1. Fa-ther of all, whose love profound A ran-som for our souls hath found, Before thy throne we sin-ners bend, To us thy pardon-ing love extend.

2. Fa-ther of all, whose love profound A ran-som for our souls hath found, Before thy throne we sin-ners bend, To us thy pardon-ing love ex-tend.

BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Staccato.



1. Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim Salvation in Immanuel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there, And plant the rose, &c.

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With holy zeal your hearts inspire; Bid raging winds their fury cease, And calm the savage breast to peace, And calm, &c.

1. With bro-ken heart and con-trite sigh, A trembling sin-ner, Lord, I cry; Thy pardoning grace is rich and free: O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!

2. I smite up - on my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppressed; Christ and his cross my on - ly plea: O God be mer-ci-ful to me!

BRENTFORD. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Moderato.

1. Lord, when my tho'ts delighted rove A - mid the wonders of thy love, Sweet hope re - vives my droop - ing heart, And bids intruding fears de-part.

2. Re - pentant sorrow fills my heart, But mingling joy al - lays the smart; Oh! may my fu - ture life de - clare The sor-row and the joy sincere.

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

EDSON

Moderato.

Great God, attend, while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.

To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth, Exceeds, &c.

To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth, Exceeds, &c.

1. I love the Lord who died for me; I love his grace di-vine and free; I love his word for there I read That he loved me, and for me bled.

2. I love to hear that he was slain; I love his every grief and pain; I love to think on him by faith, And muse up-on his cruel death.

CHRISTIAN'S SLEEP. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Dear is the spot where Christians sleep, And sweet the strain which angels pour; O, why should we in an-guish weep? They are not lost-but gone be-fore.

2. Say, why should friendship grieve for those Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore? Released from all their hurt-ful foes, They are not lost-but gone be-fore.

CAPTIVITY. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Slow.

When we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu-phra-tes stream, We wept, with doleful thoughts oppressed, And Zi-on was our mournful theme.

1. The spacious fir - ma-ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, And spangled heav'ns a shining frame, Their great O - rigi - nal proclaim.

2. Soon as the evening shades pre-vail The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And night-ly, to the listen-ing earth, Repeats the story of her birth.

2. Th'un-wearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis-play, And pub-lish-es to every land The work of an al - migh - ty hand.

4. While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets, in their turn, Con - firm the tidings, as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

CLARENS. L. M.

Moderato.

1. Lord, I will bless thee all my days, Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue; My soul shall glo - ry in thy grace, While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2. Come, magni-fy the Lord with me, Let eve-ry heart ex-alt his name: I sought th' - eter - nal God, and he Has not exposed my hope to shame.

1. Sal - va - tion is for - ev - er nigh The souls who fear and trust the Lord; And grace de - scend - ing from on high, Fresh hopes of glo - ry still af - ford.

2. His righteousness is gone be - fore, To us give free ac - cess to God; Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more, But mark his steps, and keep the road.

DANFORTH. L. M. Double.

Moderato. D.C.

1. { Sing to the Lord, who loud proclaims His various and his sav - ing names;
Oh may they not be heard a - lone, But by our sure ex - perience known.
Nor can one hum - ble soul complain, That he has sought his God in vain. }

2. Thro' eve - ry age his gracious ear Is o - pen to his servant's pray'r; D.C.

m *Cres.* *mp* *D.C.*

DANVERS. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. That man is blest, who stands in awe Of God, and loves his sacred law; His seed on earth shall be renown'd And with suc - ces - sive honors crown'd.

2. The soul that's filled with virtue's light, Shines brightest in affliction's night; His conscience bears his courage up, He sees in dark - ness beams of hope.



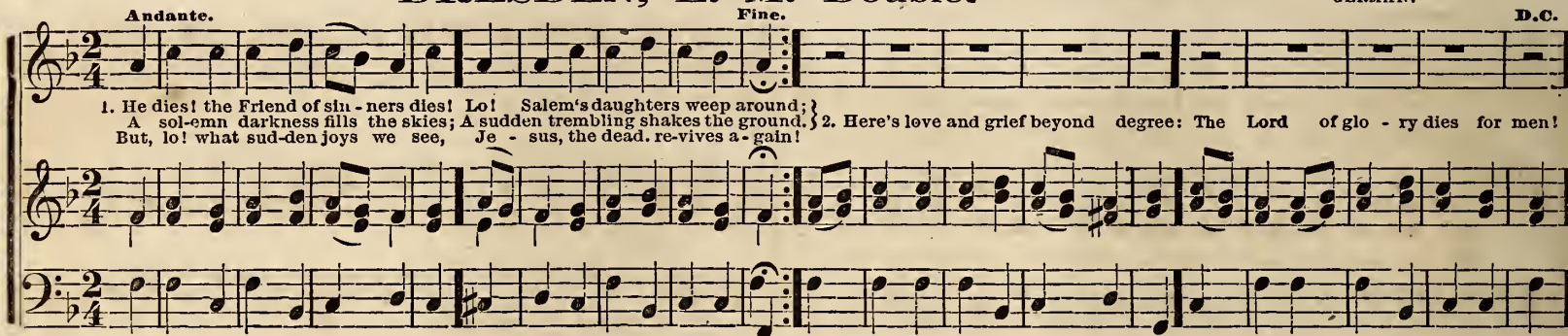
High on the bending willows hung, Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string; Still mute remains the sullen tongue, And Zi-on's song denies to sing, And Zion's song de-nies to sing.

DRESDEN, L. M. Double.

GERMAN.

D.C.

Andante. *Fine.*



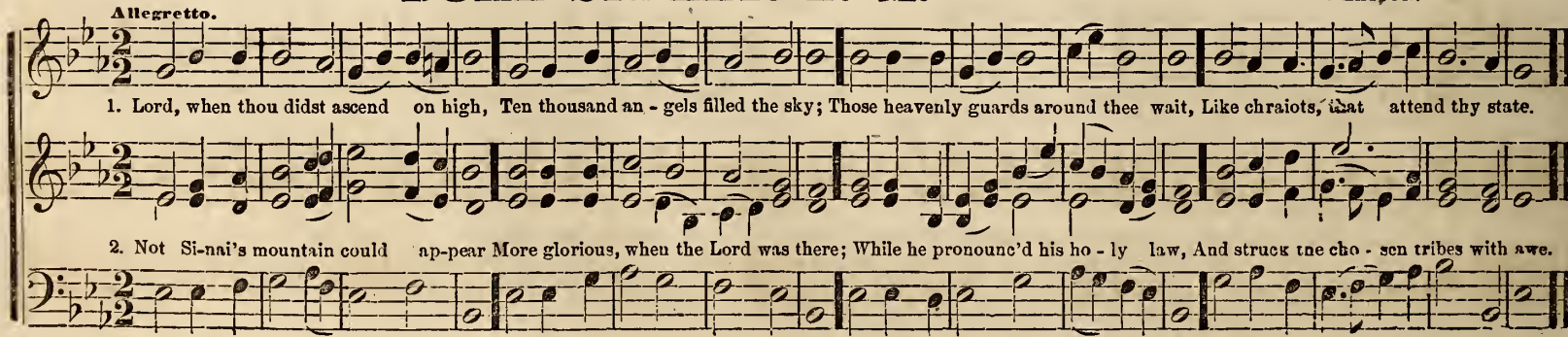
1. He dies! the Friend of sin-ners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A sol-emn darkness fills the skies; A sudden trembling shakes the ground;
But, lo! what sud-den joys we see, Je-sus, the dead, re-vives a-gain!

2. Here's love and grief beyond degree: The Lord of glo-ry dies for men!

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

Allegretto.



1. Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand an-gels filled the sky; Those heavenly guards around thee wait, Like chralets, that attend thy state.

2. Not Si-nai's mountain could ap-pear More glorious, when the Lord was there; While he pronounc'd his ho-ly law, And struck the cho-sen tribes with awe.

Moderato.

DUNFIELD. L. M. Double.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

97

1. { How pleasant how di-vine-ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are; }
 { With long desire my spirit faints, To meet th'assembly of thy [OMIT.] saints. }

2. My flesh would rest in thine abode: My panting heart cries out for God:

3. { Blest are the saints who sit on high, Around thy throne above the sky.
 { Thy brightest glories shine a-bove, And all their work is praise and [OMIT.] love. }

4. Blest are the souls, who find a place With-in the tem-ple of thy grace;

DUANE STREET. L. M. Double.

My God! my King! why should I be So far from all my joys and thee?

There they behold thy gentler rays, And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

CLOSE.

D.S.

Who sued so humbly for re-lief, That I could nev-er answer nay.
 Yet there was something in his eye, That won my love, I know not why.

2. I had not pow'r to ask his name, Whither he went, or whence he came.

1. O Christ! with each re - turn - ing morn Thine image to our heart be borne; And may we ev - er clearly see Our God and Saviour, Lord, in thee!

2. All hallowed be our walk this day; May meekness form our ear - ly ray, And faithful love our noontide light, And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

EFFEN. L. M.

Arranged from a Swiss tune, by DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Sweet peace of conscience, heav'nly guest, Come, fix thy mansion in my breast; Dis-pel my doubts, my fears con - trol, And heal the an - guish of my soul.

2. Come smiling hope, and joy sin - cere, Come make your constant dwelling here; Still let your presence cheer my heart, Nor sin com-pel you to de-part.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.

Allegretto.

1. The Lord proclaims his power a - loud Through every ocean, ev - ery land; His voice di - vides the watery cloud. And light-nings blaze at his command.

2. The Lord sits sovereign on the flood, O'er earth he reigns for-ev - er king; But makes his church his blest a-bode, Where we his aw - ful glo - ries sing.

EGLON. L. M. Double.

G. F. KUBLER.

99

1. Zion, awake!—thy strength renew, Put on thy robes of beauteous hue; Church of our God, arise and shine, Bright with the beams of truth divine! 2. Soon shall thy radiance stream [afar]

f *p* *f* *ff*

CODA. *ff* *p* *pp*

All shall ad - mire and love thee too.

Mezzo. *f* *ff* *p* *pp*

Wide as the heathen nations are. Gentiles and kings thy light shall view: All shall admire and love thee too. All shall admire, shall admire and love thee too.

Mezzo. *ff* *p* *pp*

All shall ad-mire and love thee too.

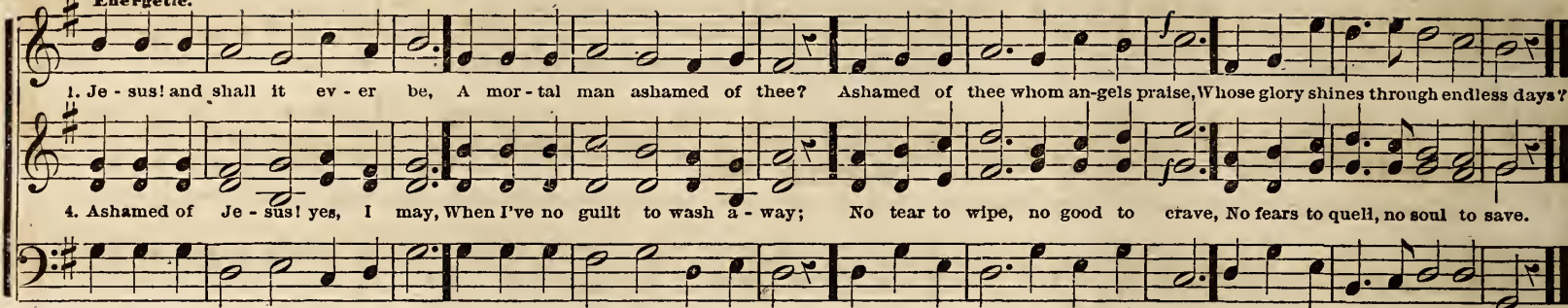
ELLENTHORPE. L. M.

LINLEY.

Now be my heart in - spired to sing The glories of my Sa - vior King, Je - sus the Lord; how heavenly fair His form! how bright his beauties are!

ELTON. L. M.

Energetic.



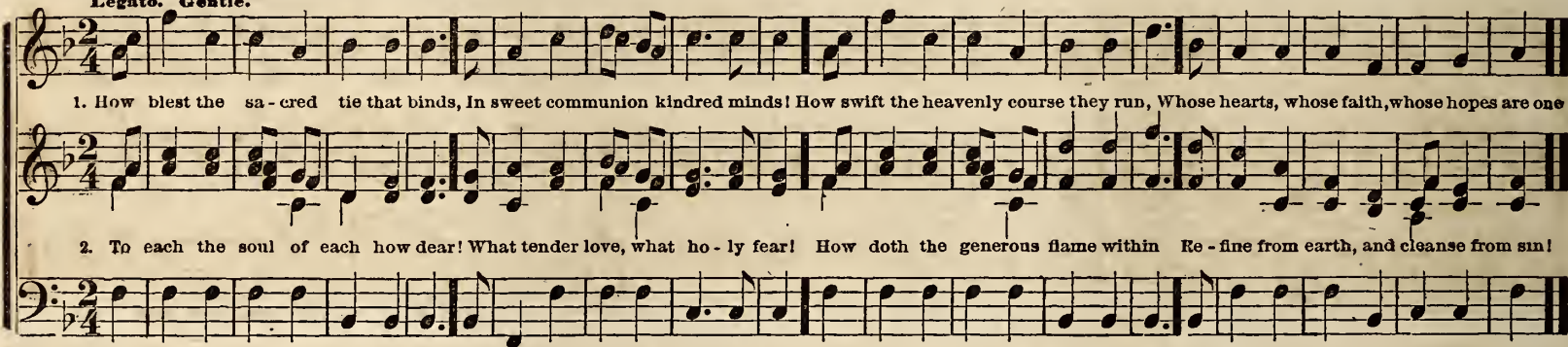
1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee whom an - gels praise, Whose glory shines through endless days?

4. Ashamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way; No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

ELIDA. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Legato. Gentle.

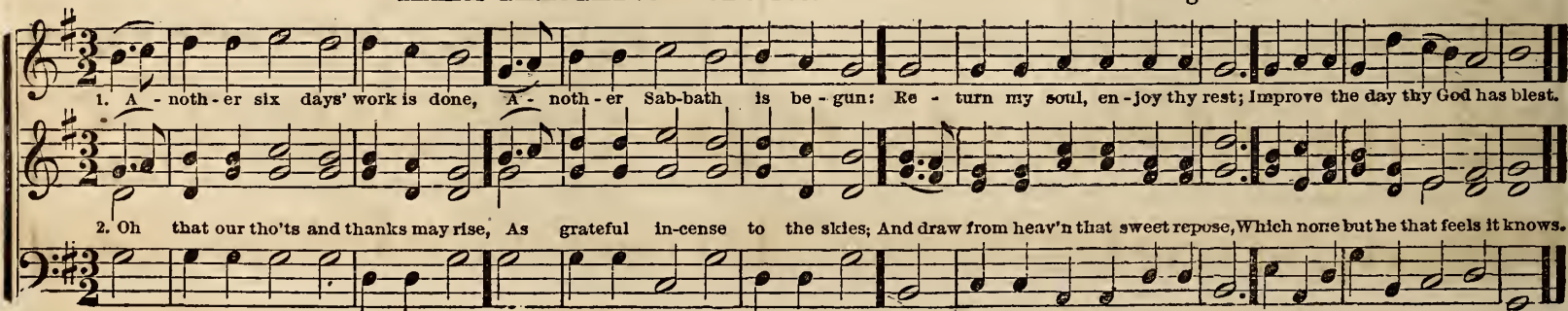


1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds, In sweet communion kindred minds! How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one

2. To each the soul of each how dear! What tender love, what ho - ly fear! How doth the generous flame within Re - fine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

ELPARAN. L. M.

Arranged from P. A. SCHULTZ.



1. A - noth - er six days' work is done, A - noth - er Sab - bath is be - gun: Re - turn my soul, en - joy thy rest; Improve the day thy God has blest.

2. Oh that our tho'ts and thanks may rise, As grateful in - cense to the skies; And draw from heav'n that sweet repose, Which none but he that feels it knows.

Moderato.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it calm each mind, And fit us to ap-proach our God; Re-move each vain, each worldly tho't, And lead us to thy blest a - bode.

2. Hast thou imparted to our souls A living spark of ho - ly fire? Oh! kin-dle now the sacred flame; Make us to burn with pure de - sire.

ERFURT. L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

1. Bless, O my soul! the liv-ing God; Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad: Let all the powers within me join In work and worship so di-vine.

2. Bless, O my soul! the God of grace, His fav - ors claim thy highest praise; Why should the wonders he hath wrought Be lost in silence and forgot?

ERNAN. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Moderato.

1. Breathe, Holy Spirit, from a - bove, Un-til our hearts with fer - vor glow: Oh, kindle there a Savi-our's love, True sym-pa - thy with human woe.

2. Bid our con-flict-ing passions cease, And terror from each conscience flee; Oh, speak to eve - ry bo - som peace, Unknown to all who know not thee.

1. My God, how endless is thy love, Thy gifts are eve-ry eve-ning new; And morning mercies from a - bove Gent - ly dis - til, like ear - ly dew.

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours! Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quick - ens all my drowsy powers.

p *mf*

FARNSWORTH. L. M.

1. My heart is fixed on thee, my God, Thy sa - cred truth I'll spread a - broad; My soul shall rest on thee a - lone, And make thy lov - ing kind-ness known.

2. A - wake my glo-ry, wake my lyre, To songs of praise my tongue inspire; With morning's earliest dawn a - rise, And swell your mu - sic to the skies.

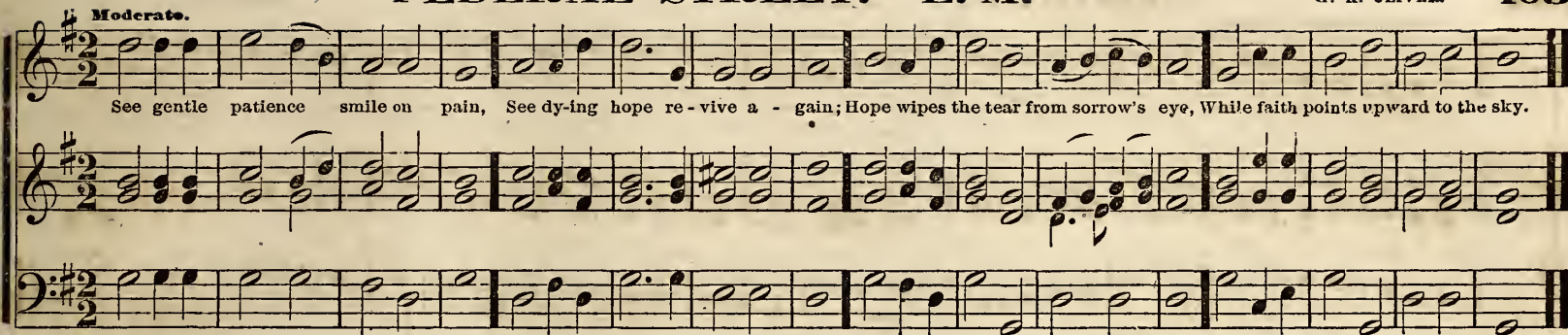
FAVORITE CHANT. L. M.

CH. ZEUNER.

Alia Breve.

1. Be - fore the heavens were spread abroad, From ever-last - ing was the word; With God he was, the Word was God, And must di-vine-ly be a - dored.

Moderate.

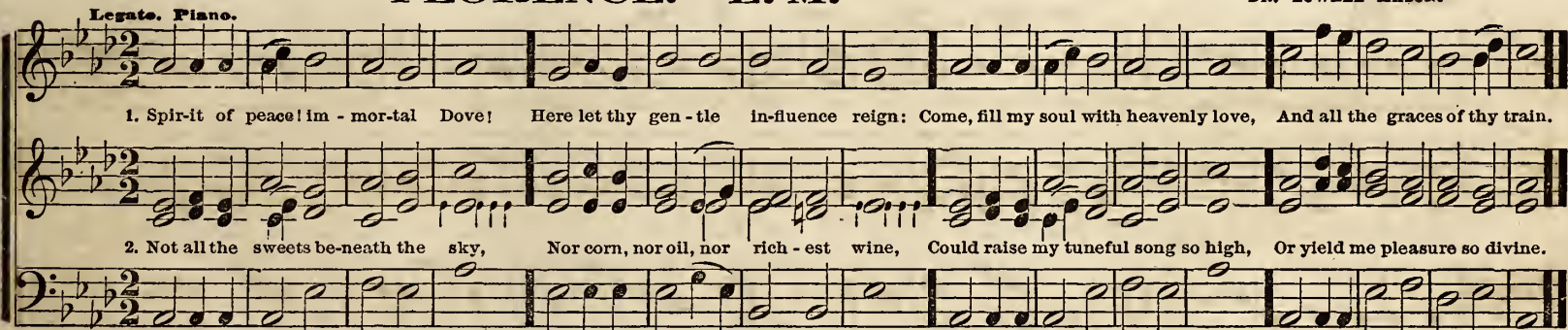


See gentle patience smile on pain, See dy-ing hope re-vive a - gain; Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, While faith points upward to the sky.

FLORENCE. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Legato. Piano.

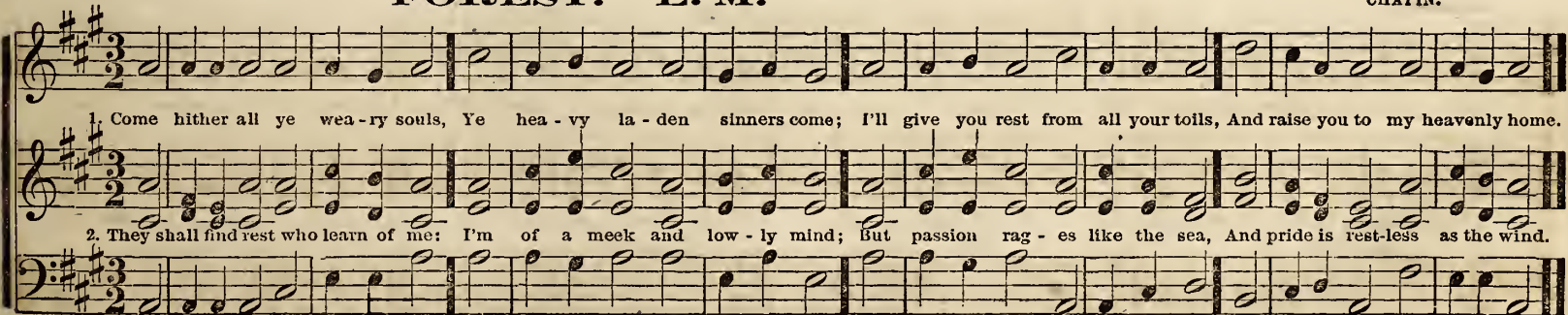


1. Spir-it of peace! im - mor-tal Dove! Here let thy gen-tle in-fluence reign; Come, fill my soul with heavenly love, And all the graces of thy train.

2. Not all the sweets be-neath the sky, Nor corn, nor oil, nor rich-est wine, Could raise my tuneful song so high, Or yield me pleasure so divine.

FOREST. L. M.

CHAPIN.



1. Come hither all ye wea-ry souls, Ye hea-vy la-den sinners come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.

2. They shall find rest who learn of me: I'm of a meek and low-ly mind; But passion rag-es like the sea, And pride is rest-less as the wind.

Adagio e sempre piano.

Softly the shade of evening falls, Sprinkling the earth with dew - y tears; While nature's voice to slumber calls, And silence reigns a - mid the spheres.

GILMAN. L. M.

WILLIAM MASON.

1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our God, Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro', And watering our di - vine a - bode.

2. That sacred stream, thine holy word, Our grief al - lays, our fear con - trols; Sweet peace thy proms - es af - ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

GILEAD. L. M.

From MEHUL.

Maestoso.

1. Zi - on a - wake, thy strength renew, Put on thy robes of beauteous hue; Church of our God, a - rise and shine, Bright with the beams of truth di - vine.

2. Soon shall thy radiance stream afar, Wide as the heathen na - tions are; Gen - tiles and kings thy light shall view; All shall ad - mire and love thee too.



{ My God, how end-less is thy love, }
 { Thy gifts are eve-ry even-ing new; } And morn-ing mer-cies from a-bove Gent-ly dis-till, like ear-ly dew.

GREENWOOD. L. M.

Slowly. Softly.

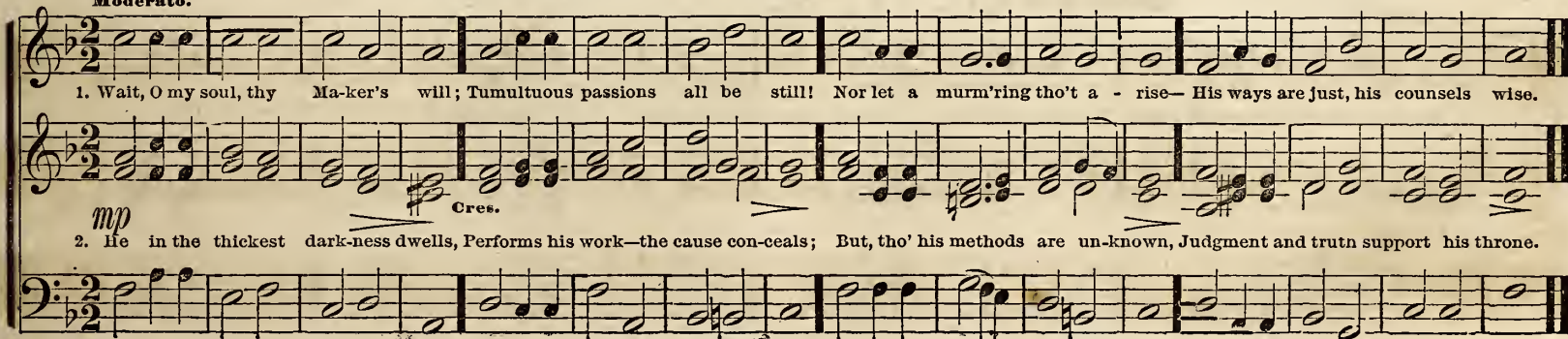


1. Go to his grave, but not to weep, Nor bathe with tears his ear-ly tomb; That precious seed will an-gels keep, 'Till thence th'im-mor-tal flow'r shall bloom.
 2. Go to his grave, but not to mourn, That he was once so fair, so bright; A form far lovelier shall be borne From that low bed, to bless thy sight.

GLEASON. L. M.

ARR. FROM SCHUBERT.

Moderato.



1. Wait, O my soul, thy Ma-ker's will; Tumultuous passions all be still! Nor let a murm'ring tho't a-rise— His ways are just, his counsels wise.
 2. He in the thickest dark-ness dwells, Performs his work—the cause con-ceals; But, tho' his methods are un-known, Judgment and truth support his throne.

O praise the Lord in that blest place, From whence his goodness largely flows; Praise him in heaven, where he his face, Unveiled, in perfect glo - ry shows.

O praise the Lord in that blest place, From whence his goodness largely flows; Praise him in heaven, where he his face, Unveiled, in perfect glo - ry shows.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

O happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } He taught me how to watch and pray,
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } And live re - joicing every day.

Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away, { And live re - joicing every day.

END. D.C.

HINGHAM. L. M.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night, And talk of all thy, &c.

Kingdoms and thrones to God belong; Crown him ye na-tions in your song; His wondrous name and pow'r rehearse; His honors shall en-rich your verse.

This musical score is for the hymn 'HAMBURG'. It is arranged by Dr. Lowell Mason. The score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are: 'Kingdoms and thrones to God belong; Crown him ye na-tions in your song; His wondrous name and pow'r rehearse; His honors shall en-rich your verse.'

HARTEL. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Be-hold a stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before, Has waited long, is wait-ing still,—You treat no other friend so ill.

This musical score is for the hymn 'HARTEL'. It is arranged by Dr. Lowell Mason. The score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo marking is 'Slowly'. The lyrics are: 'Be-hold a stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before, Has waited long, is wait-ing still,—You treat no other friend so ill.'

HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

See, the good shepherd gently leads His wand'ring flocks to verdant meads; Where winding rivers, soft and slow, A-mid the flow'ry landscape flow.

This musical score is for the hymn 'HARMONY GROVE'. It is arranged by H. K. Oliver. The score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 3/2. The tempo marking is 'Slowly'. The lyrics are: 'See, the good shepherd gently leads His wand'ring flocks to verdant meads; Where winding rivers, soft and slow, A-mid the flow'ry landscape flow.'

Slowly. D.C.

1. { Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve, And soft the sunbeams lingering there, }
 For these blest hours the world I leave, Waft - ed on wings of faith and prayer, } 2. The time how lovely, and how still! Peace shines and smiles on all be-low, -

The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill, All fair with evening's setting glow.

HERALD. L. M.

T. J. COOK.

With Spirit.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Sal-va-tion in Im-manuel's name; To distant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the rose of Shar-on there.

2. Triumphant Zi-on! lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead! Tho' humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Savior's strength.

HEBRON. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Slow and Soft.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on; Thus far his power pro- longs my days; And eve-ry evening shall make known Some fresh memo- rial of his grace.

2. I lay my bo- dy down to sleep; Peace is the pil- low for my head; While well appoint-ed an-gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.

1. Je - ho - vah reigns! He dwells in light, Gird - ed with maj - es - ty and might; The world ere - a - ted by his hands, Still on its firm foun - da - tion stands.

2. But ere this spa - cious world was made, Or had its first foun - da - tion laid, Thy throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Thy - self the ev - er - liv - ing God.

ILLA. L. M.

Moderato.

1. He who hath made his re - fuge, God, Shall find a most se - cure a - bode; Shall walk all day be - neath his shade, And there at night shall rest his head.

2. Now may we say, Our God, thy power Shall be our for - tress, and our tower! We, that are formed of fee - ble dust, Make thine al - migh - ty arm our trust.

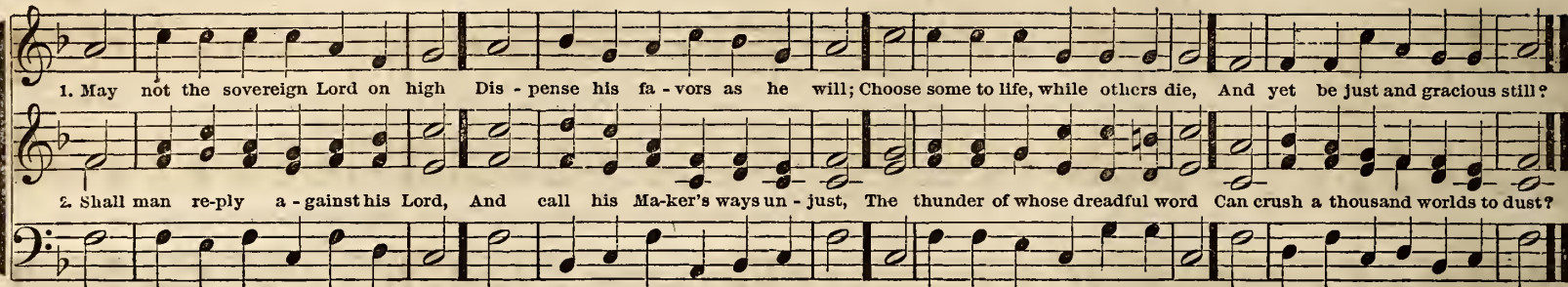
INGHAM. L. M.

Moderato.

1. Thy name be hallowed ev - er - more; O God! thy kingdom come with power! Thy will be done, and day by day, Give us our daily bread, we pray.

2. Lord, ev - er - more to us be given The liv - ing bread that came from heaven; Water of life on us be - stow; Thou art the Source, the Fountain, thou!

mf *Cres.* *Cres.* *f* *Dim.*



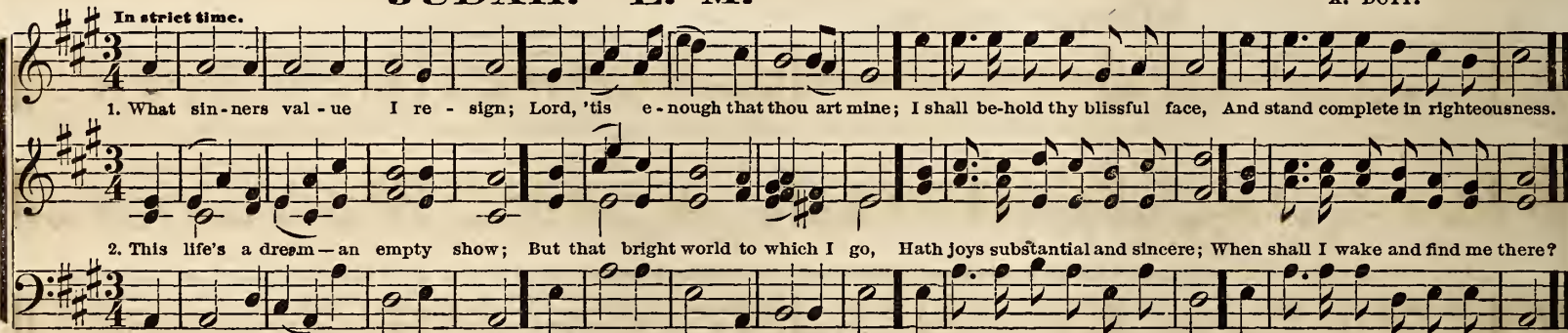
1. May not the sovereign Lord on high Dis - pense his fa - vors as he will; Choose some to life, while others die, And yet be just and gracious still?

2. Shall man re - ply a - gainst his Lord, And call his Ma - ker's ways un - just, The thunder of whose dreadful word Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

JUDAH. L. M.

A. DOTY.

In strict time.



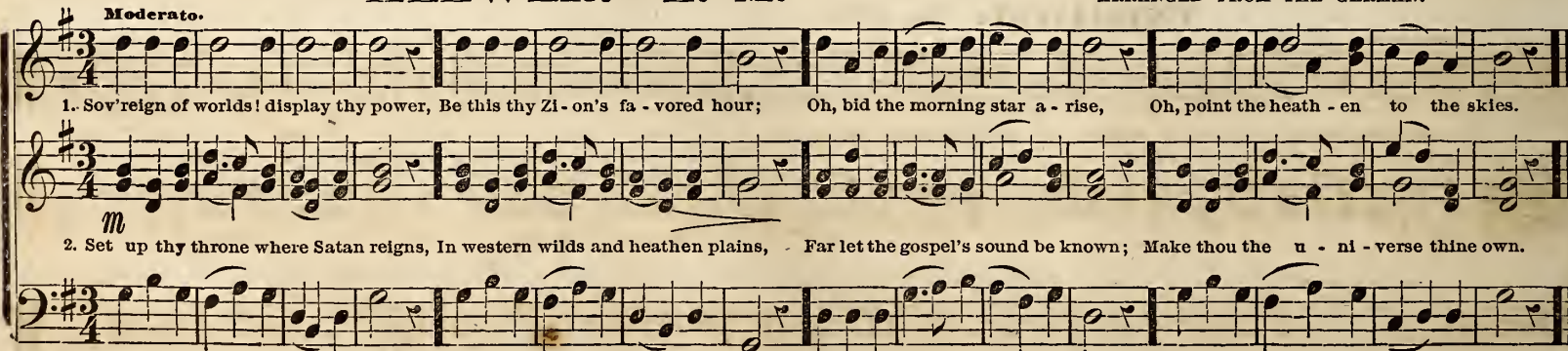
1. What sin - ners val - ue I re - sign; Lord, 'tis e - nough that thou art mine; I shall be - hold thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness.

2. This life's a dream - an empty show; But that bright world to which I go, Hath joys substantial and sincere; When shall I wake and find me there?

KELWER. L. M.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN.

Moderato.



1. Sov - reign of worlds! display thy power, Be this thy Zi - on's fa - vored hour; Oh, bid the morning star a - rise, Oh, point the heath - en to the skies.

2. Set up thy throne where Satan reigns, In western wilds and heathen plains, Far let the gospel's sound be known; Make thou the u - ni - verse thine own.

Maestoso.

1. Go worship at Im-manuel's feet; See in his face what wonders meet; Earth is too narrow to ex-press His worth, his glo-ry, or his grace.

2. Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars, Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears; His beauties we can nev-er trace, Till we be-hold him face to face.

LEE. L. M.

Slow and gentle.

Cres.

1. Deep in our hearts, let us re-cord The deeper sor-rows of our Lord; Be-hold the ris-ing bil-lows roll To o-ver-whelm his ho-ly soul.

2. Yet, gracious God, thy power and love Have made the curse a bles-sing prove; Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son Atoned for sins that we had done.

LEYDEN. L. M.

COSTELLO.

Quickened with our im-mor-tal Head, Who dai-ly, Lord, as-cend with thee;
 Redeemed from sin, and free in-deed, (Omit) We taste our glo-rious lib-er-ty, We taste our glo-rious lib-er-ty.

Zaghetto Legato.

1. How sweetly flow'd the gospel sound, From lips of gentleness and grace, When list'ning thousands gathered round, And joy and reverence fill'd the place, And joy, &c.

2. "Come, wanderers, to my father's home, Come, all ye weary ones, and rest." "Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come, Obey thee. love thee, and be blest. Obey thee, love," &c.

LOWELL. L. M.

FROM A RUSSIAN MELODY.

Moderato.

1. Awake the trumpet's lof - ty sound, To spread your sacred pleasure round: Awake each voice, and strike each string, And to the sol - emn or - gan sing.

2. Let all whom life and breath inspire, Attend, and join the blissful choir; But chiefly ye, who know his word, A - dore, and love, and praise the Lord.

LUTON. L. M.

BURDER.

Spirited.

With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Ma - ker in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song and join the praise.

1. How sweetly flowed the gospel sound From lips of gen - tle - ness and grace, When listening thousands gathered round, And joy and rev'rence fill'd the place!

2. From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke, To heaven he led his followers' way; Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke, Un - vall-ing an im - mor - tal day.

mf *Dim.* *Cres.*

LOW. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY

Allegro. Bold and Spirited.

1. Bless, O my soul! the liv-ing God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad, Let all thy pow'rs within me join In work and worship so di - vine.

2. Bless, O my soul! the God of grace; His fa - vors claim thy highest praise; Why should the wonders he hath wrought Be lost in silence and for - got?

LUCERNE. L. M.

Adagio e Piano.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, calm each mind, And fit us to approach our God; Remove each vain, each worldly thought, And lead us to thy blest a - bode.

2. Hast thou im - part-ed to our souls A liv - ing spark of ho - ly fire? Oh! kindle now the sacred flame, Make us to burn with pure de - sire.

1. My God! per-mit me not to be A stran-ger to my-self and thee; A-midst a thousand thoughts I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love.

2. Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus de-base my heavenly birth? Why should I cling to things below, And let my God, my Savior, go?

LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.

1. Now let my soul, e-ter-nal King, To thee its grate-ful tri-bute bring; My knee, with humble homage bow; My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2. All na-ture sings thy boundless love, In worlds be-low, and worlds a-bove; But in thy blessed word I trace Di-vin-er wonders of thy grace.

LYTE. L. M. 6 Lines. 1st P. M.

{Forth from the dark and stormy sky, Lord, to thine al-tar's shade we fly;}
 {Forth from the world, its hope and fear, Father, we seek thy shel-ter here;} Weary and weak, thy grace we pray; Turn not, O Lord! thy guests a-way.

Awake, my soul, to joyful lays. And sing the great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me: His loving kind-ness, oh, how free!

This musical score is for the hymn 'Loving-Kindness'. It is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is on a single staff, while the accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are: 'Awake, my soul, to joyful lays. And sing the great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me: His loving kind-ness, oh, how free!'.

MEDEBA. L. M.

ARR. FROM ROMBERG.

Moderato.

Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;

2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast:

This section contains the musical score for 'Medeba'. It is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics for the first part are: 'Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how free!'. There are two numbered verses: '1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;' and '2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast:'. The score includes a single melody line and a two-part accompaniment.

To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night, And talk of all thy truth at night.

O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of sol-lemn sound. Like David's harp of sol-lemn sound.

This section continues the musical score for 'Medeba'. It includes the lyrics: 'To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night, And talk of all thy truth at night.' and 'O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of sol-lemn sound. Like David's harp of sol-lemn sound.' The musical notation continues with a single melody line and a two-part accompaniment.

Allegro.

1. Arise! Arise! with joy survey The glo-ry of the latter day: Al-read-y has the dawn be-gun, Which marks at hand a rising sun, Which marks at hand, &c.

2. Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray With joy we view, and hail the day: Great sun of Righteousness! arise, And fill the world with glad surprise, And fill the world, &c.

Unison. Unison.

MALVERN. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

In a gentle, subdued manner.

God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress in-vade; E'er we can offer our com-plaints, Behold him present with his aid.

MERCER. L. M.

Rather Animated.

1. The Lord is judge—before his throne All nations shall his justice own; Oh may my soul be found sin-cere, And stand approved with courage there.

2. My God, my Shield! around me place The shel-ter of the Saviour's grace; Then, when mine arms the just shall save, My life shall tri-umph o'er the grave.

MEROE. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

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1. Jesus, and shall it ever be— A mortal man ashamed of thee! Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days!

2. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend! No! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere his name.

MENDON. L. M.*Spirited.*

1. Loud swell the pealing organ's notes, Breathe forth your soul in raptures high; Praise ye the Lord with harp and voice, Join the full chorus of the sky.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CH. ZEUNER.

Declamando.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim, Salvation in Immanuel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there.

As when the weary traveller gains, The height of some o'er - look - ing hill, His heart revives, if o'er the plain, He sees his home, though distant still.

MORNING. L. M.

Very bold. **First time Soprano Solo.**

1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth and joyful rise, To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice.

2. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels bear thy part, Who all night long unwearied sing High praises to th' eternal King.

MONTGOMERY. L. M.

T. B. MASON.

1. Sweet is the scene when christians die; When holy souls re - tire to rest; How mild - ly beams the clos - ing eye! How gently heaves th' expiring breast,

2. So fades the summer cloud a-way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gent - ly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a - long the shore.

1. Soon may the last glad song arise Through all the millions of the skies, That song of triumph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2. Let thrones, and pow'rs, and kingdoms be Obedient, mighty God to thee! And over land, and stream, and main, Now wave the sceptre of thy reign!

MORIAH. L. M.

Ye mighty rulers of the land, Give praise and glory to the Lord; And while before his throne ye stand, His great and powerful acts record, His great and powerful &c.

MELMORE. L. M.

W. MARTIN.

1. Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay, Tho' I have done thee such despite; Cast not a sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take thine ev - er - last - ing flight.

2. My weary soul, O God, release; Uphold me with thy gracious hand; O, guide me in - to per - fect peace, And bring me to the promised land.

Moderato.

1. God of my life, to thee be-long The grateful heart, the joyful song; Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord Re-sounds the goodness of the Lord.

2. Thou hast preserved my fleeting breath, And chased the gloomy shades of death; The venomed arrows vain-ly fly, While God, our great de-liv-er-er's nigh.
See No. 2 for third stanza.

5. So shall thy praise employ my breath Through life, and in the arms of death, My soul, the pleasant theme prolong; Then rise to aid th' an-gel-ic song.

NAZLAR. No. 2, Minor. L. M.

ARR. FROM FR. SCHUBERT.

Moderato.

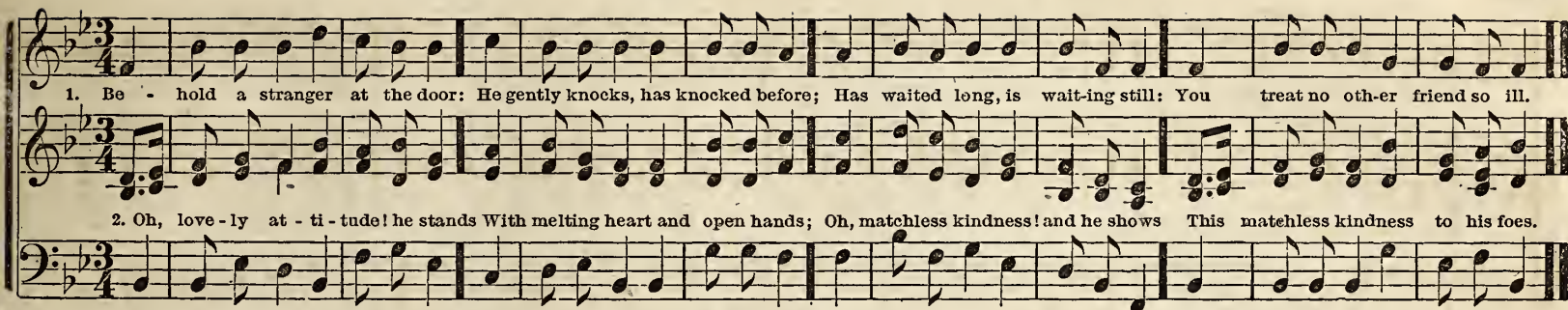
3. Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care? Why does thy hand so kindly rear A useless cumberer of the ground, On which so lit-tle fruit is found.

4. Still let the barren fig-tree stand, Up-held and fostered by thy hand; And let its fruit and ver-dure be A grate-ful tribute, Lord, to thee.
See No. 1 for fifth stanza.

NAZARETH. L. M.

WEBBE.

When at this distance, Lord, we trace, The va-rious glo-ries of thy face, What transport pours o'er all our breast, And charms our cares and woes to rest.



1. Be - hold a stranger at the door: He gently knocks, has knocked before; Has waited long, is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.

2. Oh, love-ly at - ti - tude! he stands With melting heart and open hands; Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.

NUNDA. L. M Double.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. {How vain is all be - neath the skies! How tran - sient eve - ry earth - ly bliss;} The eve - ning cloud, the morning dew,
 {How slender all the fond - est ties That bind us to a world like this!}

2. {But though earth's fair - est blos - soms die, And all be - neath the skies is vain,}
 {There is a land whose con - fines lie Be - yond the reach of care and pain.} Then let the hope of joys to come

The with'ring grass, the fa - ding flow'r, Of earth - ly hopes are em - blems true, - The glo - ry of a pass - ing hour.

Dis - pel our cares, and chase our fears; If God be ours, we're travelling home, Though passing through a vale of tears.

Andante Maestoso.

1. O all ye people, shout and sing Ho-san-nas to your heavenly King; Where'er the sun's bright glo-ries shine, Ye na-tions, praise his name divine.

2. High on his ev-er - last - ing throne, He reigns al - mighty and a - lone; Yet we, on earth, with an - gels share His kind re-gard, his ten - der care.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Soft and Gentle—Yet Distinct.

1. 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow, The star is dimmed that lately shone; 'Tis midnight in the gar-den now, The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.

2. 'Tis midnight, and, from all removed, Im - manuel wrestles lone, with fears; E'en the dis-ci-ples that he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

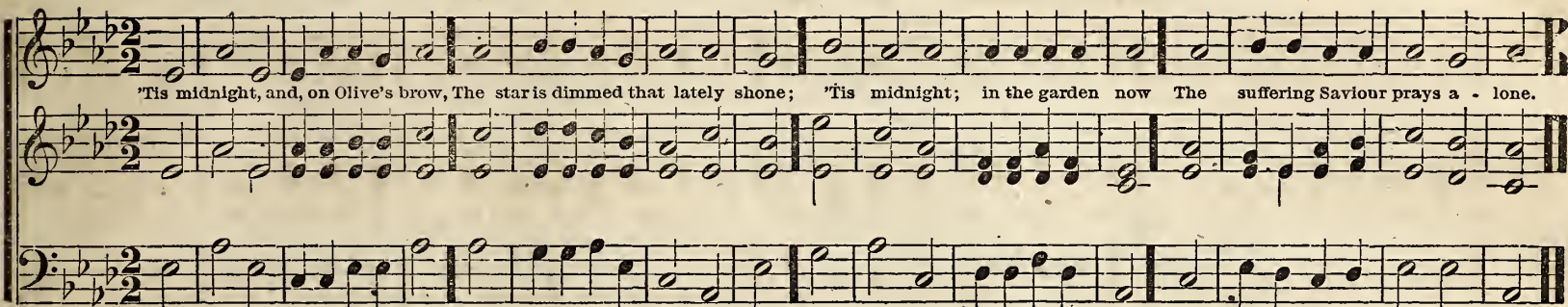
ORIAL. L. M.

WILLIAM MASON.

Moderato.

1. When hope is low, and faith is weak, And earthly comforts fail to move, How good to hear a Father speak, How sweet to feel a Sa-viour's love.

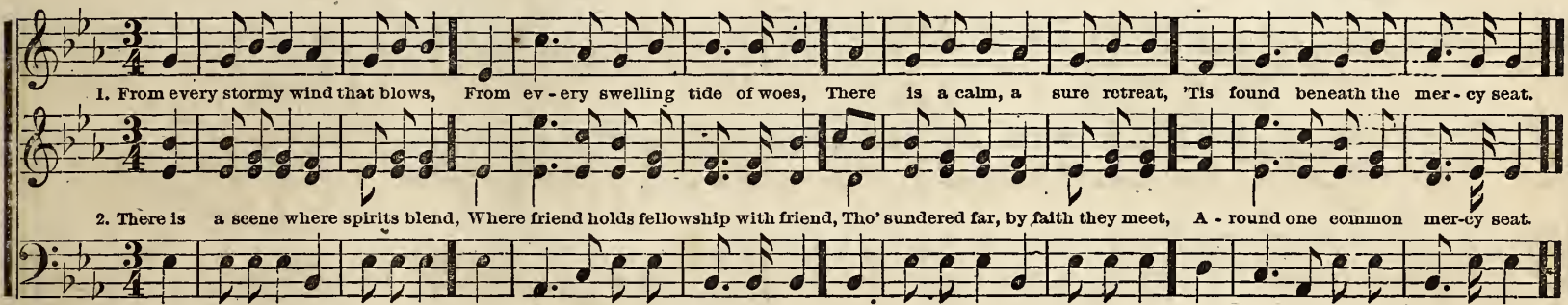
2. Oh let me sit beneath the cross; Here lay my sins and sorrows down; And think how light each earthly loss, Compared with an e - ter - nal crown.



'Tis midnight, and, on Olive's brow, The staris dimmed that lately shone; 'Tis midnight; in the garden now The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.

OLA. L. M.

WILLIAM MASON.



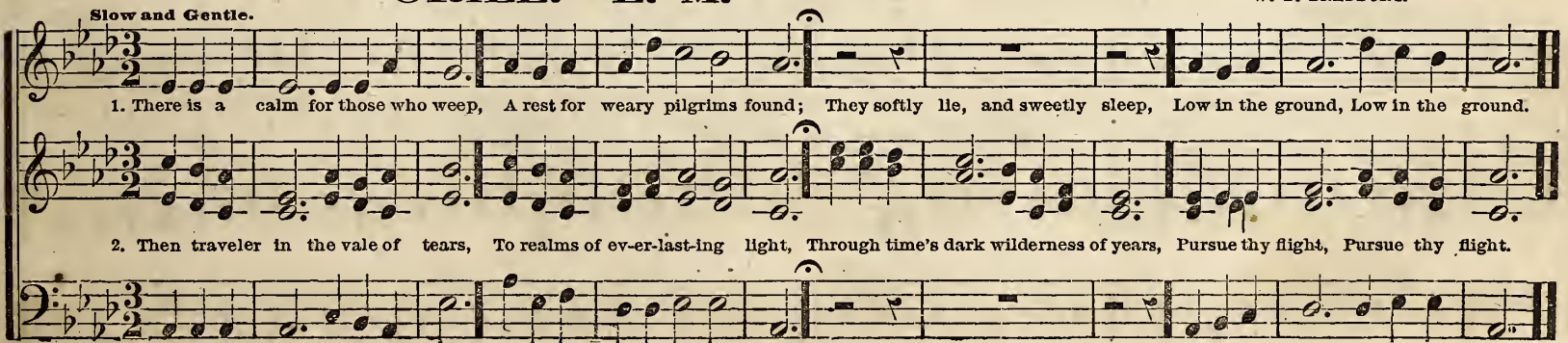
1. From every stormy wind that blows, From ev-ery swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy seat.

2. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend, Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet, A - round one common mer-cy seat.

ORIEL. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Slow and Gentle.



1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found; They softly lie, and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.

2. Then traveler in the vale of tears, To realms of ev-er-last-ing light, Through time's dark wilderness of years, Pursue thy flight, Pursue thy flight.

Affettuoso.

1. Shall man, O God of light and life, For-ev-er moulder in the grave? Canst thou forget thy glo-rious work, Thy promise, and thy pow'r to save?

2. In those dark, si-lent realms of night Shall peace and hope no more a-rise! No fu-ture morning light the tomb, Nor day-star gild the darksome skies!

OBERLIN. L. M.

BOST, of Switzerland.

Affettuoso.

Oh Jesus, full of truth and grace! Oh all-a-ton-ing Lamb of God! I wait to see thy glorious face; I seek redemption in thy blood.

ORFORD. L. M.

Smooth and Gentle.

When to his temple God descends He holds communion with his friends; His grace and glory there displays, And shines with bright but friendly rays.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

WM. FRANC.

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1. Bethou, O God, ex - alt - ed high; And as thy glo - ry fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there obeyed.

2. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

ORLAND. L. M.

DR. ARNOLD.

Bold.

1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. Behold the nations with their kings; There Europe her best tribute brings; From north to south the princes meet, To pay their hom - age at his feet.

OVERBERG. L. M.

CH. H. RINCK

Slowly.

1. Though dark and stormy is the day, The closing scene shall yet be bright; These gloomy clouds shall pass away, At e - ven-tide there shall be light.

2. What, tho' in tears of grief you sow, The work is good, the seed is right; Soon you shall reap in joy, and lo! At e - ven-tide there shall be light.

1. { Why should I fear the darkest hour, Or tremble at the tempest's power? }
 { Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower. Tho' hot the fight, why quit the field? } Why should I either flee or yield, Since Jesus is my mighty Shield?

2. { Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead, My soul a famine need not dread, }
 { For Jesus is my living bread. I know not what may soon be - tide, } Or how my wants shall be supplied; But Jesus knows, and will pro - vide.

PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUE.

Con Spirito.

1. Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For unto us a Saviour's born; See how the angels wing their way, To usher in the glorious day! To usher in the glorious day!

2. Hark! what sweet music, what a song, Sounds from the bright, celestial throng! Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart Joy to each raptured, listening heart, Joy to, &c.

PADAN. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Why, on the bending willows hung, Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string? Still mute remains thy sullen tongue, And Zion's song denies to sing.

2. By foreign streams no lon-ger roa-n. Nor weeping, think of Jordan's flood; In eve-ry clime be-hold a home, In eve-ry temple see thy God.

Moderato.

1. While life prolongs its precious light, Mer-cy is found, and peace is given; But soon, ah, soon, approaching night Shall blot out eve-ry hope of heaven.

mf *Cres.* *mf*

2. While God in-vites, how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound! Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away, While yet a pard'ning God is found.

PISIDIA. L. M.

Moderato.

1. Where shall we go to seek and find A hab-i-tation for our God? A dwelling for th' eternal mind, Among the sons of flesh and blood.

2. The God of Ja-cob chose the hill Of Zi-on for his ancient rest; And Zion is his dwelling still, His church is with his presence blest.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

T. THORLEY.

1. The Lord is King! Lift up thy voice, O earth and all ye heavens rejoice! From world to world the joy shall ring: "The Lord om-ni-po-tent is King!"

2. The Lord is King! Who then shall dare Resist his will, dis-trust his care? Ho-ly and true are all his ways: Let every creature speak his praise.

1. { And art thou, gracious Mas - ter, gone, A mansion to pre - pare for me? }
 { Shall I behold thee on thy throne, And there for - ev - er sit with thee? } Then let the world approve or blame, I'll tri - umph in thy glorious name!

2. { Should I, to gain the world's applause, Or to es - cape its harmless frown, }
 { Re - fuse to love and plead thy cause, And make thy people's lot my own, - } What shame would fill me in that day, When thou thy glo - ry wilt display!

PILESGROVE. L. M.

1. O render thanks to God above, The fountain of e - ter - nal love; Whose mercy firm, thro' a - ges past Has stood, and shall for - ev - er last.

2. Who can his mighty deeds express, Not on - ly vast but num - ber - less? What mortal el - oquence can raise His tri - bute of immor - tal praise.

PORTSMOUTH. L. M.

Slow and soft.

1. Come, holy Spirit, heaven - ly Dove, With light and comfort from a bove: Be thou our guardian and our guide! O'er eve - ry thought and step pre - side.

2. To us the light of truth dis - play, And make us know and choose thy way; Plant holy fear in eve - ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

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1. Who can describe the joys that rise Thro' all the courts of par-a-dise, To see a prod-i-gal re-turn, To see an heir of glo-ry born?

2. With joy the Fa-ther doth approve The fruit of His e-ter-nal love; The Son with joy looks down and sees The purchase of his ag-o-nies.

RETREAT. L. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS, 1840.

1. Je-sus is gone a-bove the skies, Where our weak senses reach Him not; And car-nal objects court our eyes, To thrust our Saviour from our thought,

2. He knows what wandering hearts we have, Apt to for-get his glorious face; And to refresh our minds He gave These kind memorials of His grace.

ROSEDALE. L. M.

G. F. ROOT.

1. Great God! to thee my evening song With humble grat-i-tude I raise; Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise.

2. My days, uncloud-ed as they pass, And eve-ry gently roll-ing hour. Are monuments of wondrous grace, And witness to thy love and power.

1. Asleep in Je-sus, blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and un-disturbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.

2. Asleep in Je-sus, oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing That death has lost its venom'd sting.

ROLLAND. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. How pleasant, how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are; With long desire my spirit faints, To meet th' assemblies of thy saints, To meet th' assemblies, &c.

2. My flesh would rest in thine abode; My panting heart cries out for God; My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and thee? So far from all my joys, &c.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

1. The heavens declare thy glory, Lord; In every star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines, We read thy name in, &c.

2. The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy power confess; But the blest volume thou hast writ Reveals thy justice and thy grace, Reveals thy justice, &c.

SALINA. L. M.

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Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For unto us a Saviour's born; See how the angels wing their way, To usher in the glorious day.

SALVON. L. M.

1. Ex-alt-ed Prince of Life! we own The royal hon - ors of thy throne; 'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand, And seraphs bow at thy command.

2. Ex-alt-ed Saviour! we con-less The sov'reign triumphs of thy grace; Wide may thy cross thy virtues prove, And conquer thousands with thy love.

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Come hither, all ye weary souls; Ye heavy laden sinners, come! I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.

2. They shall find rest who learn of me; I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea. And pride is rest-less as the wind.

1. The flowery spring, at God's command, Perfumes the air, and paints the land; The summer rays with vig - or shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

2. The changing seasons, months, and days Demand suc-cess - ive songs of praise; And be the cheerful how - age paid, With morning light, and eve - ning shade.

SEYMOUR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.
Ritard.

1. With broken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry; Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God be mer - ci - ful to me!

2. I smite up - on my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppressed; Christ and his cross my only plea; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me!

SHOEL. L. M.

SHOEL.

Now shall the trembling mourner come, And bind his sheaves and bear them home; The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing, Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.



1. Thine earth-ly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,— But there's a no - bler rest a - bove: To that our long - ing souls as - pire, With cheer - ful

2. No more fa-tigue, no more dis - tress, Nor sin nor death shall reach the place; No groans shall min-gle with the songs Which war - ble

STONEFIELD. L. M.

STANLEY.



hope and strong de-sire, With cheer - ful hope and strong de-sire, from im - mor - tal tongues, Which war - ble from im - mor - tal tongues.

1. How sweet - ly flowed the gos - pel sound

2. From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke, From lips of gen - tle - ness and grace, When list - 'ning thousands gath - ered round, And joy and gladness filled the place. To heaven he led his follow-ers' way; Dark clouds of storm-y night he broke, Un - veil - ing an im - mor - tal day.

ST. LOUIS. L. M.

1. Give thanks to God, he reigns above; Kind are his thoughts; his name is love; His mer - cy ages past have known, And a - ges long to come shall own.

2. He feeds and clothes us all the way; He guides our footsteps when we stray; He guards us with a powerful hand, And brings us to the heavenly land.

STERLING. L. M.

HARRISON.

Chanting Style.

1. O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al - migh - ty King! For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's rock we praise.

2. In - to his presence let us haste, To thank him for his fa - vors past; To him address in joyful songs The praise that to his name be - longs.

SYLVAN. L. M.

1. He dies! The Friend of sin - ner dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness veils the skies; A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2. Here's love and grief beyond de - gree; The Lord of glo - ry dies for men! But, lo! what sudden joys we see, Je - sus, the dead revives a - gain!

Let every creature rise and bring Glory and honor to our King: While angels strike their lyres again, Earth shall respond the joyful strain, Earth shall respond the joyful strain.

TROY. L. M.

Larghetto Legato.

1. The Lord in Zi-on ever reigns, And o'er her holds his guardian hand; Her wor-ship and her laws maintains, Which, like him-self unmoved shall stand.

mp *Cres.* *mp* *Cres.* *For.*

2. Oh come, behold what he has done, Whom we delight to call our Lord; The vict'-ries which his arm has won; And faith-ful-ly his deeds record.

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.

TALLIS.

1. Glo-ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light! Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 For-give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done; That with the world, myself, and thee, 'I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Spirited.

1. E-ter-nal God, ce-les-tial King, Ex-alt-ed be thy glorious Name; Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing, And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

ULM. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Behold the path that angels tread, Down to the regions of the dead! Nor will the fleeting moments stay, Nor can we measure back our days!

2. Our kindred and our friends are gone; Know, O my soul, this doom thy own; Fee-ble as theirs my mortal frame, The same my way, my home the same.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Moderato.

1. The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, In every star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fair-er lines.

2. The rolling sun, the changing light, And night, and day, thy power confess; But the blest volume thou hast writ, Re-veals thy justice and thy grace.

1. Flow fast, my tears! the cause is great; This tribute claims an injured Friend — One whom I long pursued with hate, And yet he loved me to the end.

2. Fast flow my tears — yet fast - er flow! Stream copious as yon purple tide; 'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow; I urged the hand that pierced his side.

VALENZ. L. M.

ARRANGED FROM R. GLUCK.

Largo.

1. Blest is the man, for - ev - er blest, Whose guilt is pardoned by his God, Whose sins with sorrow are confessed, And covered with his Saviour's blood.

2. From guile his heart and lips are free; His humble joy, his ho - ly fear, With deep repentance well agree, And join to prove his faith sincere.

VERONA. L. M.

Sforzando.

1. Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For unto us a Saviour's born; See, how the angels wing their way, To usher in the glorious day.

2. Hark! what sweet music, what a song Sounds from the bright, celestial throng! Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart Joy to each raptured, list'ning heart.

1. There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our God; Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And wat'ring our divine a-bode.

2. That sacred stream, thine holy word, Supports our faith, our fear controls; Sweet peace thy promises af - ford, And give now strength to fainting souls.

WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. O, for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart a - way; And thaw, with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2. The rocks can rend; the earth can quake; The seas can roar; the mountains shake; Of feeling, all things show some sign, But this unfeeling heart of mine.

WARDLAW. L. M.

Allegro Moderato.

1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone; Let my re - li - gious hours alone; Fain would my eyes my Saviour see, I wait a vis - it, Lord, from thee.

2. Oh! warm my heart with ho - ly fire, And kin - dle there a pure de - sire; Come, sacred Spirit, from a - bove, And fill my soul with heavenly love.

1. Come, let our voices join to raise A sacred song of solemn praise; God is a sovereign King; rehearse His honors in ex - alt-ed verse.

2. Come, let our souls ad - dress the Lord, Who framed our natures with his word; He is our Shepherd, we the sheep His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

WELTON. L. M.

FROM DR. MADAN.

1. Happy the meek, whose gentle breast, Clear as the summer's eve - ning ray, Calm as the regions of the bl est, Enjoys on earth ce - les - tial day.

2. His heart no broken friendships sting; No jars his peaceful tent in - vade; He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing, Hostile to none—of none a-fraid.

WELLS. L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDRAYD.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to ensure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sin - ner may re - turn.

2. Life is the hour that God has given To escape from hell and fly to heaven; The day of grace and mortals may Se - cure the blessings of the day.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav - el - ler.

2. "Deny thy - self, and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command; Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heavenly land.

WHITELAND. L. M.

Larghetto.

1. Great God to thee my eve - ning song With humble grat - i - tude I raise; Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue And fill my heart with live - ly praise.

2. My days unclouded as they pass, And every gent - ly roll - ing hour, Are monuments of wondrous grace, And witness to thy love and power.

WILBRAHAM. L. M.

With Energy, but not too quick. **1st and 2d Tenor.**

1. Give thanks to God, he reigns above; Kind are his thoughts, his name is love; His mercy ages past have known, And a - ges long to come shall own.

2. He feeds and clothes us all the way; He guides our footsteps, lest we stray; He guards us with a powerful hand, And brings us to the heavenly land.

WIMBORNE. L. M.

WHITTAKER.

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1. Dear is the spot where Christians sleep, And sweet the strains their spirits pour; Oh, why should we in anguish weep?—They are not lost, but gone before.

2. Secure from every mor-tal care, By sin and sorrow vexed no more, E-ter-nal hap-pi-ness they share Who are not lost, but gone before.

WINCHESTER. L. M.

DR. CROFT.

Moderato.

1. My soul, thy great Cre - a - tor praise; When clothed in his celestial rays, He in full majes - ty ap - pears, And like a robe his glory wears.

2. How strange thy works, how great thy skill, While every land thy rich - es fill; Thy wisdom round the world we see, This spacious earth is full of thee.

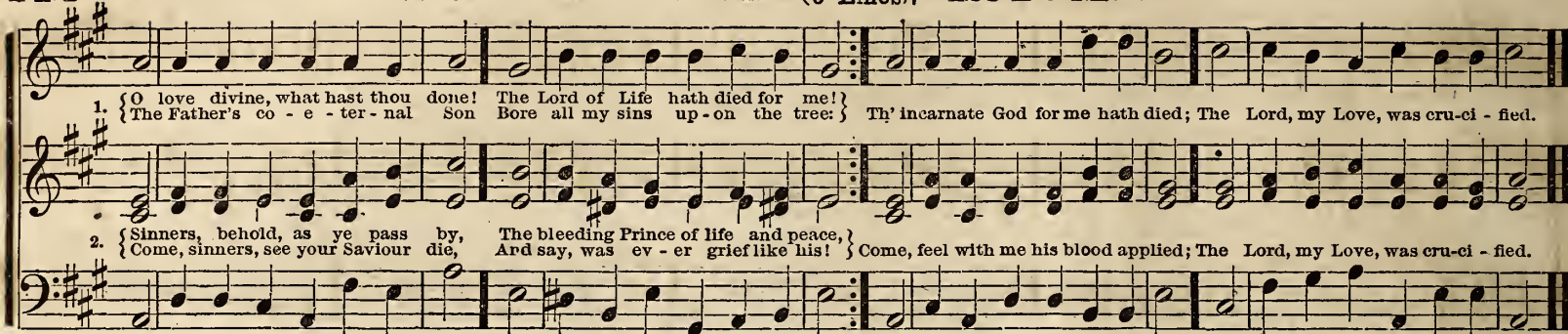
WOODWELL. L. M.

In Choral Style.

1. Now be my heart inspir'd to sing The glories of my Saviour King; He comes with blessings from above, And wins the nations to his love.

2. Thy throne, O God, for - ev - er stands; Grace is the sceptre in thy hands; Thy laws and works are just and right, But truth and mercy thy de-light.

WORTH. L. M. (6 Lines), 1st P. M.



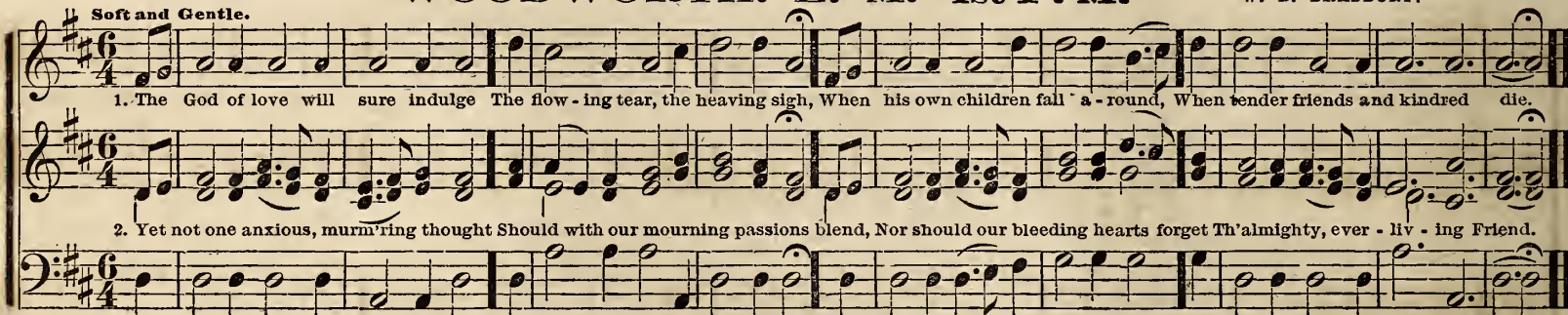
1. { O love divine, what hast thou done! The Lord of Life hath died for me! }
 { The Father's co - e - ter - nal Son Bore all my sins up - on the tree; } Th' incarnate God for me hath died; The Lord, my Love, was cru - ci - fied.

2. { Sinners, behold, as ye pass by, The bleeding Prince of life and peace, }
 { Come, sinners, see your Saviour die, And say, was ev - er grief like his! } Come, feel with me his blood applied; The Lord, my Love, was cru - ci - fied.

WOODWORTH. L. M. 1st P. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

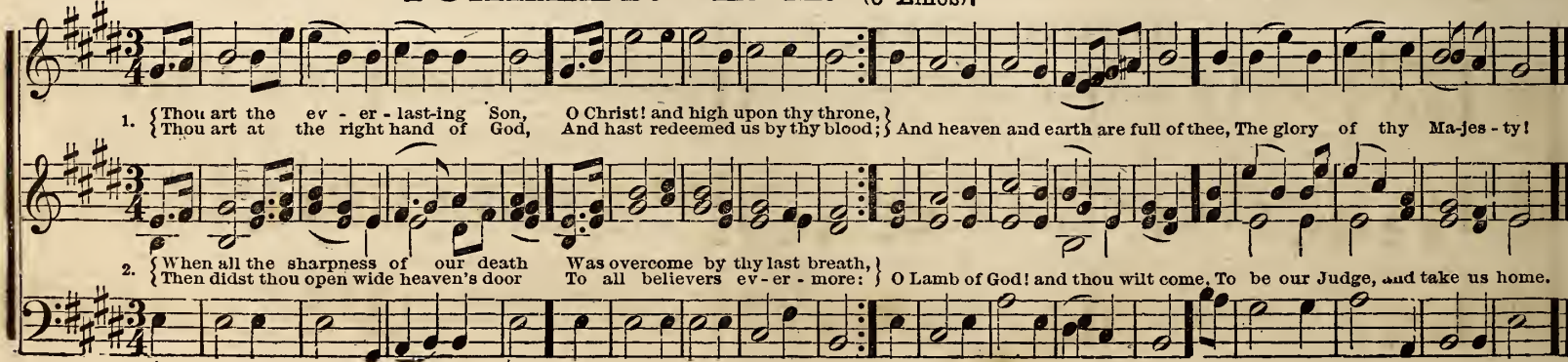
Soft and Gentle.



1. The God of love will sure indulge The flow - ing tear, the heaving sigh, When his own children fall 'a - round, When tender friends and kindred die.

2. Yet not one anxious, murmur'ing thought Should with our mourning passions blend, Nor should our bleeding hearts forget Th'almighty, ever - liv - ing Friend.

YOAKLEY. L. M. (6 Lines),



1. { Thou art the ev - er - last - ing Son, O Christ! and high upon thy throne, }
 { Thou art at the right hand of God, And hast redeemed us by thy blood; } And heaven and earth are full of thee, The glory of thy Ma - jes - ty!

2. { When all the sharpness of our death Was overcome by thy last breath, }
 { Then didst thou open wide heaven's door To all believers ev - er - more: } O Lamb of God! and thou wilt come, To be our Judge, and take us home.

1. Stand up, my soul — shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on; March to the gates of

2. Hell and thy sins re - sist thy course; But hell and sin are van-quished foes; Thy Je - sus nailed them

end - less joy, Where Je - sus thy great Cap - tain's gone, Where Je - sus thy great Cap - tain's gone.

to the cross, And sung the tri - umph when he rose, And sung the tri - umph when he rose.

ZUMA. L. M.

Moderato.

1. At anchor laid, remote from home, Toiling, I cry, "Sweet spirit, come! Celestial breeze, no longer stay, But swell my sails, and speed my way

2. Fain would I mount, fain would I glow, And loose my ca - ble from be - low; But I can only spread my sail, 'Tis thou must breathe th'auspicious gale."

Gently.

1. Jesus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pillows are; While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

2. Soft be the gently breathing notes That sing the Saviour's dy - ing love; Soft as the evening zephyr floats, And soft as tuneful lyres a - bove.

ABRIDGE. C. M.

ISAAC SMITH.

1. Sweet is the memory of thy grace, My God, my heavenly King; Let age to age thy right-eous-ness In sounds of glo - ry sing.

2. God reigns on high; but ne'er confines His goodness to the skies; Through the whole earth his bounty shines, And eve - ry want sup - plies.

AGAWAM. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Firm and Strong.

1. No change of time shall ev - er shock My trust, O Lord, in thee; For thou hast always been my rock, A sure de - fense to me.

2. Thou, my de - liv - erer art, O God; My trust is in thy power: Thou art my shield from foes a - broad, My safeguard and my tower.

ALDEN. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

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With strength and Vigor.

1. Un - shak-en as the sa - cred hill, And firm as mountains stand, Firm as a rock the soul shall rest, That trust th'almight-y hand.

2. Not walls nor hills could guard so well, Fair Sa - lem's hap - py ground, As those e - ter - - - - - nal arms of love, That eve - - - - - ry saint surround.

ALEXANDER. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Slow.

1. O why should gloomy thoughts a - rise, And dark-ness fill the mind? Why should that bosom heave with sighs, And yet no re - fuge find?

2. Hast thou not heard of Gilead's balm,—The great Phy - si - cian there, Who can thine ev - 'ry fear dis - arm, And save thee from de - spair!

ALENA. C. M.

1. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls in-spired; Loud and more loud the anthems raise, With grate-ful ar - dor fired.

2. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose goodness, passing thought, Loads eve - ry mo - ment, as it flies, With ben - e - fits un - sought.

ALBANY. C. M.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pard'ning blood, Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God

2. Soon as the morn the light revealed, His praises tuned my tongue; And when the eve - ning shades prevailed, His love was all my song.

ALPHEUS. C. M.

FROM MAY EBBERWEIN, BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Come to the ark, come to the ark: To Je - sus come a - way; The pes - ti - lence walks forth by night, The ar - row flies by day.

2. Come to the ark; the wa - ters rise, The seas their bil - lows rear; While darkness gath - ers o'er the skies, Be - hold a refuge near!

ANTHON. C. M.

1. Go where I may, from home remote, The Lord is ev - er near; No secret thought but he can note, No word but he can hear.

2. When all a-round are lost in sleep, His presence still I find, To me he ev - er walks the deep, Or speaketh in the wind.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

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Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King;

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King; Let eve - ry heart pre - pare him

And heaven and nature sing And heaven and na - ture sing.

room, And heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, And heaven and na-ture sing.

ARCADIA. C. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1839.

In time of fear, when trouble's near, I look to Thine abode; Tho' helpers fall, and foes prevail, I'll put my trust in God, I'll put my trust in God.

Allegretto a tempo Giusto.

1. To our Re-deem-er's glorious name A - wake the sacred song; Oh, may his love - immortal flame! - Tune every heart and tongue.

2. Dear Lord, while we, a - dor - ing, pay Our humble thanks to thee, May eve - ry heart with rapture say, "The Saviour died for me."

His love, what mortal thought can reach! What mor-tal tongue dis - play! Im - ag - i-na-tion's utmost stretch In wonder dies away. In wonder dies a - way.

Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme, Fill every heart and tongue! Till strangers love thy charming name, And join the sacred song. And join the sacred song.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

1. When grief and anguish press me down, And hope and comfort flee, I cling, O Fa - ther, to thy throne, And stay my heart on thee.

2. When death invades my peaceful home, The sundered ties shall be A clos - er bond, in time to come, To bind my heart to thee.

When God revealed his gra-cious name, And changed my mourn-ful state, My rapture seemed a pleasing dream, The grace appeared so great.

The world beheld the glorious change, And did thy hand confess; My tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung surprising grace.

ARUNDEL. C. M.

1. O, all ye lands, re-joice in God! Sing prais-es to his name; Let all the earth with one accord, His won-drous acts pro-claim.

2. And let his faithful servants tell How, by re-deem-ing love, Their souls are saved from death and hell, To share the joys a-bove.

1. The answering hills of Pal-es-tine Send back the glad re- ply; And greet, from all their ho-ly heights, The dayspring from on high.

2. O'er the blue depths of Ga-li-lee There comes a ho-lier calm, And Sha-ron waves, in solemn praise, Her si-lent groves of palm.

AVON. C. M.

SCOTTISH TUNE.

Slowly.

1. O Thou, whose tender mercy hears Con-tri-tion's humble sigh; Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears From sor-row's weeping eye:

2. See, Lord, before thy throne of grace, A wretched wanderer mourn: Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said - "Return?"

AXEL. C. M.

WILLIAM MASON.

Slowly, smoothly.

1. Come, O my soul, with all thy care, And cast it on thy God; He knows thy weakness and thy fear, And will sus-tain the load.

2. His gracious word in-vites thee nigh, With all thy weighty grief; He will attend thy mournful cry, And send thee sure re-lief.

Slow and Soft.

1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove, And smile to see our Father there, Up - on a throne of love.

2. Come, let us bow be - fore his feet, And venture near the Lord: No fi - ery cherubs guard his seat, Nor dou - ble flaming sword.

BARTOW. C. M.

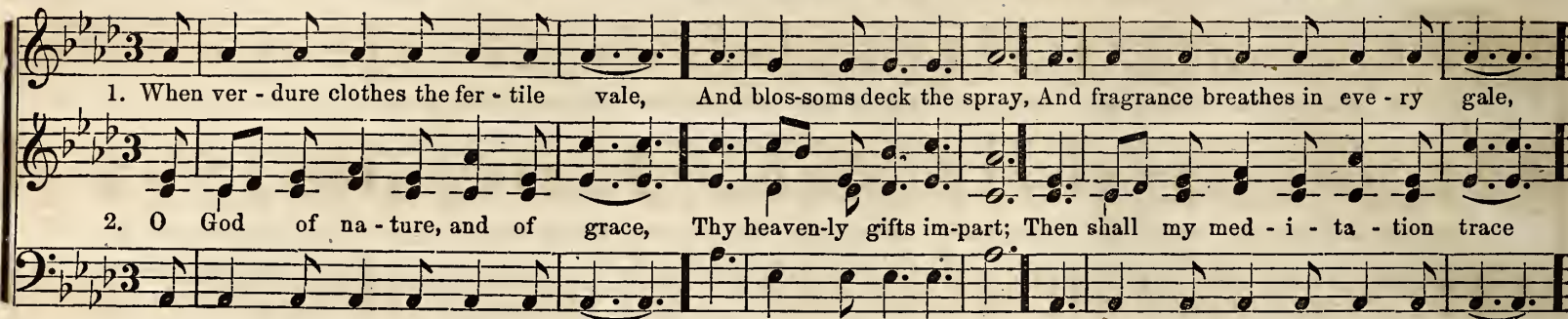
1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee?

2. Oh, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend. Where ev - er - more the an - gels sing, Where Sabbaths have no end.

BEMERTON. C. M.

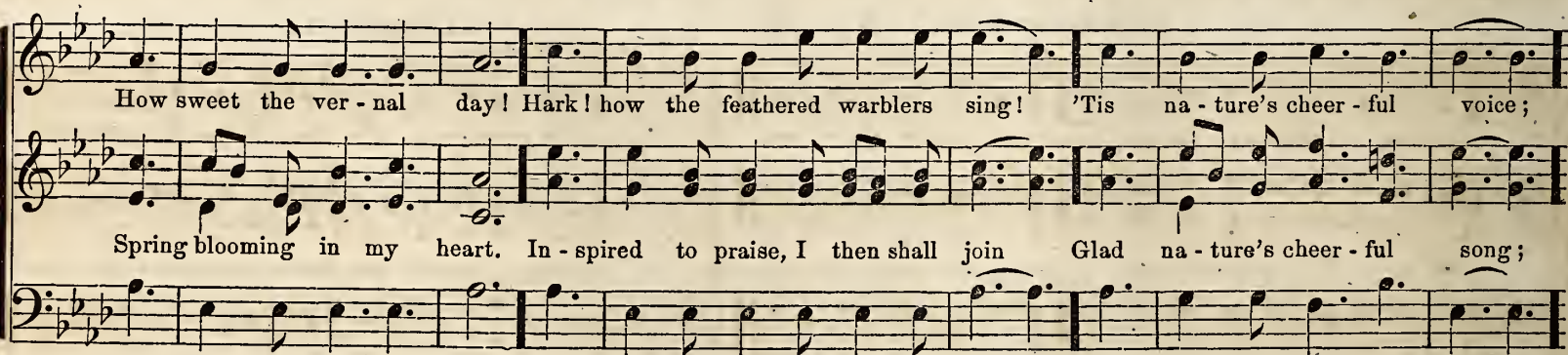
H. W. GREATOREX, BY PERMISSION.

Lord, let me know my term of days, How soon my life will end; The numerous train of ills dis - close, Which this frail state at - tend.



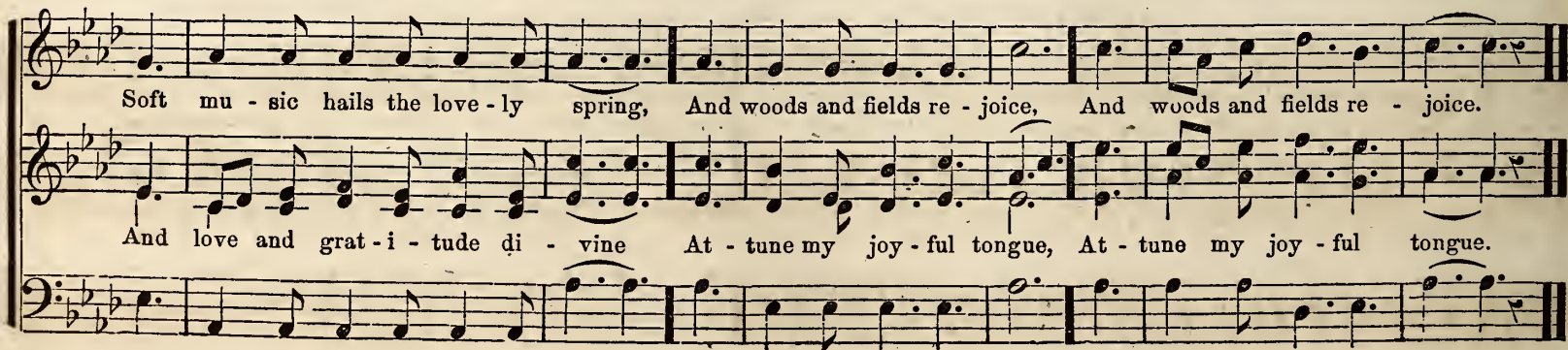
1. When ver - dure clothes the fer - tile vale, And blos - soms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in eve - ry gale,

2. O God of na - ture, and of grace, Thy heav - en - ly gifts im - part; Then shall my med - i - ta - tion trace



How sweet the ver - nal day! Hark! how the feathered warblers sing! 'Tis na - ture's cheer - ful voice;

Spring blooming in my heart. In - spired to praise, I then shall join Glad na - ture's cheer - ful song;



Soft mu - sic hails the love - ly spring, And woods and fields re - joice, And woods and fields re - joice.

And love and grat - i - tude di - vine At - tune my joy - ful tongue, At - tune my joy - ful tongue.

Moderate.

1. Now let me make the Lord my trust, And prac - tice all that's good: So shall I dwell among the just, And he'll provide me food,
Solo.

2. Mine in - no - cence shalt thou dis - play, And make thy judgments known, Fair as the light of dawning day, And glorious as the noon;
Solo.

Chorus.

So shall I dwell among the just, And he'll provide me food.
Fair as the light of dawning day, And glorious as the noon.

BRECK. C. M.

Allegro Maestoso.

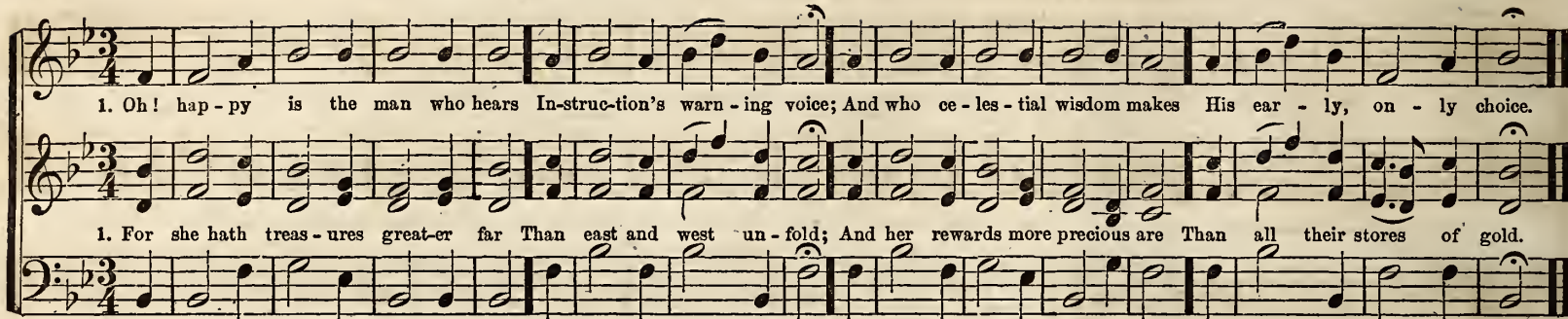
1. What glory gilds the sacred page, Ma - jes - tic, like the sun?
With energy.

For.
2. The pow'r that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat:
Unison.

It gives a light to eve - ry age, It gives a light to eve - ry age; It gives, but borrows none, It gives, but bor - rows none.
Dolce.

mp p With vigor. f
Its truths upon the nations rise, Its truths up-on the na - tions rise, They rise, but nev - er set, They rise, but nev - er set.
Unison.

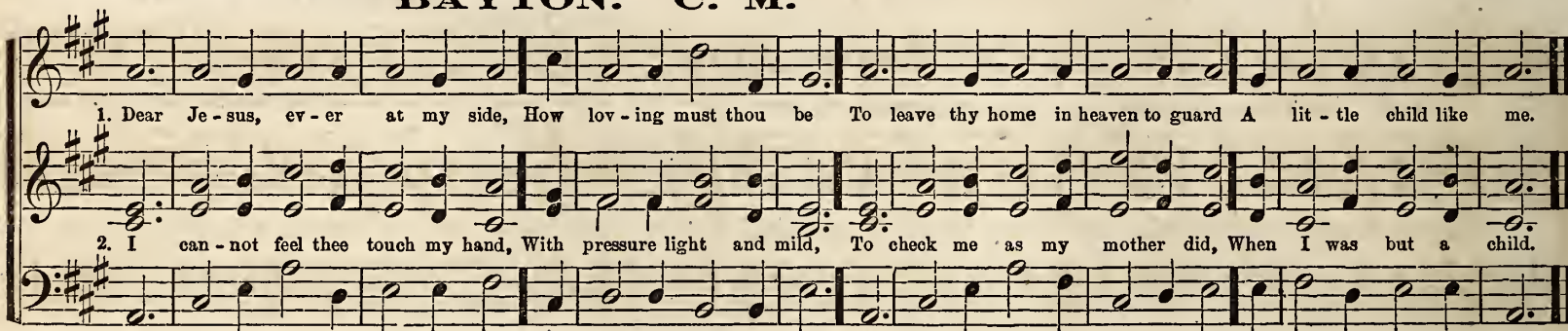
BALERMA. C. M.



1. Oh! hap - py is the man who hears In - struc - tion's warn - ing voice; And who ce - les - tial wisdom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.

1. For she hath treas - ures great - er far Than east and west un - fold; And her rewards more precious are Than all their stores of gold.

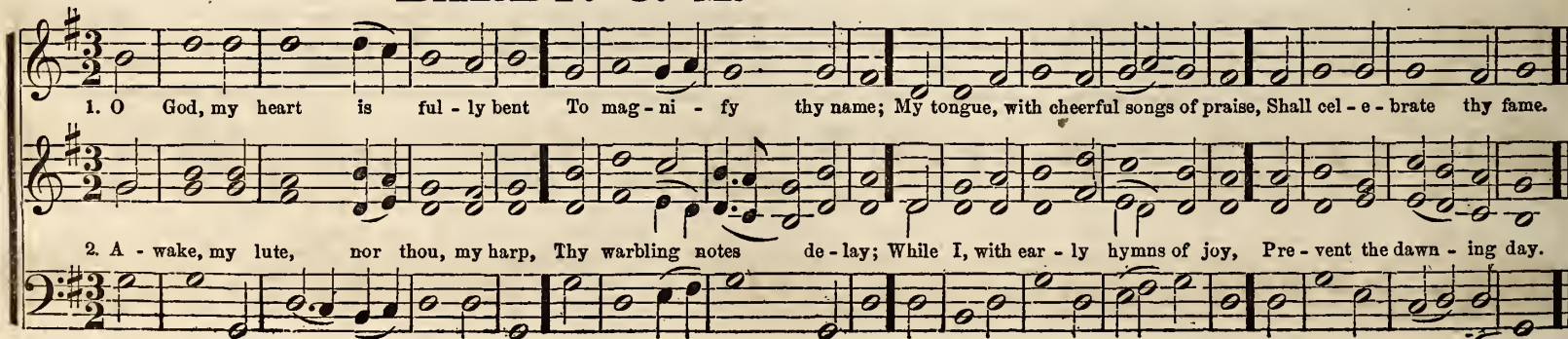
BAYTON. C. M.



1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must thou be To leave thy home in heaven to guard A lit - tle child like me.

2. I can - not feel thee touch my hand, With pressure light and mild, To check me as my mother did, When I was but a child.

BARBY. C. M.



1. O God, my heart is ful - ly bent To mag - ni - fy thy name; My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise, Shall cel - e - brate thy fame.

2. A - wake, my lute, nor thou, my harp, Thy warbling notes de - lay; While I, with ear - ly hymns of joy, Pre - vent the dawn - ing day.

Slow.

BANGOR. C. M.

RAVENSCHROFT.

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Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound, Mine ears at-tend the cry! Ye liv-ing men, come, view the ground, Where you must short-ly lie.

BLOOMSGROVE. C. M.

1. Oh render thanks, and bless the Lord, Invoke his sacred name; Acquaint the nations with his deeds, His matchless deeds proclaim, His matchless deeds proclaim.

2. Sing to his praise in lofty hymns, His wondrous works rehearse; Make them the theme of your discourse, The subject of your verse, The sub-ject of your verse.

BOSWELL. C. M.

ARRANGED FROM GLUCK BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

Andante Grazioso.

1. 'Twas in the watch-es of the night, I thought up-on thy power; I kept thy love-ly face in sight, A-mid the dark-est hour.

2. While I lay rest-ing on my bed, My soul a-rose on high; My God, my life, my hope, I said, Bring thy sal-va-tion nigh.

Larghetto.

1. Hap - py is he who fears the Lord, And fol - lows his commands; Who lends the poor with - out re - ward, Or gives with lib' - ral hands.

2. As pi - ty dwells with - in his breast To all the sons of need, So God shall answer his re - quest With bless - ings on his seed.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. Double.

ARR. FROM PLEYEL.

Andante Cantabile.

1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled; And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.

3. In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see! Each blessing to my soul most dear, Be - cause con - ferred by thee.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed, To thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed, That mer - cy I adore.

In eve - ry joy that crowns my days, In eve - ry pain I bear, My heart shall find de - light in praise, Or seek re - lief in prayer.

1. Be-hold thy waiting servant, Lord, De - vo - ted to thy fear; Remember and con-firm thy word, For all my hopes are there.

2. Hast thou not sent sal - va - tion down, And promised quickening grace? Doth not my heart address thy throne? And yet thy love de - lays.

BUTLER. C. M. Double.

1. { Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor, Be - hold a roy - al feast! } Where mercy spreads her bounteous store For eve - ry humble guest. } See, Je - sus stands with o - pen arms; He calls, he bids you come; Guilt holds you back, and fear a-larms; But see, there yet is room. D.C.

BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Allegretto.

1. I love to steal a while a-way From eve - ry cumbering care, And spend the hours of set - ting day, In hum-ble, grateful prayer.

2. I love, in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear; And all his promis - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.

BYRD. C. M. Double.

1st time. 2d time. Close. D.C.

1. } Father of mercies! God of love! My Father and my God! } And spread thy praise abroad.
 I'll sing the honors of thy name, } In every period of my life Thy thought of love appear;
 Thy mercies gild each transient scene, } And crown each passing year.

BURLINGTON. C. M.

J. F. BURROWES, BY PERMISSION.

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat, Where Jesus an-swers prayer; There humbly fall be-fore his feet, For none can perish there.

CADDO. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Allegretto. Cheerful.

1. My soul, how lovely is the place To which thy God re-sorts! 'Tis heaven to see his smil-ing face, Though in his earth-ly courts,
 2. There the great monarch of the skies His saving power dis-plays; And light breaks in upon our eyes, With kind and quickening eyes.

1. Sing to the Lord a new-made song, Who wondrous deeds hath done; With his right hand and ho - ly arm, The con-quest he hath

The conquest he has won, The conquest he has • won.

won,

CHRISTMAS. C. M. Double.

1. { While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground; }
 An an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a-round. }

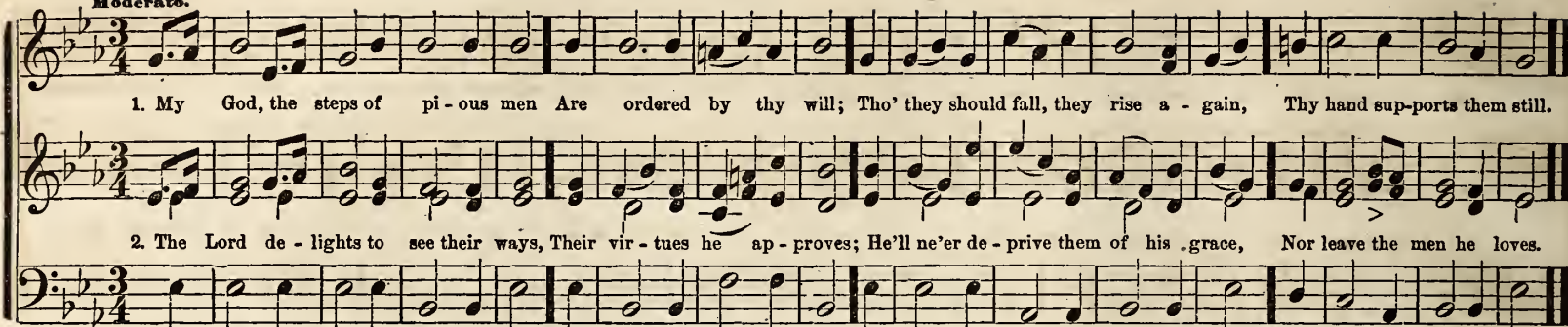
2. { "To you, in David's town, this day, Is born of David's line, }
 The Sa-viour, who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign: }

OLD ENGLISH CAROL.

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind), "Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind,

The heavenly Babe you there shall find, To hu - man view displayed, All mean - ly wrapped in swathing bands: And in a man - ger laid."

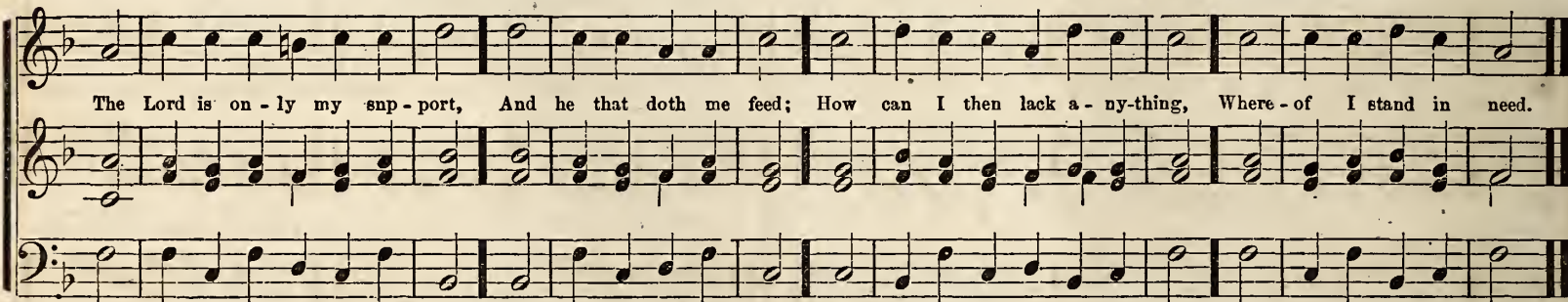
Moderate.



1. My God, the steps of pi-ous men Are ordered by thy will; Tho' they should fall, they rise a - gain, Thy hand sup-ports them still.

2. The Lord de - lights to see their ways, Their vir - tues he ap - proves; He'll ne'er de - prive them of his .grace, Nor leave the men he loves.

CANTERBURY. C. M.

From "Playford's Psalms and Hymns
in Solemn Musick," 1671.


The Lord is on - ly my snp - port, And he that doth me feed; How can I then lack a - ny-thing, Where - of I stand in need.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. Shep - herds, rejoice! lift up your eyes, And send your fears a - way; News from the regions of the skies—A Saviour's born to-day, A Saviour's born to-day.

2. Je - sus, the God whom angels fear, Comes down to dwell with you; To-day he makes his entrance here, But not as monarchs do, But not as monarchs do.

CHIMES. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

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Moderato.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God has call'd his own; With joy the sum - mons we o - bey, To worship at his throne.

2. Thy cho - sen tem - ple, Lord, how fair! Where willing votaries throug To - breathe the hum - ble, fer - vent prayer, And pour the cho - ral song.

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.

1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a-larms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.

2. Are we not teal - ing up - wari, too, As fast as time can move? Nor would we wish the hours more slow To keep us from our love.

CLARKESVILLE. C. M.

Moderato.

1. Blest are the un - de - filed in heart, Whose ways are right and clean; Who nev - er from thy law de - part, But fly from eve - ry sin.

2. Blest are the men that keep thy word, And practice thy commands; With their whole heart they seek thee, Lord, And serve thee with their hands.

CLIFFORD. C. M.

1. Sing to the Lord in joy - ful strains, Let earth his praise re - sound; Let all the cheer - ful na - tions

2. Till, midst the strains of dis - tant lands, The is - lands sound his praise; And all, com - bined, with one ac -

join — Let all the cheer - ful na - tions join To spread his glo - ries round — To spread his glo - ries round.

cord — And all combined with one ac - cord, Je - ho - vah's glo - ries raise — Je - ho - vah's glo - ries raise.

CLARENDON. C. M.

ISAAC TUCKER.

1. What shall I ren - der to my God, For all his kindness shown? My feet shall vis - it Thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress thy throne.

2. A - mong the saints who fill thy house, My off'ring shall be paid; There shall my zeal per - form the vows My soul in anguish made.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way, From eve - ry cumb'ring care; And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum-ble, grate-ful prayer.

2. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore; And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I a - dore.

COVINGTON. C. M.

1. A-gain the Lord of life and light Awakes the kin - - - dling ray: Dis - pels the darkness of the night, And pours in - creas - ing day.

2. Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt A sin-ful world in gloom; Oh! what a Sun, which broke, this day, Tri-umph - ant from the tomb.

COVENTRY. C. M.

Moderate.

1. Oh, could our thoughts and wish-es fly, A - bove these gloomy shades To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Which sorrow ne'er in - vades.

2. There, joys un - seen by mor - tal eyes, Or reason's fee - ble ray, In ev - er blooming prospect rise, Ex - posed to no de - cay.

1. Oh, 'twas a joy-ful sound to hear Our tribes de-vout-ly say, "Up, Israel, to the tem-ple haste, And keep your fes-tal day!"

2. At Sa-lem's courts we must ap-pear, With our as-sem-bled powers, In strong and beauteous or-der ranged, Like her u-ni-ted towers.

CONWAY. C. M.

1. Come, let us lift our joy-ful eyes Up to the courts a-bove, And smile to see our Father there, And smile to see our Father there Upon a throne of love.

2. Come, let us bow before his feet, And venture near the Lord: No fier-y cherubs guard his seat, No fiery cherubs guard his seat, Nor double-flaming sword.

CORBET. C. M.

WILLIAM MASON.

1. The Lord is King, His praise I'll sing; My heart is all his own; My high-est powers, My choic-est hours, I yield to him a-lone.

2. My voice. a-wake, Thy part to take, My soul, the con-cert join; Till all a-round, In heart and sound, U-nite their hymns with mine.

Allégo Moderato.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies, I bid fare - well to eve - ry fear, And

2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fier - y darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And

CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.

And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes.
wipe my weeping eyes,....And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

face a frowning world,....And face a frown - ing world.
And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name Let angels prostrate fall;

2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his altar call;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all; Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone And all the world go free! No, there's a cross for eve - ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here; But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.

The musical score is in 6/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The first system contains the first line of music for both parts. The second system contains the second line of music. The third system contains the third line of music, ending with a double bar line.

COWPER. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fountain, filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel' veins, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a - way.

The musical score is in 3/2 time, key of B-flat major. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The first system contains the first line of music for both parts. The second system contains the second line of music, with dynamic markings *mf* and *mp*. The third system contains the third line of music, ending with a double bar line.

DENFIELD. C. M.

ARRANGED FROM GLAZER.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as-cend - ing high; To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye;-

2. Up to the hills, where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Pre - sent - ing at his Father's throne Our songs and our com-plaints.

The musical score is in 3/2 time, key of B-flat major. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The first system contains the first line of music for both parts. The second system contains the second line of music, with dynamic markings *mf* and *Dim.*. The third system contains the third line of music, ending with a double bar line.

DALMATIA. C. M. Double.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

167

Rather Slow and in Exact Time.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights! 2. In darkest shades, if thou ap - pear,

3. The opening heavens around me shine With beams of sacred bliss, While Je - sus shows his mercy mine, And whispers, I am his! 4. My soul would leave this heavy clay

My dawning is be-gun; Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my ris-ing sun, Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my rising sun.

At that transporting word, And run with joy the shining way, To meet my dearest Lord, And run with joy the shining way, To meet my dear-est Lord.

DEDHAM. C. M.

WM. GARDINER.

1. Soon as I heard my Fa - ther say, "Ye chil - dren, seek my grace;" My heart re - plied with - out de - lay, "I'll seek my Fa - ther's face."

2. Let not thy face be hid from me, Nor frown my soul a - way: God of my life, I fly to thee In each dis - tress - ing day.

1. Thou art the Way,—to thee a - lone From sin and death we flee: And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Mst seek him, Lord! in thee.

2. Thou art the Truth,—thy word a - lone True wis - dom can im - part; Thon on - ly can instruct the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.

DOWNS. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

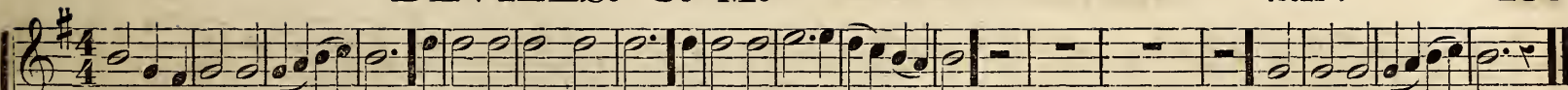
1. Thou art my por - tion, O my God; Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste t'obey thy word, And suffers no de - lay.

2. I choose the path of heaven-ly truth, And glo - ry in my choice; Not all the rich - es of the earth, Could make me so re - joice.

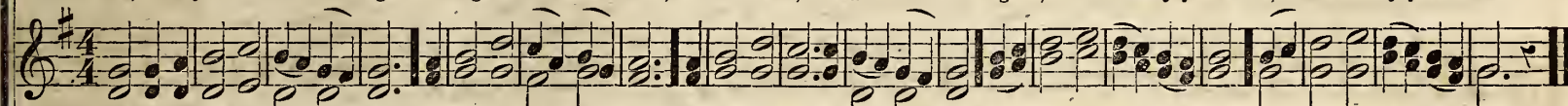
DUNFERMLINE. C. M.

1. Thro' sorrow's night, and danger's path, A - mid the deepening gloom, We, followers of our suffering Lord, Are marching to the tomb.

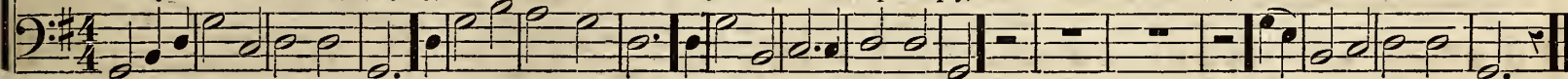
2. There, when the turmoil is no more, And all our powers de - cay, Our cold remains in sol - i - tude Shall sleep the years a - way.



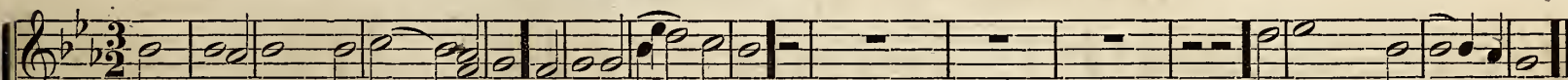
1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.



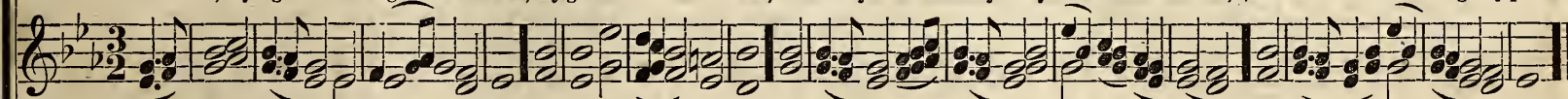
2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be exalted thus!" "Worthy the Lamb!" our lips re - ply, "For he was slain for us, For he was slain for us."



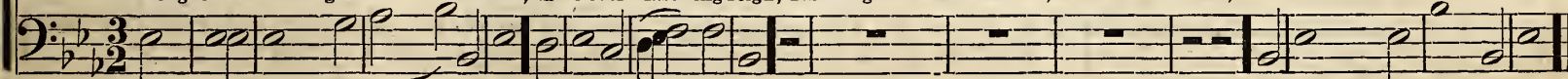
DOUGLASS. C. M.



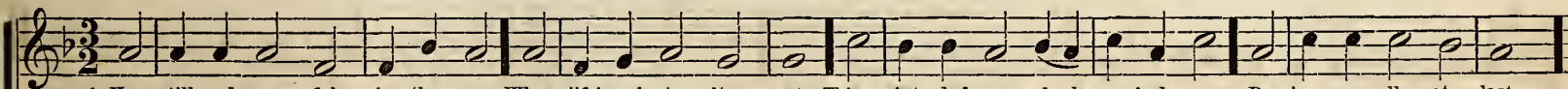
1. To thee, my righteous King and Lord, My grateful soul I'll raise; From day to day thy works re - cord, And ev - er sing thy praise.



2. Throughout all a - ges shall en - dure, Thine ever - last - ing reign; Thine high do - min - ion, firm and sure, For - ev - er shall remain.



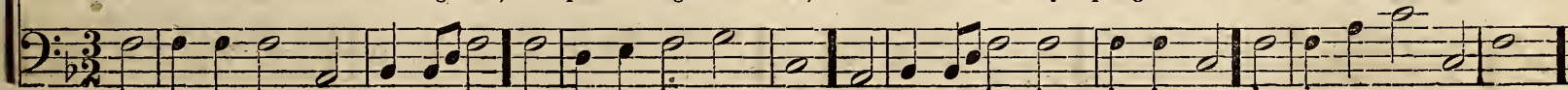
DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.



1. How still and peace - ful is the grave, Where life's vain tumults past, Th'appoint - ed house, by heaven's decree, Receives us all at last.



2. The wicked there from troubling cease, Their passions rage no more; And there the wea - ry pil - grim rests From all the toils he bore.



1. Father of mercies, in thy word What endless glo - ry shines! For - ev - er be thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.

2. Here my Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace a-round; And life and ev - er - last - ing joys At - tend the bliss - ful sound.

DUNDEE. C. M. (Called also FRENCH).

SCOTCH PSALTER.

1. Is there am - bi - tion in my heart? Search, gracious God, and see; Or do I act a haughty part? Lord, I ap - peal to thee.

2. Whate'er thine all - dis - cern - ing eye Sees for thy creature fit, I'll bless the good, and to the ill Con - tent - ed - ly sub - mit.

ELIM. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Through all the changing scenes of life, In trou - ble and in joy,
The prais - es of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ,
From my ex - am - ple com - fort take And charm their griefs to rest.

2. Of his de - liv - erance I will boast, Till all that are distressed,

ELLEVER. C. M.

171

Legato. *f* *m* *Cres.* *Dim.*

1. My shep-herd will supply my need, Je-ho-vah is his name; In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Be-side the liv-ing stream.

2. He brings my wand'ring spirit back When I forsake his ways, And leads me for his mer-cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

E. IVES.

1. O! for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame; A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and his word?

ELON. C. M.

1. Let all the lands with shouts of joy, To God their voi-ces raise; Sing psalms in hon-or of his name, And spread his glo-rious praise.

2. And let them say-how dreadful, Lord, In all thy works art thou! To thy great power thy stub-born foes Shall all be forced to bow.

EDGETON. C. M.

1. Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known: The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim, And bow before his throne, And bow before his throne.

2. When in his earth - ly courts we view The glories of our King, We long to love as angels do, And wish like them to sing, And wish like them to sing.

EDMESTON. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY, FROM THE TIMBREL.

With Gentleness and Precision.

When the worn spirit wants repose, And sighs her God to seek, How sweet to hail the evening close, That ends the weary week, That ends the weary week.

EVAN. No. 1. C. M.

HAVERGAL, ORIGINAL FORM.*

Slowly. gently.

1. In mer - cy, Lord, re - mem - ber me, Thro' all the hours of night, And grant to me m ra - clous - ly The safeguard of thy might.

2. With cheerful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not re - move; Oh, in the morning let me rise, Re - joic - ing in thy love.

* See this tune in different time, page 173. Another popular form is 2-4 time, with half notes for first and last notes of each line of hymn.

ENFIELD. C. M. Double.

B. CHANDLER.

173

1. Now shall my in - ward joys a - rise, And burst in - to a song; Al - might-y love inspires my heart, And pleas - ure tunes my tongue.

3. Why do we then in - dulse our fears, Sus - pi - cions and com - plaints? Is He a God, and shall His grace Grow wea - ry of his saints?

2. God on his thirs-ty Si - on hill Some mer - cy drops has thrown, And sol - emn oaths have bound his love, To shower sal - va - tion down.

4. Can a kind wo-man e'er for - get The in - fant of her womb, And, 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts, Her suck - ling have no room.

EVAN. C. M. No. 2.

1. In mer - cy, Lord, re - mem - ber me Through all the hours of night; And grant to me most gra - cious - ly, The safe - guard of thy might.

2. With cheerful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not re - move, Oh, in the morning let me rise, Re - joic - ing in thy love!

EXNOR. C. M. Double.

1. Come, O ye saints, your voices raise To God, in grate-ful songs; And let the memory of his grace Inspire your hearts and tongues.

3. To thee, my God, 'oppressed with grief, I breathed my hum-ble cry, Thy mer-cy brought divine re-lief, And wiped my weep-ing eye.

2. Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads, And light and hope depart, His face ce-les-tial morning sheds, And joy re-vives the heart. And joy re-vives the heart, And joy, &c.

4. Thy mercy chased the shades of death, And snatched me from the grave: Oh may thy praise employ that breath, Which mercy deigns to save, Which mercy deigns to save.

And joy, &c.
Which mercy, &c.

FAIRPORT. C. M.

DR L. MASON.

1. Come, O thou King of all thy saints, Our humble trib-ute own, While with our praises and complaints, We bow before thy throne, We bow before thy throne.

2. How should our songs, like those above, With warm de-vo-tion rise! How should our souls, on wings of love, Mount upward to the skies, Mount upward to the skies.

1. Soon as I heard my Fa-ther say, "Ye chil-dren, seek my grace," My heart re-plied with-out de-lay,

3. Should friends and kin-dred, near and dear, Leave me to want and die; My God will make my life his care,

mp *mf fz* *fz*

FARNHAM. C. M. Double.

"I'll seek my Father's face. I'll seek my Father's face."

1. { Dear Re-fuge of my wea-ry soul, On .
{ On thee, when waves of trou-ble roll, My

3. { Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? And
{ And can the ear of sovereign grace Be

Dim. *Cres.* *Dim.*

And all my need sup-ply, And all my need sup-ply.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

thee, when sorrows rise— } To thee I tell each ris-ing grief, For thou a-lone canst heal; Thy word can bring a sweet re-lief For eve-ry pain I feel.
faint-ing hope re-lies. }

shall I seek in vain? } No: still the ear of sovereign grace Attends the mourner's prayer; Oh, may I ev-er find ac-cess To breathe my sorrows there!
deaf when I com-plain? }

1. Oh that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his statutes sth! Oh that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will!

2. Oh send thy Spir - it down, to write Tny law up-on my heart; Nor let my tongue in - dulse de - ceit, Nor act the li - ar's part.

FIELD. C. M.

HILLER.

Allegro Maestoso.

Cres.

Dim.

1. To God, our strength, your voice aloud, In strains of glo - ry raise; The great Je - hovah, Jacob's God, Exalt in notes of praise, Ex - alt in notes of praise.

2. Now let the gos - pel trumpet blow On each ap - point - ed feast, And teach his waiting church to know The Sabbath's sacred rest, The Sabbath's sacred rest.

FLEMMING. C. M.

Allegretto.

1. To God, our strength, your voice aloud, In strains of glory raise; The great Je - hovah, Ja - cob's God, Exalt in notes of praise, Exalt in notes of praise.

2. Now let the gospel trumpet blow On each appointed feast, And teach his waiting church to know The Sabbath's sacred rest, The Sabbath's sacred rest.

Slow.

1. I love the Lord, he heard my cries And pi - tied eve - ry groan: Long as I live, when trou - bles rise,

2. I love the Lord, he bowed his ear, And chased my grief a - way: O, let my heart no more de-spair,

GENEVA. C. M.

JOHN COLE.

Moderato.

I'll hast-en to his throne, I'll hasten to his throne.

While I have breath to pray While I have breath to pray.

When all thy mercies, O my God,

When all thy mer - cies, O my God,

When all thy mer-cies, O my God,

When all thy mercies, O my God,

My ris-ing soul surveys, Trans - port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

My ris-ing soul sur - veys, Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

My ris - ing soul sur - veys, Trans-ported with the view I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.

1. To Thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord, A grate-ful song I'll raise; Oh let the hum-blest of thy flock At-tempt to speak thy praise.

2. My life, my joy, my hope, I owe To thine a-maz-ing love; Ten thousand thousand comforts here, And no-bler bliss a-bove.

GIVE. C. M.

J. GRIGGS.

Bold, and not too slow.

1. Come, let us join our souls to God In ev-er-last-ing bands, And seize the bless-ings he bestows With ea-ger hearts and hands.

2. Come, let us to his tem-ple haste, And seek his fa-vor there; Be-fore his foot-stool hum-bly bow, And of-fer fer-vent prayer.

GRAFTON. C. M.

1. How oft, a-las! this wretch-ed heart Has wandered from the Lord; How oft my rov-ing thoughts depart, For-get-tul of his word.

2. Yet sov-erign mercy calls, "Re-turn," Dear Lord, and may I come? My vile in-grat-i-tude I mourn; Oh, take the wan-d'r'er home.

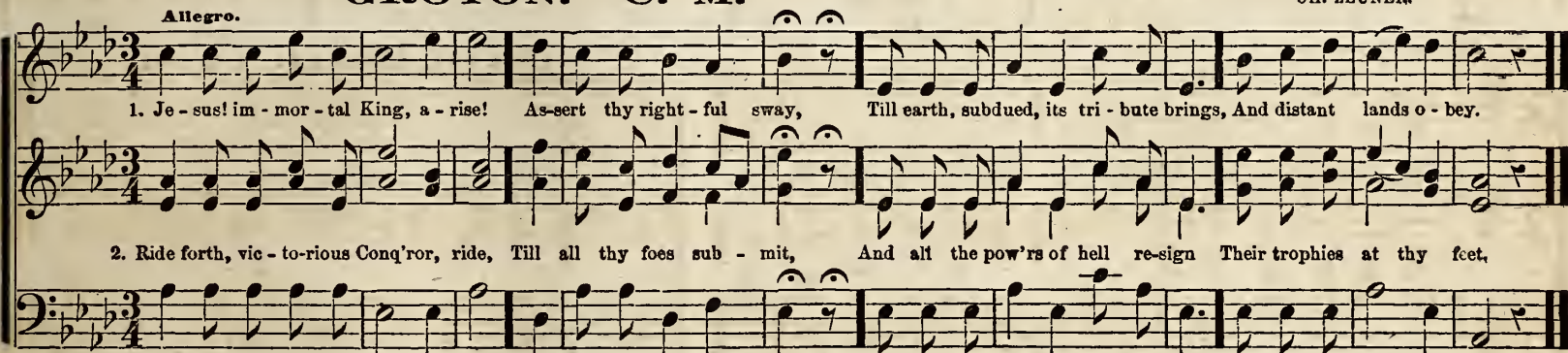


Great God, at-tend my hum-ble call, Nor hear my cries in vain; Oh let thy grace pre-vent my fall, And still my hope sus-tain.

GROTON. C. M.

CH. ZEUNER.

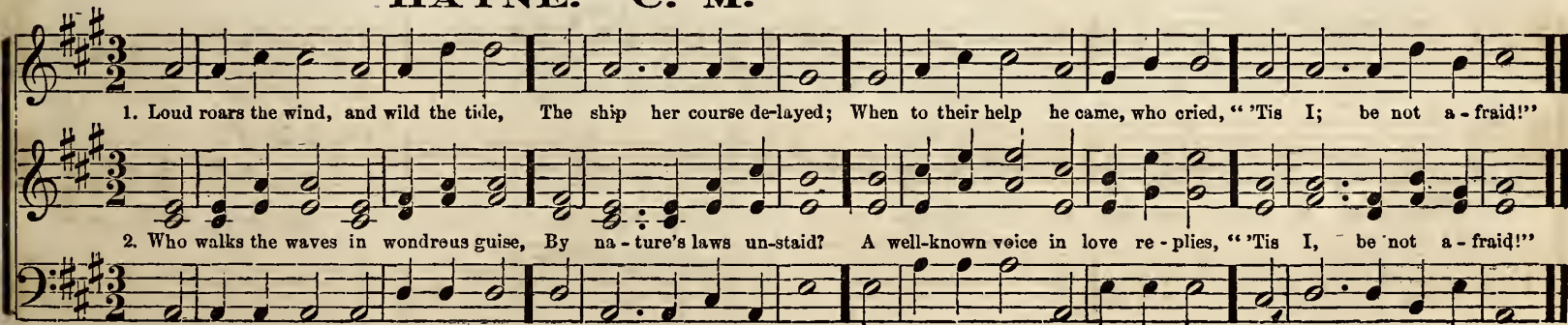
Allegro.



1. Je-sus! im-mor-tal King, a-rise! As-sert thy right-ful sway, Till earth, subdued, its tri-bute brings, And distant lands o-bey.

2. Ride forth, vic-to-rious Conq'ror, ride, Till all thy foes sub-mit, And all the pow'rs of hell re-sign Their trophies at thy feet,

HAYNE. C. M.



1. Loud roars the wind, and wild the tide, The ship her course de-layed; When to their help he came, who cried, "'Tis I; be not a-fraid!'"

2. Who walks the waves in wondrous guise, By na-ture's laws un-staid? A well-known voice in love re-plies, "'Tis I, be not a-fraid!'"

1. Oh, where is he that trod the sea? Oh, where is he that spake, And lep - ers from their pains are free, And slaves their fet - ters break?
And, on the darkened, blinded eyes, Glad beams of morning spring.

2. Oh, where is he that trod the sea? Oh, where is he that spake, And de - mons from their vic - tims flee, The dead from slumber wake?
And let thy heal - ing, quickening word, Our ru - ined souls re - store.

HADLEIGH. C. M.

D.S.

Moderato.

The lame and pal - sied free - ly rise, With joy the dumb do sing;

Here, here art thou, al - migh - ty Lord! Oh, speak to us once more,

I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spir - it faints a - way, Without thy cheer - ing grace, With - out thy cheer - ing grace.

Be - neath a burn - ing sky, Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, And they must drink, or die, And they must drink or lie.

HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.

W. B. BRALBURY

181

1. With reverence let the saints ap - pear, And bow be - fore the Lord; His high commands with reverence hear, And trem - ble at his

2. Great God! how high thy glo - ries rise! How bright thine ar - mies shine! Where is the power that with thee vies, Or truth compared to

HARDY. C. M. 36th P. M.

word, And trem - ble at his word.

thine, Or truth compared to thine.

1. Dear Ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, On thee when sor - rows rise,

2. To thee I tell each ris - ing grief, For thou a - lone canst heal;

On thee when waves of trou - ble roll, On thee when waves of trou - ble roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.

Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief, Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief For eve - ry pain I feel.

1. I love to steal awhile away From every cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer, In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear, And all his prom-is-es to plead Where none but God can hear, Where none but God can hear.

HALE. C. M.

1. Oh, hap-py is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice; And who ce-les-tial wis-dom makes His ear-ly, on-ly choice.

2. For she hath treasures greater far Than east and west un-fold; And her re-wards more pre-cious are Than all their stores of gold.

HERMON. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Oh, praise the Lord, for he is good; In him we rest . . ob-tain: His mer-cy has through ages stood, And ev-er shall re-main.

2. Let all the peo-ple of the Lord His praises spread a-round; *mf* Let them his grace and love re-cord, Who have sal-va-tion found.

Slow.

1. Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, Bri - dal of earth and sky; The dew shall weep thy fall to-night, For thou, alas! must die, For thou, a - las! must die.

2. Sweet rose! in air whose odors wave, And col - or charms the eye; Thy root is e - ven in the ground, And thou, alas! must die, And thou, a - las! must die,

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND.

With energy.

1. 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of e - ter - nal power! The sea grows calm at thy com - mand, And tem - pests cease to roav

2. Thy morning light and evening shade Successive ef - forts bring; Thy plen - teous fruits make har - vest glad; Thy flowers a - dorn the spring.

HEATH. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. The Lord him - self, the mighty Lord! Vouchsafes to be my guide; The Shep - herd, by whose con - stant care My wants are all supplied.

2. In ten - der grass he makes me feed, And gent - ly there re - pose; Then leads me to cool shades, and where Re - fresh - ing wa - ter flows.

1. Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known, The sovereign of your hearts proclaim, And bow be-fore the throne.

2. Be-hold your King, your Saviour crowned With glo-ries all di-vine; And tell the wondering nations round, How bright these glo-ries shine.

HOLBEIN. C. M.

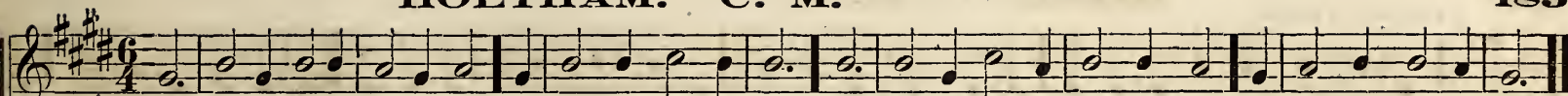
1. O God of hosts, the might-y Lord, How love-ly is the place, Where, in thy glo-ry, we be-hold The brightness of thy face!

2. My longing soul faints with de-sire To view thy blest a-bode; My pant-ing heart and flesh cry out For thee, the liv-ing God.

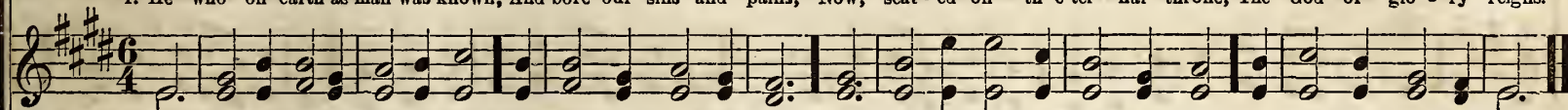
HOLLAND. L. M.

1. O gift of gifts! O Grace of faith! My God, how can it be That thou, who hast dis-cern-ing love, Shouldst give that gift to me!

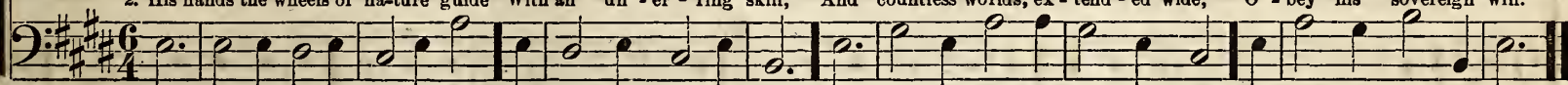
2. How ma-n-y hearts thou might'st have had More in-no-cent than mine! How ma-n-y souls more wor-thy far Of that pure touch of thine!



1. He who on earth as man was known, And bore our sins and pains, Now, seat-ed on th'e-ter-nal throne, The God of glo-ry reigns.

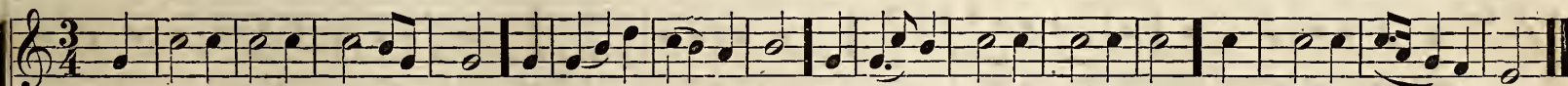


2. His hands the wheels of na-ture guide With an un-er-ring skill, And countless worlds, ex-tend-ed wide, O-bey his sovereign will.

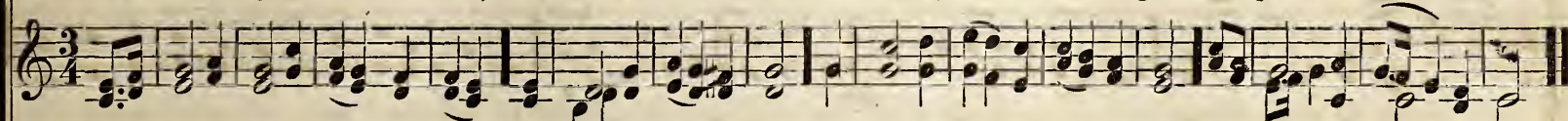


HOWARD. C. M.

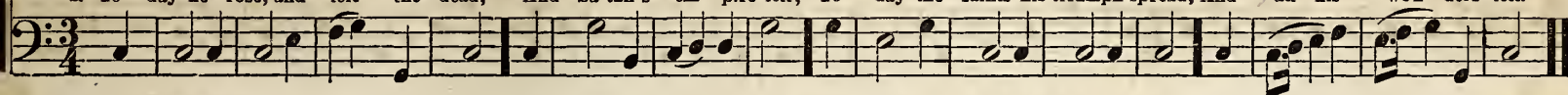
MRS. CUTHBERT.



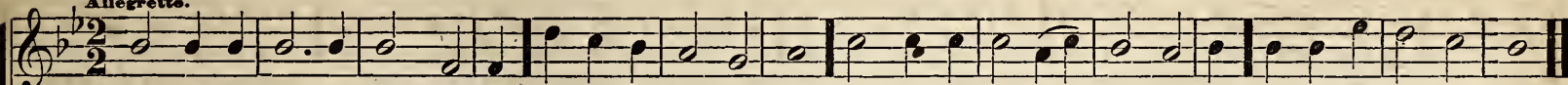
1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own: Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise sur-round the throne.



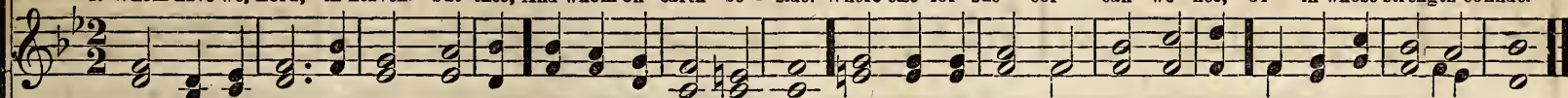
2. To-day he rose, and left the dead, And Sa-tan's em-pire fell; To-day the saints his triumph spread, And all his won-ders tell.



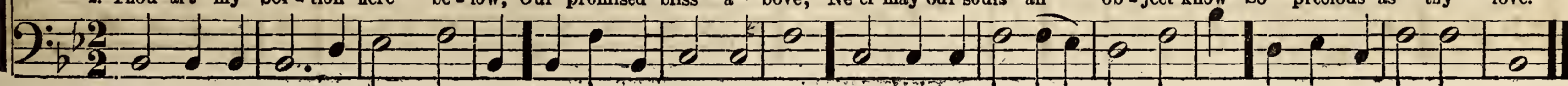
INEVEH. C. M.

Allegretto.

1. Whom have we, Lord, in heaven. but thee, And whom on earth be-side? Where else for suc-cor can we flee, Or in whose strength confide?



2. Thou art my por-tion here be-low, Our promised bliss a-bove; Ne'er may our souls an ob-ject know So precious as thy love.



Andantino Amoroso.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight When those that love the Lord, In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And thus ful - fil his word. 2. When

3. When, free from en - vy, scorn and pride, Our wish - es all a - bove, Each can his broth - er's fail - ings hide, And show a brother's love. 4. When

each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart, And joy from heart to heart.

love, in one de - light - ful stream Thro' eve - ry bo - som flows; And union sweet, and dear esteem, In eve - ry ac - tion glows, In eve - ry ac - tion glows.

HUMMEL. C. M.

CH. ZEUNER.

Allegro, Assai.

1. Awake, ye saints, to praise your King, Your sweetest passions raise; Your pi - ous pleasure, while you sing, Increas - ing with the praise.

2. Great is the Lord; and works unknown Are his divine em - ploy: But still his saints are near his throne, His treasure and his joy.

JASPER. C. M. Double.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

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mp Allegretto. *Dim.* *mp* *Dim.*

1. There is a ci - ty fair and bright, That eye hath nev - er seen, Where ev - er dwell - eth pure delight, And heavenly peace se - rene.

3. There liv - ing wa - ters ceaseless flow From out the heav - en - ly throne: There fair - est fruits per - en - nial grow, And want is nev - er known.

2. High walls of precious gems and gold Se - cure from eve - ry ill..... Unheard of bliss and joys un - told With - in its bor - ders dwell:

4. Nor sun by day, nor moon by night, This heavenly ci - ty needs..... But glo - ry sheds a crys - tal light That nev - er wanes nor fades.

JORDAN. C. M. Double.

BILLINGS.

D.C.

Fine.

1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; }
 { In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, [Omit.....] } And pleasures banish pain. 2. There ev - er - last - ing spring abides, And nev - er - failing flowers;
 Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.

1. Ye trembling souls, dis-miss your fears, Be mer-cy all your theme; Mer-cy, which like a riv-er, flows In one per-pet-ual stream.

2. Fear not the powers of earth and hell, Those powers will God re-strain; His arm shall all their rage re-pel, And make their ef-forts vain,

KENDALL. C. M.

CLARK.

1. Fa-ther, how wide thy glo-ry shines!

2. Those might-y orbs pro-claim thy power,

His arm shall all their rage re-pel, And make their ef-forts vain.

How high thy won-ders rise! Known through the earth by thou-sand signs, By thou-sands through the skies.

Their mo-tions speak thy skill; And on the wings of eve-ry hour We read thy pa-tience still.

1. Oh that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his statutes still! Oh that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will!

2. *mf* Oh, send thy Spir-it down, to write Thy law up-on my heart; Nor let my tongue in-dulge de- ceit, Nor act the li-ar's part.

The musical score for 'LAWN. C. M.' is written for three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs) in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff contains the melody for the first verse. The second and third staves provide harmonic accompaniment. The second verse begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking.

LA MIRA. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord In one an-other's peace de-light, And so ful-fill his word.

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part! When sor-row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

The musical score for 'LA MIRA. C. M.' is written for three staves in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The first verse is marked with a common time signature (C) and the second verse is marked with a 3/4 time signature.

LEAF. C. M.

ARR. BY W. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is an hour of hallowed peace, For those with cares oppressed, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest, And all be hushed to rest.

2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts, which here annoy,; Then they, who oft have sown in tears, Shall reap again in joy, Shall reap a-gain in joy.

The musical score for 'LEAF. C. M.' is written for three staves in 3/4 time with a key signature of three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The first verse is marked with a common time signature (C) and the second verse is marked with a 3/4 time signature.



1. { How did my heart re - joice to hear My friends de - vout - ly say: }
 { "In Zi - on let us all ap - pear, And keep the sol - emn day." } 2. I love her gates, I love the road; The church, adorned with grace,

3. { Up to her courts, with joys unknown, The ho - ly tribes re - pair; }
 { The Son of Da - vid holds his throne, And sits in judgment there. } 4. He hears our prais-es and complaints, And, while his aw - ful voice

LANESBORO. C. M. ENGLISH.



Stands like a pal - ace, built for God, To show his mild - er face.

Di - vides the sin - ners from the saints, We trem - ble and re - joice.

1. Early, my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face;

2. So pilgrims on the burn - ing sand, Be - neath a burn - ing sky,

My thirs - ty spir - it faints a - way, My thirs - ty spir - it faints a - way, With - out thy cheer - ing grace.

Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

1. Oh, all ye lands, in God re-joice, To him your thanks belong; To him your thanks belong; In strains of glad-ness, raise your

2. Oh, en-ter ye his courts with praise, His love to all proclaim; His love to all pro-claim; To God the song of tri-umph

LINDENVILLE. C. M.

voice, In loud and joy-ful song, In loud and joy-ful song, In loud and joy-ful song.

raise, And mag-ni-fy his name, And mag-ni-fy his name, And mag-ni-fy his name.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Your great De-liverer sing: Ye pil-grims, now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in your King, Be joy-ful in your King.

How peaceful and how plain! The sim-plest trav-'ler need not err, Nor seek the path in vain, Nor seek the path in vain.

1. Ye youth-ful hearts, with vigor warm, In smiling crowds draw near; And turn from ev'-ry mor-tal charm, A Sa-viour's voice to hear.

2. The soul that longs to see his face, Is sure his love to gain; And those who ear-ly seek his grace, Shall nev-er seek in vain.

LONDON. C. M.

SCOTCH SALTER, 1635.

1. Let eve-ry tongue thy good-ness speak, Thou sovereign Lord of all; Thy power-ful hands up-hold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.

2. With long-ing eyes thy crea-tures wait On thee for dai-ly food; Thy lib-eral hand pro-vides their meat, And fills their mouth with good.

LYNN. C. M.

CH. ZEUNER.

Allegro Assai.

1. E-ter-nal wisdom, thee we praise, Thee all thy creatures sing; While with thy name rocks, hills, and seas, And heaven's high palace rings, And heaven's &c.

2. Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky! How glorious to behold! Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye, And starred with sparkling gold, And starred with sparkling gold.

MAJESTY. C. M. Double.

WM. BILLINGS.

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With vigor.

The Lord de-scend-ed from a-bove, And bowed the heav'ns most high; And un-der-neath his feet he cast

The dark.....ness of the sky. Full roy-al-ly he rode:
The dark.....ness of the sky. On cher-ubs, and on cher-u-bim, Full roy-al-ly he rode:

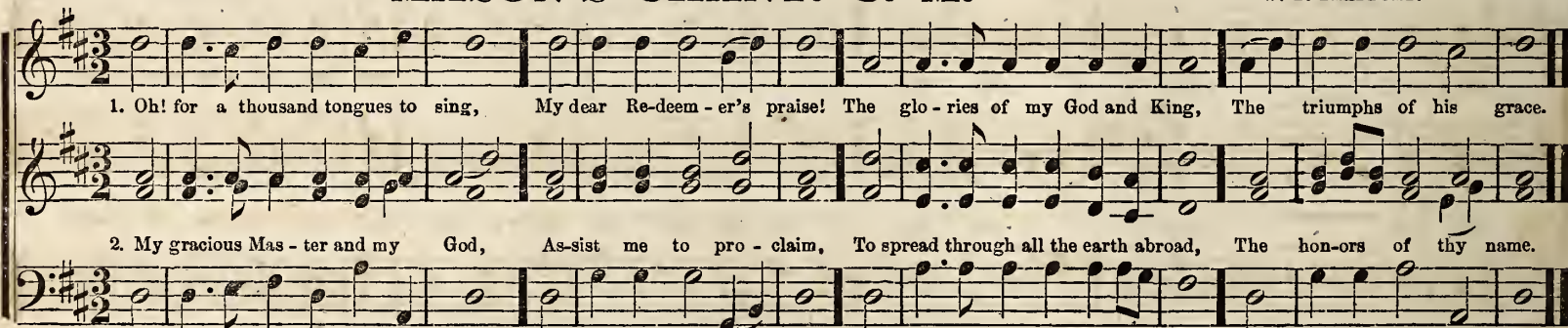
And on the wings of mighty winds, Came fly-ing all a-broad, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came fly-ing all a-broad.



Oh, gracious God, in whom I live, My fee-ble efforts aid; Help me to watch, and pray and strive, Though trembling and a-fraid.

MASON'S CHANT. C. M.

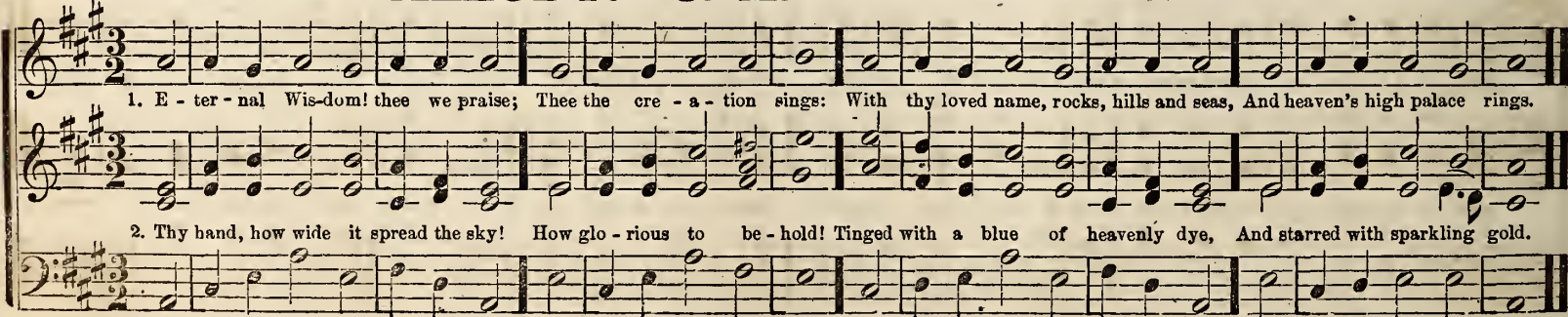
W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing, My dear Re-deem-er's praise! The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

2. My gracious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim, To spread through all the earth abroad, The hon-ors of thy name.

MELODY. C. M.



1. E-ter-nal Wis-dom! thee we praise; Thee the cre-a-tion sings: With thy loved name, rocks, hills and seas, And heaven's high palace rings.

2. Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky! How glo-rious to be-hold! Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye, And starred with sparkling gold.

1. Oh 'twas a joy-ful sound to hear Our tribes de-vout-ly say, "Up Is-ra-el, to your tem-ple haste, And keep your fes-tal day!"

2. At Salem's courts we must ap-pear, With our as-sen-bled pow'rs, In strong and beauteous order rang'd, Like her u-ni-ted tow'rs.

MARTYRS. C. M.

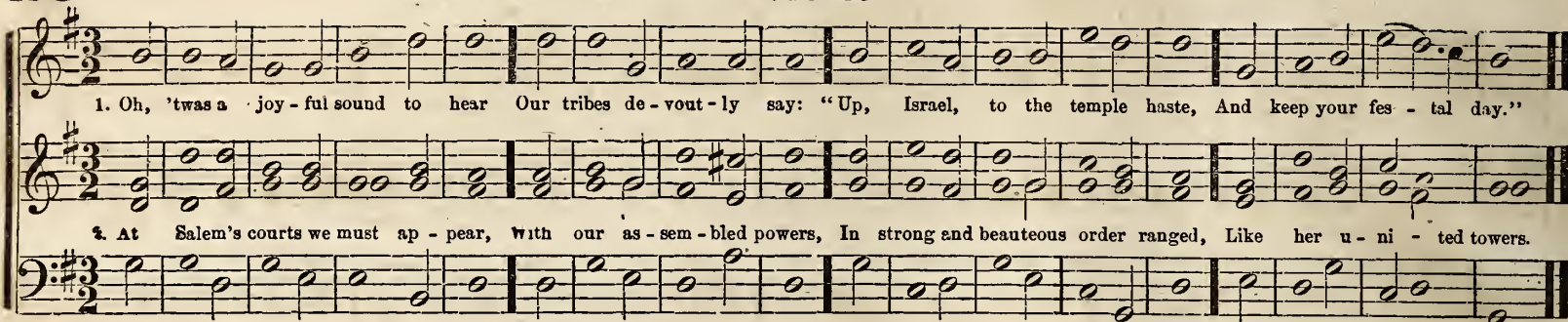
1. Thee we a-dore, E-ter-nal Name! And hum-bly own to thee How fee-ble is our mor-tal frame, What dy-ing worms are we!

2. The year rolls round and steals a-way The breath that first it gave; Whate'er we do, wher-e'er we be, We're trav'ling to the grave.

MARLOW. C. M.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis-tant lands, Ye tribes of eve-ry tongue; His new dis-cov-ered grace demands A new and no-ble song.

2. Say to the na-tions—Je-sus reigns, God's own almight-y son His power the sink-ing world sus-tains, And grace surrounds his throne.

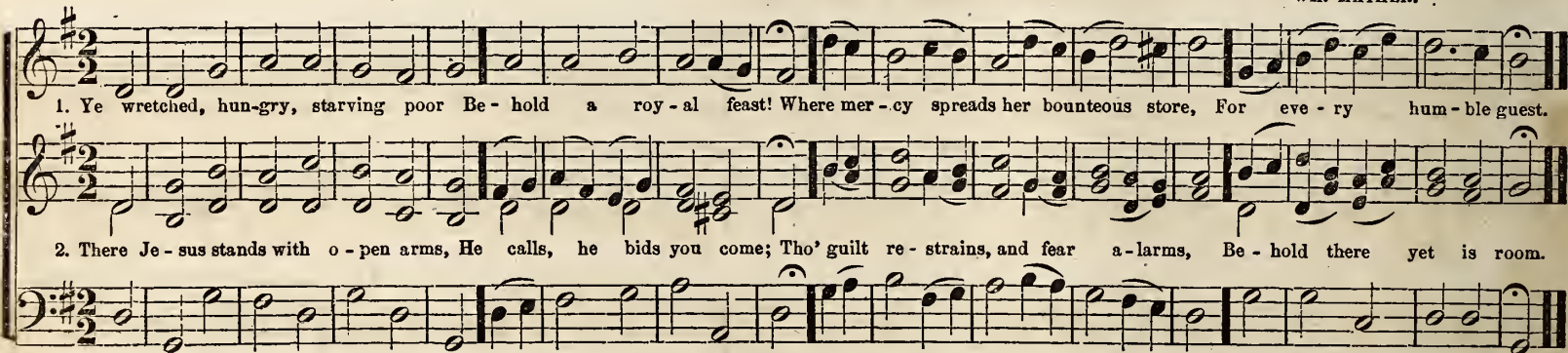


1. Oh, 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say: "Up, Israel, to the temple haste, And keep your fes - tal day."

2. At Salem's courts we must ap - pear, With our as - sem - bled powers, In strong and beauteous order ranged, Like her u - ni - ted towers.

MEDFIELD. C. M.

WM. MATHER.



1. Ye wretched, hun - gry, starving poor Be - hold a roy - al feast! Where mer - cy spreads her bounteous store, For eve - ry hum - ble guest.

2. There Je - sus stands with o - pen arms, He calls, he bids you come; Tho' guilt re - strains, and fear a - larms, Be - hold there yet is room.

MERTON. C. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

In the declamatory style.



1. Ye gold - en lamps of heaven, fare - well, With all your fee - ble light; Fare - well, thou ev - er chang - ing moon, Pale mis - tress of the night.

2. And thou, re - ful - gent orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed, My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thine aid.

Solemn.

1. Teach me the measure of my days, Thou Ma-ker of my frame; I would sur-vey life's nar-row space, And learn how frail I am.

2. Now I for-bid my car-nal hope, My fond de-sires re-call; I give my mor-tal in-terest up, And make my Lord my all

MOREH. C. M. Double.

DR. LOWELL MASON

Steady and equal time.

1. We love thy ho-ly tem-ple, Lord, For there thou deignst to dwell; And there the her-alds of thy word Of all thy mer-cies tell.

3. A-round thine al-tar will we kneel In pen-i-tence sin-cere, A Saviour's mer-cy deeply feel, And words of par-don hear.

Cres.

2. There in thy pure and cleansing fount, Washed from each guil-ty stain, Our souls on wings of faith shall mount, To heaven's e-ter-nal fane.

4. Or, mingling with the cho-ral throng, Our joy-ful voi-ces raise, And pour the full, me-lo-dious song, In notes of grateful praise.

1. Searcher of hearts, from mine erase All thoughts that should not be; And in its deep recesses trace, And in its deep recesses trace My grat-i-tude to thee.

2. Hearer of prayer! O guide a-right Each word and deed of mine; Life's battle teach me how to fight, Life's battle teach me how to fight, And be the vict'ry thine.

NAOMI. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Father, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'reign will de-nies, Accept-ed at the throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise.

2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From eve-ry murmur free, The blessings of thy grace impart, And let me live to thee.

NARO. C. M.

Slowly, gently.

1. Hap-py the home, when God is there, And love fills eve-ry breast; Where one their wish, and one their prayer, And one their heaven-ly rest.

2. Hap-py the home, where Jesus' name is sweet to eve-ry ear: Where children ear-ly lisp his fame, And parents hold him dear.

3. Hap-py the home where prayer is heard, And praise is wont to rise; Where parents love his sa-cred word, And live but for the skies.

Mezzo. Cres. Dim.

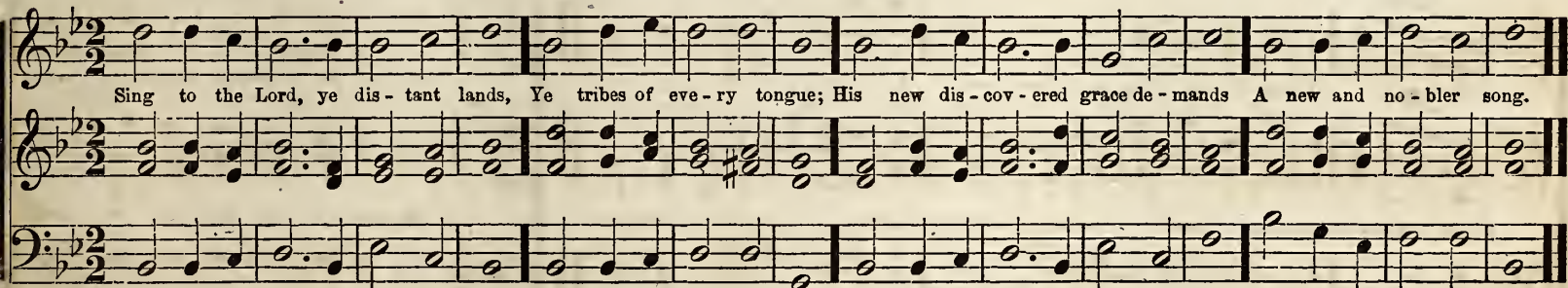


1. O hap - py land! O hap - py land! Where saints and angels dwell; We long to join that glorious band, And all their anthems swell.

2. But eve - ry voice in yen - der throng On earth has breathed a prayer; No lips untaught may join that song, Or learn the mu - sic there.

NEW PATMOS. C. M.

CH. ZEUNER.



Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of eve - ry tongue; His new dis - cov - ered grace de - mands A new and no - bler song.

NEW YORK TUNE.



1. Thy goodness, Lord, our souls con - fess; Thy goodness we a - dore: A spring, whose blessings never fail; A sea with - out a shore.

2. Sun, moon, and stars, thy love at - test In eve - ry gold - en ray; Love draws the curtains of the night, And love brings back the day.

1. From the third heaven where God resides, That ho-ly hap-py place, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, Adorned with shining

1. From the third heaven, where God resides, That ho-ly, hap-py place, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A -

NICHOLS. C. M.

Allegro.

grace, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned with shi - ning grace.

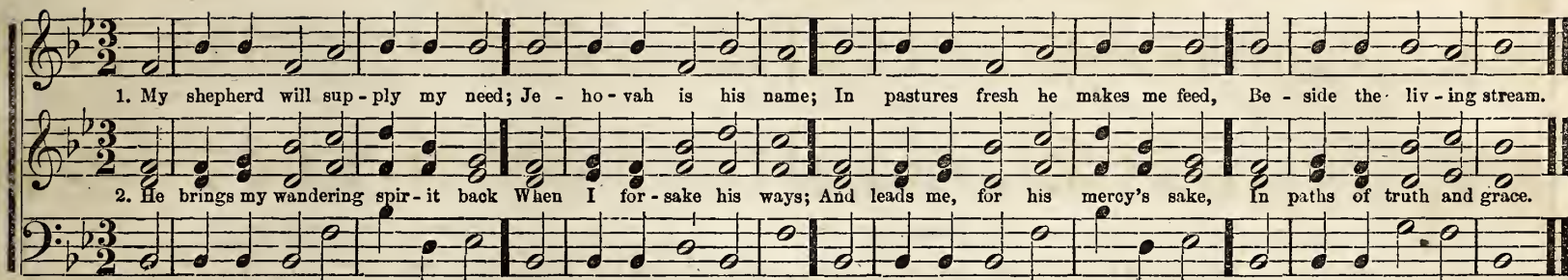
dorned with shining grace, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, Adorned with shi - ning grace.

1. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord,

2. His hand di - vine shall lead you on,

Your great De - liv - erer sing, Ye pil - grims now for Zi - on bound, Be joy - ful in your King, Be joy - ful in your King.

Through all the bliss - ful road; Till to the sa - cred mount you rise, And see your gracious God, And see your gracious God.



1. My shepherd will sup- ply my need; Je - ho - vah is his name; In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.

2. He brings my wandering spir - it back When I for - sake his ways; And leads me, for his mercy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

NICHOLSON. C. M.

G. HEWS.



1. Father of mer - cies, in thy word, What end-less glo - ry shines! For - ev - er be thy name adored For these ce - les - tial lines.

2. Here my Re - deem - er's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace a - round; And life and ev - er - last - ing joys At - tend the bliss - ful sound.

Alto.

NOEL. C. M.

Andante.



1. Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess, Thy goodness we a - dore; A spring, whose bles - sings nev - er fail— A sea without a shore.

2. Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare In eve - ry golden ray; Love draws the cur - tains of the night, And love brings back the day.

m *Cres.* *mf* *Dolce.*

How long, dear Saviour, O how long, Shall this bright hour de - lay? Fly

How long, dear Saviour, O how long, Shall this bright hour de - lay? Fly swift - er round the wheel of time, Fly swift - er round the

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

swift - er round the wheel of time, And bring the wel - come day.

bring the wel - come day, And bring the wel - come day.

wheel of time, And bring the wel - come day.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up-on - the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.

When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re-fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word, Of Je - sus and his word.

OCEAN. C. M. Double.

SWAN.

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Very fast.

Thy works of glo - ry, mighty Lord, That rule the boisterous sea, The sons of courage shall re - cord,

Thy works of glo - ry, mighty Lord, That rule the boisterous sea, The sons of courage shall re - cord,

Thy works of glo - ry, mighty Lord, That rule the boisterous sea, The sons of courage shall re - cord,

Who tempt that dangerous way, At thy com - mand the winds a - rise,

Who tempt that dangerous way. At thy command the winds arise, And swell the tower - ing waves, And

Who tempt that dangerous way. At thy command the winds a - rise, And swell the towering waves.....

The men, as - ton-ished, mount the skies, And sink in gap - - ing graves.

swell..... the towering waves: The men, as - tou-ished, mount the skies, And sink in gap - - ing graves.

1. E - ter - nal Spir - it! God of truth! Our contrite hearts inspire; Kindle a flame of ho - ly love - The pure, ce - les - tial fire.

2. 'Tis thine to soothe the sor - row - ing, With guilt and fear oppressed; 'Tis thine to bid the dy - ing live, And give the wear - y rest.

OORAL. C. M.

WILLIAM MASON.

1. How calm the evening falls a - round, Each breath of air is still; Save where are wai'd with gen - tle sound, The leaves on yon - der hill.

2. The stars from out their tent of blue, Look down with qui - et eyes, Till bursts, in splen - dor on the view, The em - press of the skies.

OTTO. C. M.

1. I love to steal a - while, a - way, From eve - ry cumbering care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In humble, grate - ful prayer.

2. I love, in sol - i - tude to shed, The pen - i - ten - tial tear; And all his prom - is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.

1. No change of time shall ev - er shock My trust, O Lord, in thee; For thou hast al-ways been my rock, A sure defence to me.

2. Thou our de - liv-er-er art, O God; Our trust is in thy power; Thou art our shield from foes abroad, Our safe - guard and our tower.

PALMER. C. M.

1. Blest morning! whose young dawning rays Be - held our ris - ing God! That saw him tri - umph o'er the dust, And leave his dark a - bode.

2. In the cold pris - on of a tomb The great Re-deem-er lay, Till the re - volv - ing skies had brought The third, th' appointed day.

PATMOS. C. M.

Chant.

1. Oh, for an o - ver - com - ing faith To cheer my dy - ing hours! To triumph o'er the mon-ster, Death, And all his frightful powers.

2. Joyful, with all the strength I have, My quivering lips should sing, Where is thy boast - ed vic-tory, grave? And where the monster's sting?

1. I waited pa-tient for the Lord: He bowed to hear my cry; He saw me rest-ing on his word, He saw me rest-ing

2. He raised me from a hor-rid pit, Where, mourning, long I lay, And from my bonds re-leased my feet, And from my bonds re-

PEORIA. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.

on his word, And brought sal-va-tion nigh.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The

2. Soon as the morn the light re-vealed, His

Sa-viour's par-doning blood. Ap-plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

prais-es tuned my tongue; And when the eve-ning shades pre-vailed, His love was all my song.

1. Lord, at thy ta - ble I be - hold The wonders of thy grace; But most of all ad - mire that I Should find a wel - come place—

2. I, who am all de - filed with sin, A reb - el to my God! I, who have cru - ci - fied thy Son, And tram - pled on his blood.

PHUVAH. C. M.

1. To him who loved the souls of men, And washed us in his blood, To roy - al hon - ors raised our head, And made us priests to God;—

2. To him let eve - ry tongue be praise, And eve - ry heart be love; All grate - ful hon - ors paid on earth, And no - bler songs a - bove!

PRAYER. C. M.

T. J. COOK.

1. Hear, gracious God, my humble moan, To thee I breathe my sighs; When will the mournful night be gone? When shall my joys a - rise?

2. Yet, tho' my soul in darkness mourns, Thy prom - ise is my stay; Here would I rest till light re - turns — Thy pres - ence makes my day.

Dim.

1. Be - hold the west - ern eve - ning light! It melts in deep - 'ning gloom; } De - scend - ing to the tomb.
So calm - ly Chris - tians sinks a - way, *Omit.*

Dim.

2. The winds breathe low, the quiver - ing leaf Scarce whis - pers from the tree: } When good men cease to be.
So gent - ly flows the part - ing breath, *Omit.*

PINCKNEY. C. M.

Gently, smoothly.

1. I love the Lord, he heard my cries, And pit-ied eve - ry groan; Long as I live, when troubles rise, I'll has - ten to his throne.

2. I love the Lord, he bowed his ear, And chased my grief a - way: Oh let my heart no more de-spair, While I have breath to pray:

PRESTON. C. M.

1. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm: Let thine out-stretch-ed wing Be like the shade of E - lim's palm, Be - side her des - ert spring.

2. Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude The sounds my ear that greet, — Calm in the clos - et's sol - i - tude, Calm in the bus - tling street.

First time. Second time.

1. My Saviour! my al-might-y Friend! When I be-gin thy praise, Where will the grow-ing numbers end, The numbers of thy grace? And since I knew thy gra-ces first, 2. Thou art my ev-er-last-ing trust;

3. My feet shall trav-el all the length Of the ce-les-tial road; And march, with courage in thy strength, To see my Fath-er, God. 4. When I am filled with sore dis-tress, I'll plead thy per-fect right-eous-ness.

REO. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

First time. Second time.

Thy goodness I a-dore: speak thy glo-ries more. For some sur-pris-ing sin, And men-tion none but thine.

1. With joy we med-i-tate the grace Of our High Priest a-bove; 2. Touch'd with a sym-pa-thy with-in, He knows our fee-ble frame;

His heart is made of ten-der-ness, His heart is made of ten-der-ness, His bow-els melt with love. He knows what sore temp-ta-tions mean, He knows what sore temp-ta-tions mean, For he has felt the same.

1. Let eve-ry mor-tal ear at-tend, And eve-ry heart re-joice; The trum-pet of the gos-pel sounds With an in-vi-ting voice,

2. Ho! all ye hungry, star-ving souls, That feed up-on the wind, And vain-ly strive with earth-ly toys To fill an emp-ty mind,

ROCKWELL. C. M.

The trumpet of the gos-pel sounds With an in-vi-ting voice.

And vain-ly strive with earth-ly toys To fill an emp-ty mind.

1. All hail, the great Immanuel's name, Let angels prostrate

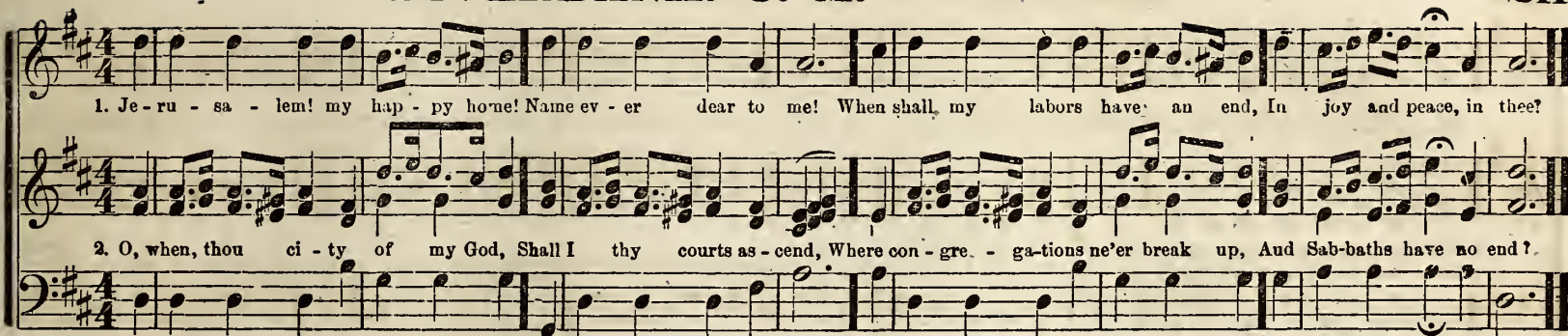
2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his altar

- fall Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all, And crown..... him Lord of all

call; Praise him who shed for you his blood And crown him Lord of all, And crown..... him Lord of all.

RIVERBANK. C. M.

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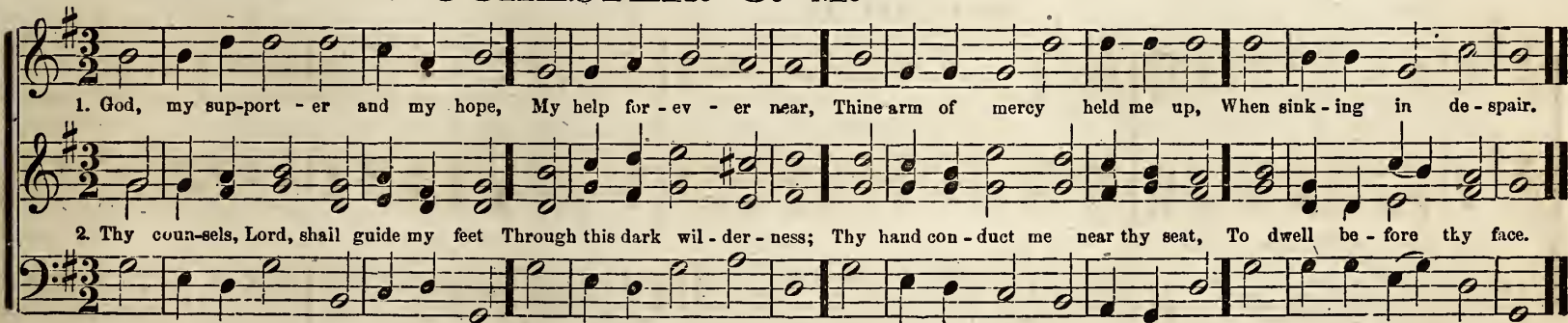


1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my labors have an end, In joy and peace, in thee?

2. O, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end?

ROCHESTER. C. M.

ENGLISH.



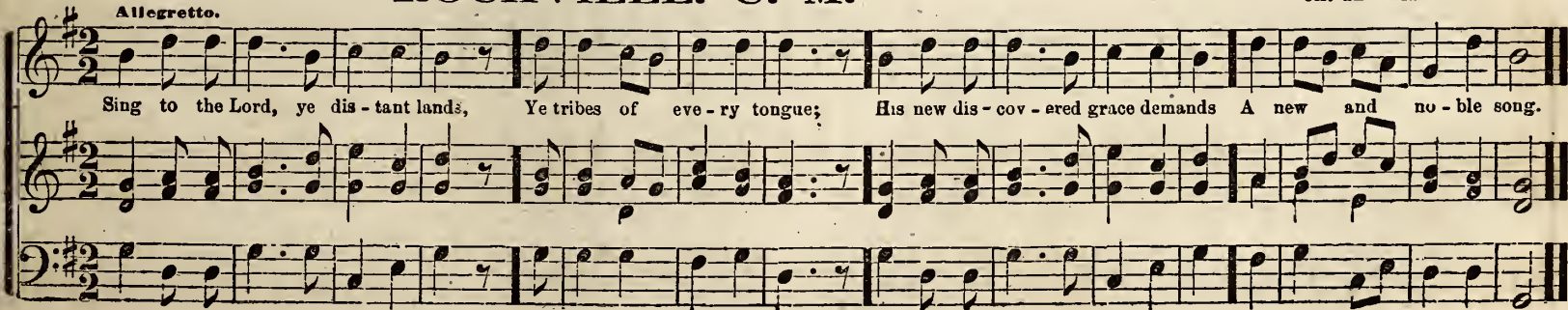
1. God, my sup - port - er and my hope, My help for - ev - er near, Thine arm of mercy held me up, When sink - ing in de - spair.

2. Thy coun - sels, Lord, shall guide my feet Through this dark wil - der - ness; Thy hand con - duct me near thy seat, To dwell be - fore thy face.

ROCKVILLE. C. M.

CH. ZEUNER.

Allegretto.



Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of eve - ry tongue; His new dis - cov - ered grace demands A new and no - ble song.

ROLAND. C. M. Double.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
To Caanan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie. } Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene, That rises to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in living green,

3. O'er all those wide extended plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns, And scatters night a - way. } No chilling winds, no poisonous breath, Can reach that healthful shore; Sick - ness and sorrow, pain and [death,

ROXBURY. C. M.

CH. ZEUNER.

And riv - ers of de - light.

Oh ren - der thanks and bless the Lord, Invoke his sa - cred name, In - voke his sacred name!

Are felt and feared no more.

Ac - quaint the na - tions with his deeds, His matchless deeds proclaim, His match - - - less deeds pro - claim.

Moderato.

1. Yes, there are joys that can-not die, With God laid up in store! Treasures, beyond the chang - ing sky, More bright than gold - en ore.

Mezzo. Cres.

2. To that bright world my soul aspires, With rap-tur-ous de - light; Oh for the Spirit's quickening powers, To speed me in my flight.

mf

SHERBURNE. C. M.

READ.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, An an-gel of the Lord came down, And

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glo - - ry shone around, And

The angel of the Lord came down, And glo - - ry

The angel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - - - ry shone around, And

glo - - - ry shone around, And glo - - ry shone a - round, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

glo - - - ry shone around, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone a - round.

shone around, And glo - - - - - ry shone around, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone a - round.

glo - - - - - ry shone around, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shone a - round.....

Moderato.

1. To our Re-deem-er's glorious name, A - wake the sa - cred song!
O may his love, im-mor - tal flame! Tune every heart and tongue. } 2. His love, what mor - tal thought can reach? What mor - tal tongue dis-play!

3. Dear Lord, while we, a - dor-ing, pay Our humble thanks to thee,
May eve - ry heart with rapture say, "The Saviour died for me." } 4. Oh, may the sweet, the bliss - ful theme, Fill eve - ry heart and tongue.

SHENLEY. C. M. Double.

Moderato.

Im - ag - in - a - tion's utmost stretch, In wonder dies - a - way.

Till strangers love thy charming name, And join the sacred song.

1. Oh 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de-vout-ly say,
"Up, Israel, to the temple haste, And keep your fes - tal (omit) day! } 2.

3. Oh pray we then for Sa-lem's peace, For they shall prosperous be,
Thou ho-ly ci - ty of our God, Who bear true love to (omit) thee. }

2. At Sa-lem's courts we must appear, With our as - sem - bled powers, In strong and beauteous or - der ranged, Like her u - ni - ted tow'rs.

4. May peace with - in thy sa - cred walls A con-stant guest be found; With plen - ty and pros-per - i - ty Thy pal - a - ces be crowned.

Moderate.

1. My God, my Fath - er, bliss - ful name! Oh, may I call thee mine? May I with sweet as - sur - ance claim A

2. This on - ly can my fears con - trol, And bid my sor - rows fly: What harm can ev - er reach my soul, Be -

Coda.

por - tion so di - vine! Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

neath my my Fa - ther's eye.

SWANWICK. C. M. LUCAS.

Talk with us, Lord, thy - self re - veal,

While here o'er earth we rove, Speak to our hearts, and let us feel The kin - dling of thy love, The kindling of thy love.

1. The God of peace, who from the dead Brought up a - gain our Lord, And, through the covenat in his blood, Our souls to peace restored -

2. Con - firm our hearts, in each good work, To do his per - fect will; That, made well pleasing in his sight, Our course with joy we fill.

SPARTA. C. M.

Allegretto non troppo.

1. The Lord of glo - ry is my light, And my sal - va - tion too; God is my strength, nor will I fear What all my foes can do.

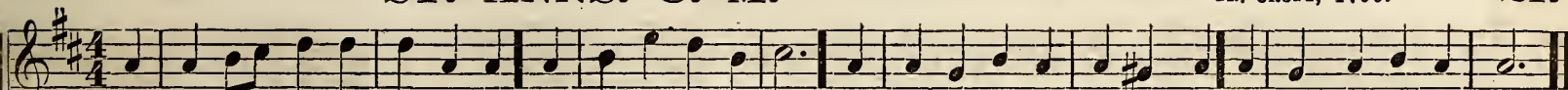
2. One priv - il - ege my heart de - sires, Oh! grant me mine a - bode A - mong the churches of thy saints, The temples of my God.

SPRING. C. M.

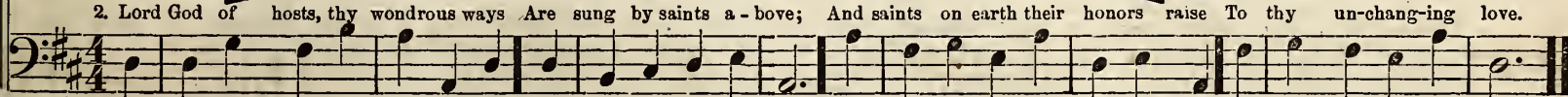
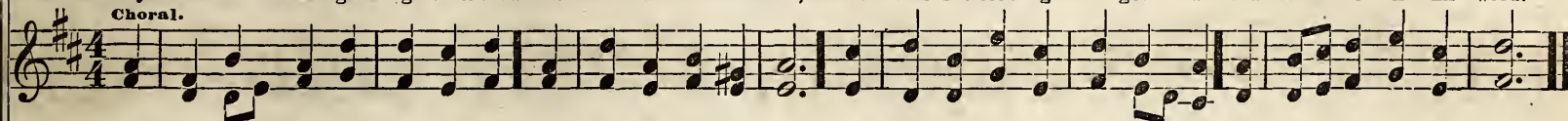
GEO. STOWE.

1. When verdure clothes the fer - tile vale, And blos - soms deck the spray; And fra - grance-breathes in eve - ry gale, How sweet the vernal day

2. How sweet the feathered warblers sing! 'Tis na - ture's cheerful voice; Soft mu - sic hails the air of spring, And woods and fields re - joice.

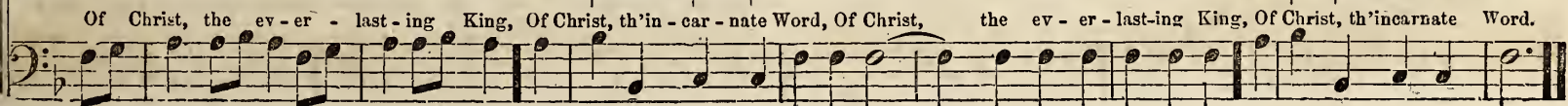
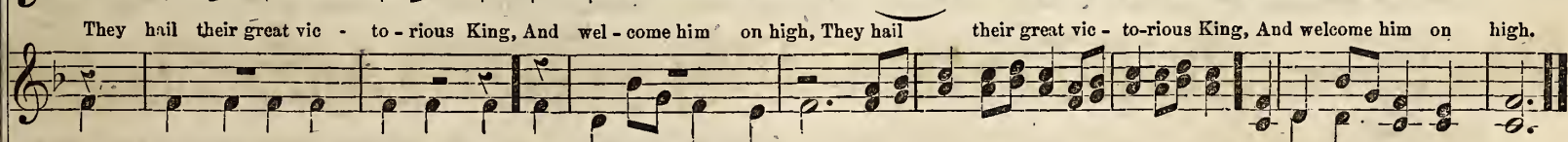
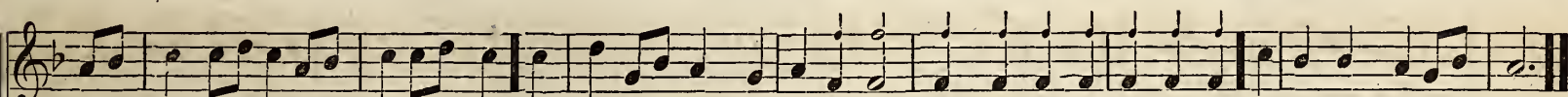
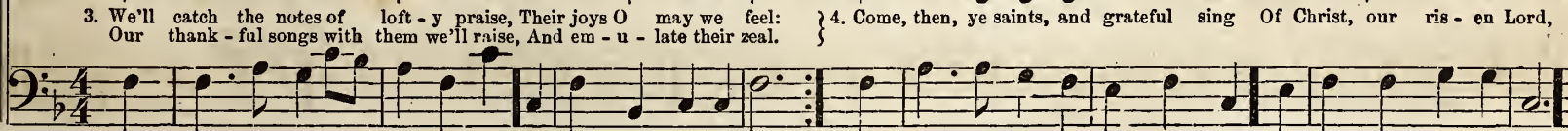
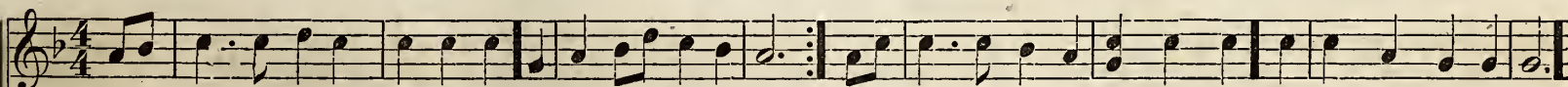


Choral.



STEARNS. C. M. Double.

ARR. FROM GLUCK, BY DR. LOWELL MASON..



1. O thou, to whom all crea-tures bow With-in this earth-ly frame, Through all the word, how great art thou! How glo-rious is thy name!

2. When heaven thy beau-teous work on high, Employs my wondering sight; The moon that nightly rules the sky, With stars of feebler light.

STEPHENS. C. M.

JONES.

To our Almighty Ma-ker, God, New hon-ors be addressed; His great sal-va-tion shines abroad, And makes the nations blessed.

ST. JOHNS. C. M.

1. Now shall my solemn vows be paid To that al-might-y power, Who heard the long re-quest I made, In my dis-tress-ful hour.

2. My lips and cheerful heart pre-pare To make his mer-cies known; Come, ye who fear my God and hear The wonders he has done.

TALLIS. C. M.

TALLIS.

219

1. O all ye nations, praise the Lord, Each with a different tongue; In every language learn his word, And let his name be sung

2. His mercy reigns through every land—Proclaim his grace a-broad: For-ever firm his truth shall stand, Praise ye the faithful God.

TAPPAN. C. M. 36th P. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

Behold the love, the generous love, That holy David shows; Behold his kind compassion move, Behold his kind compassion move, For his afflicted foes.

TYRONE. C. M.

Come, happy souls, approach your God, With new melodious songs; Come, render to almighty grace The tribute of your tongues.

1. Sal - va - tion! oh, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears; A sov' - reign balm for eve - ry wound,

2. Buried in sorrow and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we a - rise by grace di - vine,

TURNER. C. M. MAXIM.

Spirited.

A cor - dial for our fears, A cor - dial for our fears.

To see a heaven - ly day, To see a heaven - ly day.

Come, ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers,

Come, ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers,

Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, Come, shed, &c., And that shall kindle ours, Come shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

Come, shed abroad a Sa - viour's love, And that shall kindle ours, And that shall kindle ours, Come shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

1. Let eve-ry mor-tal ear at-tend, And eve-ry heart re-joice; The trum-pet of the gos-pel sounds With an in-vi-ting voice.

3. E-ter-nal wis-dom has pre-pared A soul re-vi-ving feast, And bids your long-ing ap-pe-tites The rich pro-vis-ion taste.

2. Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls, That feed up-on the wind, And vain-ly strive with earthly toys To fill th'immortal mind.

4. Ho! ye that pant for liv-ing streams, And pine a-way and die, Here you may quench your raging thirst With springs that never dry.

WOODSTOCK C. M.

DUTTON.

Slow.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way, From eve-ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum-ble, grate-ful prayer.

2. I love to think on mercies past, And fu-ture good im-plore, And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I a-dore.

Not too fast.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.

3. Sweet fields beyond the swell-ing flood; Stand dress'd in liv-ing green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.

2. There ev-er-last-ing spring abides, And nev-er-withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

4. But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea; And lin-ger, shivering on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.

WILMINGTON. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands With all-en-gaging charms; Hark, how he calls the ten-der lambs, And folds them in his arms!

2. "Permit them to approach," he cries, "Nor scorn their humble name; For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of an-gels came."

Allegro.

Oh praise the Lord with one consent, And mag - ni - fy his name; Let all the ser - vants of the Lord His mighty praise proclaim.

Oh praise the Lord with one consent, And mag - ni - fy his name; Let all the ser - vants of the Lord His mighty praise proclaim.

WAYNE. C. M. Double.

Let all the ser - vants of the Lord His might - y praise proclaim.

Let all the ser - vants of the Lord His might - y praise proclaim.

1. Yes, I will bless thee, O my God! Thro' all my earthly days;

3. When gloomy care and keen distress Afflict my throbbing breast,

And to e - ter - ni - ty prolong Thy vast, thy boundless praise. 2. In eve - ry smiling, hap - py hour, Be this my sweet em - ploy:

Thy praise re - fines my earthly bliss, And doubles all my joy.

Thy praise shall mingle with my tears, And lull each pain to rest, 4. Nor shall my tongue a - lone proclaim The hon - ors of my God: D. S.

My life; with all its ac - tive powers, Shall spread thy praise abroad.

WENDON. C. M.

1. Ring on, ye bells, with joy - ful tale, Far o - - ver lake and lea; Make glad my love - ly na - tive vale, As it was wont to be.

2. Sweet is your tune - ful, changeful play, As on the gale it swells, Or soft - ly floats and dies a - way, A - down the dis - tant dells.

WETZEL. C. M. Double.

1. Those heavenly songs, O sing them still, Those sweet and ho - ly songs, And let the psalms of Zi - on's hill Be heard from joy - ful tongues.

2. Re - peat them oft, for many a saint Those ho - ly strains has sung; And hill and vale have echoed them From many a joy - ful tongue.

Sing them a - loud at breaking day, The ris - ing morn to cheer, And sing when daylight fades a - way, And stars on high appear.

O sing them in this land of ours, Where pil - grim steps have roved, Ne'er cease to sing the psalms and hymns Our sainted fa - thers loved.

Moderato.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high; To thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye.

2. Thou art a God, be - fore whose sight The wick-ed shall not stand; Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

WINTER. C. M.

DANIEL READ.

Moderato.

1. Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his stat - utes still! Oh that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will.

2. Oh send thy Spir - it down, to write, Thy law up - on my heart; Nor let my tongue in - dulse de - ceit, Nor act the li-ar's part.

WIRTH. C. M.

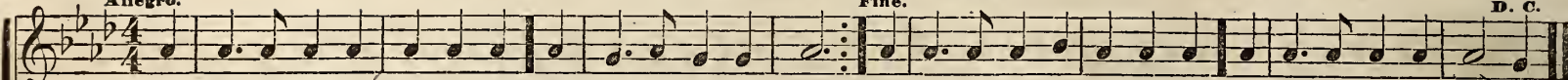
W. B. BRADBURY.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord In one an - oth-er's peace de - light, And so ful - fill his word.

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part! When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

Allegro.

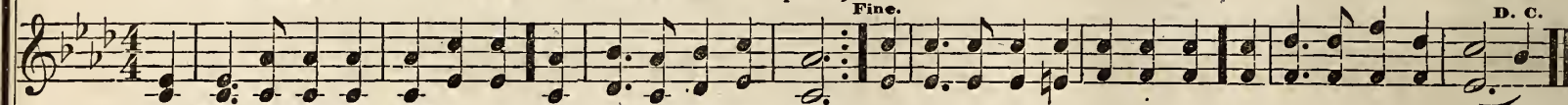
Fine.



1. Earth's stormy night will soon be o'er, The raging wind shall cease; } 2. E'en now the distant rays appear, To chase the gloom of night:
The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's e - ter - nal peace. }

Fine.

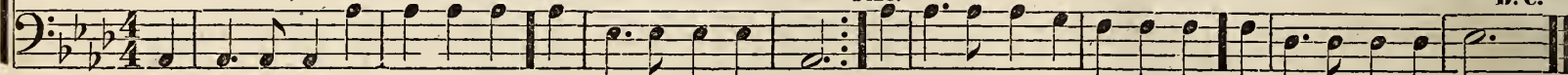
D. C.



D. C. The Sun of Right-eous-ness is near, And ter - rors take their flight.

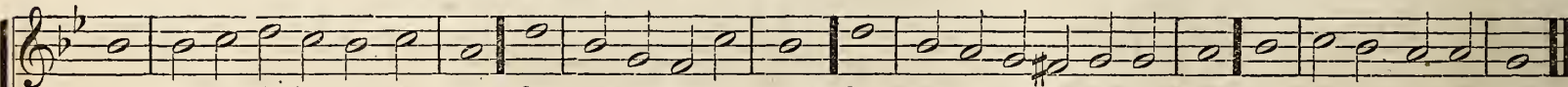
Fine.

D. C.

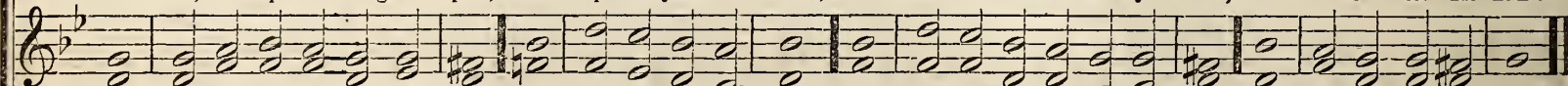


WINDSOR. C. M.

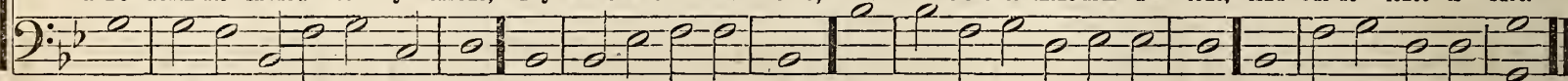
FROM THE "SCOTCH PSALTER," 1615.



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the stormy blast, And our e - ter - nal home.

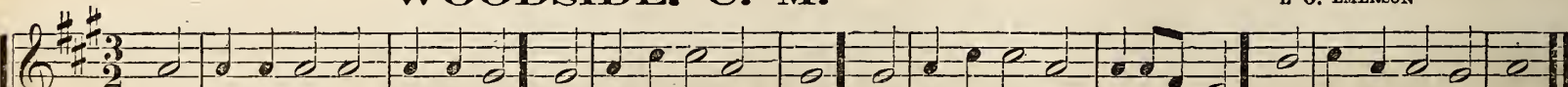


2. Be - neath the shadow of thy throne, Thy saints have dwelt so - cure; Suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.

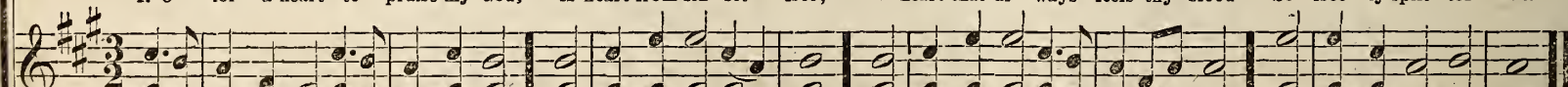


WOODSIDE. C. M.

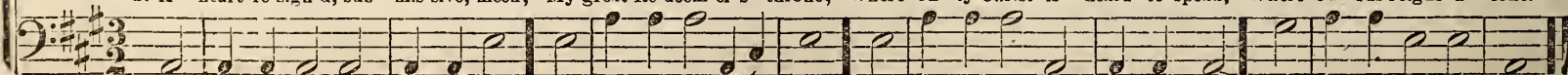
L. O. EMERSON



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A heart that al - ways feels thy blood So free - ly spilt for me.



2. A heart re-sign'd, sub - mis-sive, meek; My great Re-deem-er's throne; Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.



Three staves of music in 3/2 time, key of D major. The melody is on the top staff, the accompaniment on the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

Lovers of pleasure more than God, For you he suffer'd pain; For you the Saviour spilt his blood, For you the Saviour spilt his blood; And shall he bleed in vain?

XAVIER. C. M.

Three staves of music in 3/2 time, key of D major. The melody is on the top staff, the accompaniment on the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

1. Ye earth - ly van - i - ties! de - part; For - ev - er hence remove; Je - sus a - lone de - serves my heart, And eve - ry thought of love.

2. His heart; where love and pi - ty dwelt In all their softest forms, Sustained the heav - y load of guilt For lost, re - bel - lious worms.

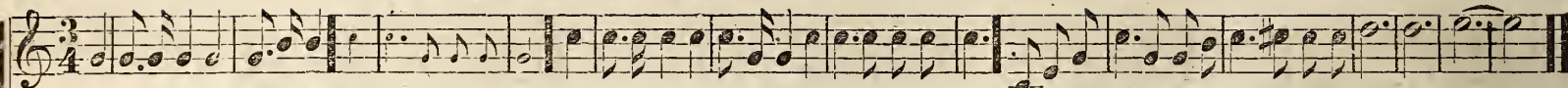
YORK. C. M.

JOHN MILTON, FATHER OF THE POET.

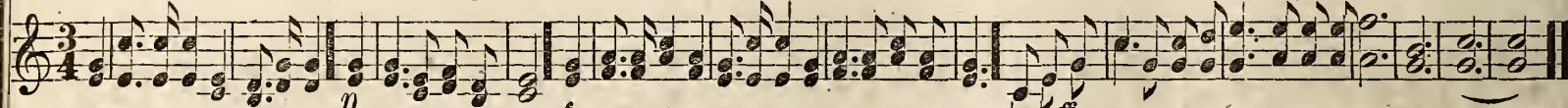
Three staves of music in 4/2 time, key of D major. The melody is on the top staff, the accompaniment on the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

1. Blest is the man who shuns the place Where sinners love to meet; Who fears to tread their wick - ed ways, And hates the scoffer's seat: -

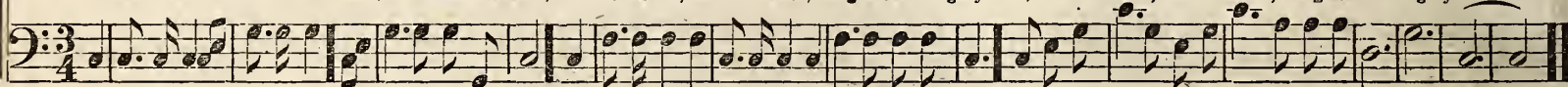
2. But in the stat - utes of the Lord Has placed his chief de - light; By day he reads or hears the word, And med - i - tates by night.



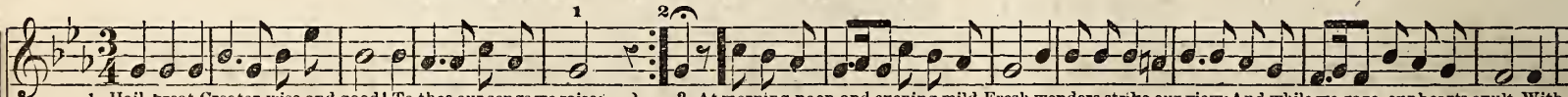
1. To us a child of hope is born, To us a Son is given: Him shall the tribes of earth obey. Him, all the hosts of heav'n, Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him, all the hosts of heaven.



2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, Forevermore a loved, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord.

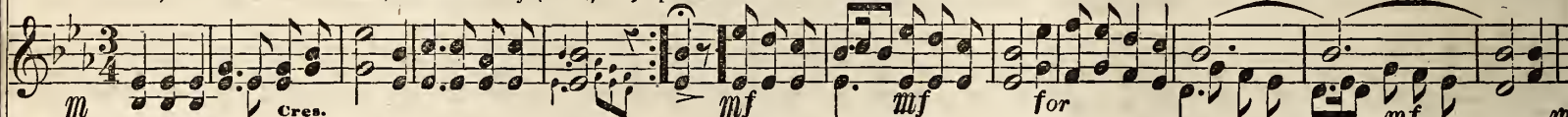


ZETTER. C. M. Double.



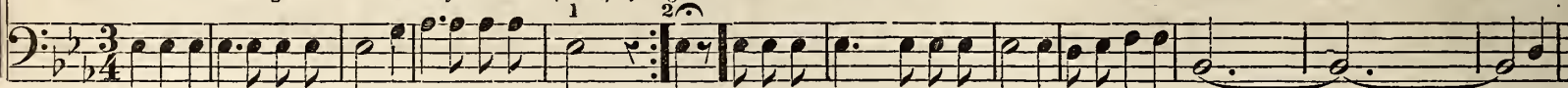
1. Hail, great Creator, wise and good! To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, thro' all her various scenes, invites us to thy (OMIT.)

2. At morning, noon, and evening mild, Fresh wonders strike our view; And while we gaze, our hearts exult, With praise.

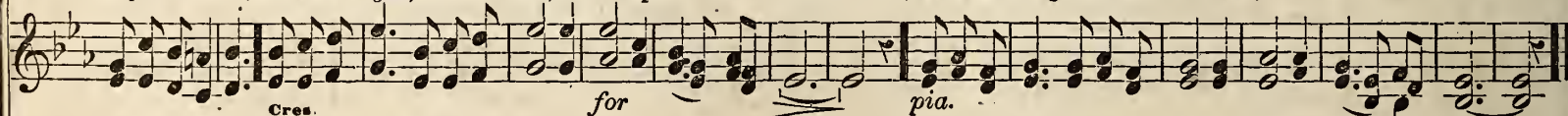


3. Thy glo-ry beams in every star, Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn With rays of cheerful (OMIT.)

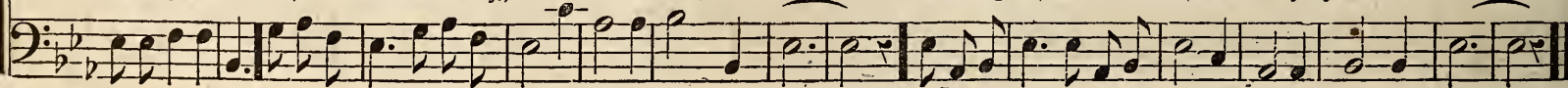
4. The lofty hill, the humble lawn, With countless beauties shine; The silent grove, the aw-ful shade, Pro-



transports ever new, And while we gaze, our hearts exult, With transports ev - er new.... (The second ending is for the fourth stanza.)



claim thy power divine. (Pass to the second ending,)..... The silent grove, the aw-ful shade, Proclaim thy power di - vine....



Allegro.

ZACISH. C. M. Double.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

229

1. All hail, the great Im-man-uel's name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; 2. Crown him ye mar-tyrs of our God,
Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

. Let eve-ry kin-dred, eve-ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, 4. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng,
To him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.

Who from his al-tar call; Praise him who shed for you his blood, And crown him Lord of all ..

We at his feet may fall; And join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all....

ZANESVILLE. C. M.

Firm and steady.

1. A-gain the Lord of life and light A-wakes the kin-dling ray; Dis-pels the darkness of the night, And pours in-creas-ing day.

2. Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt A sin-ful world in gloom! Oh! what a Sun, which broke this day, Tri-umph-ant from the tomb.

1. Our heavenly Father, hear The prayer we offer now; Thy name be hallowed far and near, To thee all nations bow, To thee all nations bow.

2. Thy kingdom come; thy will On earth be done in love, As saints and seraphim ful - fil Thy perfect law a - bove, Thy perfect law a - bove.

AHAVA. S. M. Double.

Moderato.

1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill! Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace... re - veal.

3. How hap - py are our ears That hear this joy - ful sound, Which kings and prophets wait - ed for, And sought, but nev - - er found.

2. How charm - ing is their voice! How sweet their ti - dings are! "Zi - on, be - hold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here."

4. How bless - ed are our eyes, That see this heaven - ly light! Prophets and kings de - sired it long, But died with - out the sight.

AIN. S. M.

FROM CORRELLI.

231

Moderate.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.

3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thousand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.

2. Let those re-fuse to sing, Who never knew our God: But chil-dren of the heavenly king May speak their joys a-broad.

4. Then let our songs a-bound, And every tear be dry; We're march-ing thro' Im-manuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high.

ATHOL. S. M.

R. HARRISON.

A-rise, and bless the Lord, Ye peo-ple of his choice; A-rise, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.

ATLAND. S. M.

1. How honored is the place, Where we a-dor-ing stand, Zi-on,..... the glo - ry of the earth, And beau - ty of the land!

2. Bulwarks of grace defend The ci-ty where we dwell, While walls of strong salvation..... made..... Defy th'assaults of hell.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

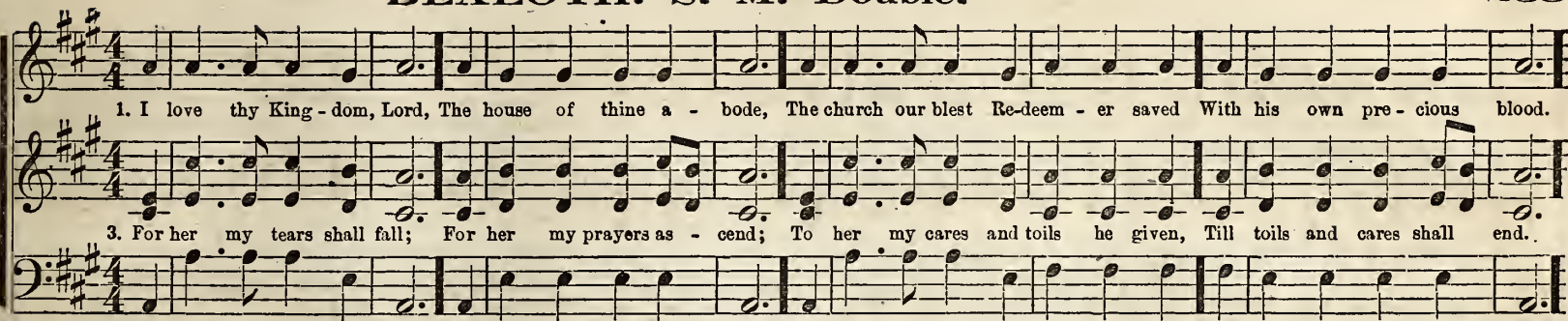
1. Ah, how shall fall - en man Be just be - fore his God! If he cen - tend in right - eous - ness, We fall be - neath his rod.

2. If he our ways should mark, With strict, en-quir - ing eyes, Could we for one of thou - sand faults A just ex - cuse de - vise?

BADEA. S. M.

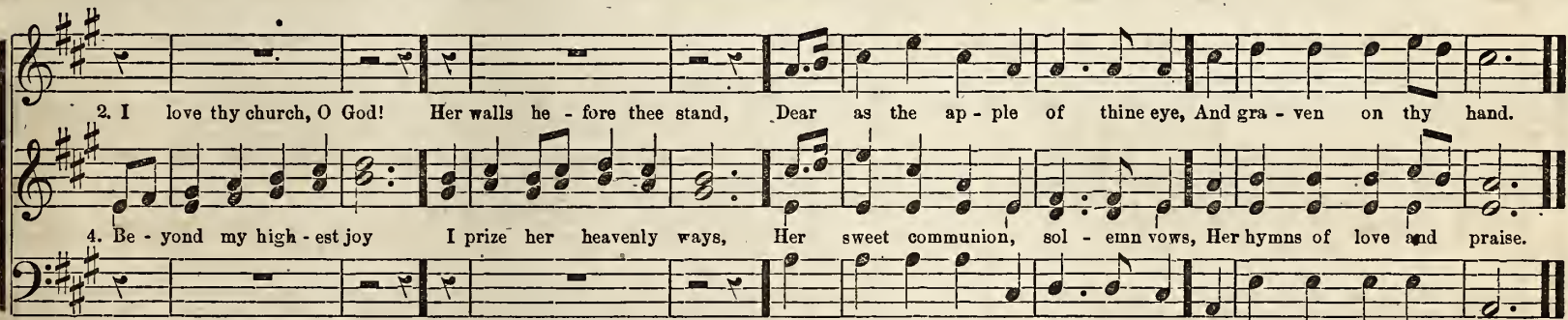
1. Oh! bless-ed souls are they, Whose sins are cov-ered o'er; Di - vine - ly blest, to whom the Lord Im - putes their guilt no more.

2. They mourn their follies past, And keep their hearts with *Dim.* care, Their lips and lives, with - out de - ceit, Shall prove their faith sin - cere.



1. I love thy King-dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The church our blest Re-deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.

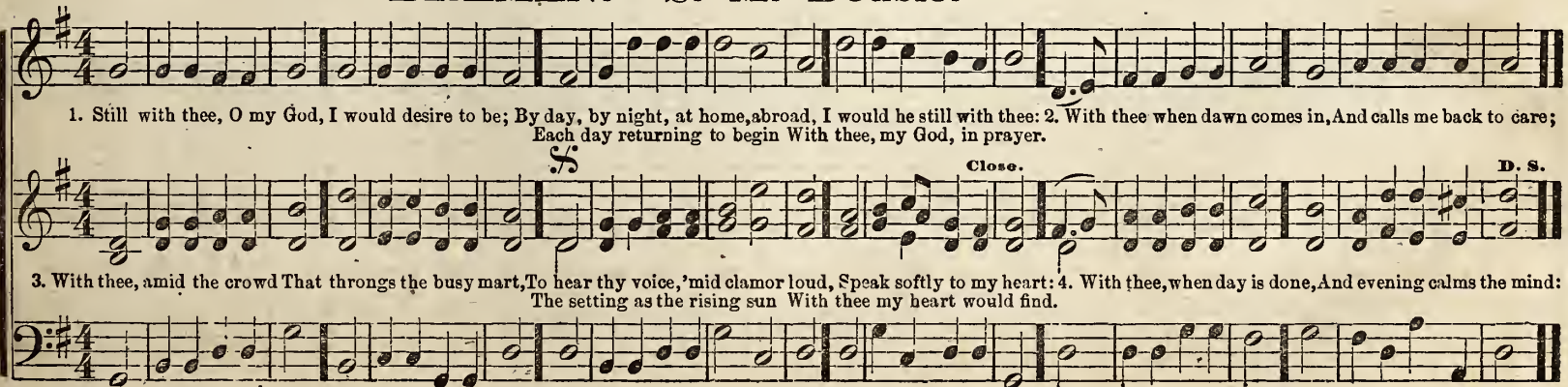
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend; To her my cares and toils he given, Till toils and cares shall end.



2. I love thy church, O God! Her walls he - fore thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand.

4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

BREMEN. S. M. Double.



1. Still with thee, O my God, I would desire to be; By day, by night, at home, abroad, I would be still with thee: 2. With thee when dawn comes in, And calls me back to care; Each day returning to begin With thee, my God, in prayer.

3. With thee, amid the crowd That throngs the busy mart, To hear thy voice, 'mid clamor loud, Speak softly to my heart: 4. With thee, when day is done, And evening calms the mind: The setting as the rising sun With thee my heart would find.

1. The pi-ty of the Lord, To those that fear his name, Is such as ten-der parents feel — He knows our fee-ble frame.

2. He knows we are but dust, Seat-tered with eve-ry breath; His an-ger, like a ris-ing wind, Can send us swift to death.

BRADEN. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

The swift de-clin-ing day, How fast its moments fly, While eve-ning's broad and gloom-y shade Gains on the west-ern sky.

BRALTON. S. M.

1. I lift my soul to God! My trust is in his name; Let not my foes that seek my blood, Still triumph in my shame.

2. From ear-ly dawn-ing light Till eve-ning shades a-rise, For thy sal-va-tion, Lord, I wait, With ev-er long-ing eyes.

1. Come, sound his praise a-broad, And hymns of glo-ry sing: Je-ho-vah is the sov- reign God, The u-ni-ver-sal King.

2. He formed the deeps un-known; He gave the seas their bound; The wa-tery worlds are all his own, And all the sol-id ground.

CRANBROOK. S. M.

THOMAS CLARK.

Grace, 'tis a charm-ing sound! Har-mo-nious to the ear! Heaven with the ech-o shall re-sound,

Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound! Har-mo-nious to the ear! Heaven with the ech-o shall re-sound.

Heaven with the ech-o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

sound, Heaven with the echo shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all..... the earth shall hear.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb.

2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rock - y shore, And we shall be where tem - pests cease, And sur - ges swell no more.

Then, O my Lord, prepare. My soul for that great day; Oh, wash me in thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

Then, O my Lord, prepare. My soul for that calm day; Oh, wash me in thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

CLAPTON. S. M.

JONES.

1. Thy name, Al - might-y Lord, Shall sound through dis-tant lands: Great is thy grace, and sure thy word; Thy truth for - ev - er stands.

2. Far be thine hon - or spread, And long thy praise en - dure; Till morning light and eve - ning shade Shall be ex - changed no more.

CONCORD. S. M.

AS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN BY OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.

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The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

The hill of Zi-on yields A thousand sacred sweets, Be-fore we reach the heavenly fields, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

CHILDS. S. M.

J. ZUNDEL.

Largo.

1. O cease! my wandering soul, On rest-less wing to roam; All this wide world, to ei-ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

mp 2. Be-hold the ark of God, *mf* Be-hold the o-pen door; Oh! haste to gain that dear a-bode, And roam my soul no more.

DEXTER. S. M.

Spirited, bold, but not hurried.

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound! Har-mo-nious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

2. Grace first contrived a way To save rebellious man; And all its steps that grace display, And all its steps that grace display, Which drew the wondrous plan.

Slow and soft.

1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

2. His boun - ty will pro - vide! His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.

DOVER. S. M.

Moderato.

1. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes the churches his a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat.

2. In Zi - on God is known, A ref - uge in dis - tress; How bright has his sal - va - tion shone! How fair his heavenly grace!

DURER. S. M.

1. Our heavenly Father hear The prayer we of - fer now: Thy name be hal - lowed far and near; To thee all na - tions bow!

2. Thy kingdom come, thy will On earth be done in love, As saint and ser - a - phim ful - fil Thy per - fect law a - bove.

1. O where shall rest be found — Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

2. This world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh: 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

EWER. S. M.

WILLIAM MASON.

1. How charming is the place Where my Re - deem - er God Unveils the glo - ries of his face, And sheds his love abroad.

2. Here on the mer - cy seat With radiant glo - ry crowned Our joyful eyes be - hold him sit, And smile on all around.

ELL. S. M.

1. The Church has wait - ed long, Her ab - sent Lord to see; And still in lone - li - ness she waits, A friend - less stran - ger she.

2. How long, O Lord, our God, Ho - ly and true and good, Wilt thou not judge thy suffering church, Her sighs and tears and blood?

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from eve - ry eye.

2. The Son of God in tears The wondering an - gels see! Be thou as - ton - ished O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.

EL KADER. S. M.

Allegro.

1. My Maker and my King, To thee my all I owe; Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow, Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my, &c.

2. The creature of thy hand, On thee alone I live; My God, thy benefits demand More praise than I can give, My God, thy benefits demand More praise than I can give.

FIELD. S. M.

1 Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glorious acts to sing, To praise thy name, and hear thy word, And grate - ful offerings bring.

2. Sweet, at the dawning light, Thy boundless love to tell: And when approach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.

Largo.

2. How charming is the place Where my Redeemer God Unveils the glo - ries of his face, And sheds his love abroad? 2. Here on the

Mezzo. *mf*

3. To him their prayers and cries Each contrite soul presents; And while he hears their humble sighs, He grants them all their wants. 4. Give me, O

mercy-seat, With ra-diant glo-ry crowned, Our joy - ful eyes be - hold him sit, And smile on all around, And smile on all a-round.

mp

Lord, a place With - in thy blest abode: A - mong the chil - dren of thy grace, The ser - vants of my God, The servants of my God.

GERAR. S. M.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de - signs to serve and please Through all their ac - tions run.

2. Thus *on the heavenly hills The saints are blest a - bove; Where joy, like morn - ing dew dis - tills, And all the air is love.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood. 2. I love thy church; O

Cres. *Dim.* *Cres.* *Dim.* *mf*

3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend; To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end. 4. Be - yond my highest

God! Her walls be - fore thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand, And graven on thy hand.

mp *Cres.*

joy I - prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet com - mu - nion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of joy and praise, Her hymns of joy and praise.

GAVIN, or IOWA. S. M.

Moderato.

1. Thy name, al - mighty Lord, Shall sound through distant lands; Great is thy grace, and sure thy word; Thy truth for - ev - er stands.

2. Far be thy hon - or spread, And long thy praise en - dure, Till morn - ing light and eve - ning shade Shall be exchang'd no more.

1. Oh, cease, my wandering soul, On rest-less wings to roam; All this wide world to ei-ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Be-hold the ark of God! Be-hold the o-pen door! Oh, haste to gain that dear a-bode, And roam, my soul, no more.

GORTON. S. M.

BEETHOVEN.

Slow and soft. *Dim.*

1. While my Re-deem-er's near, My Shep-herd and my guide, I bid fare-well to eve-ry fear; My wants are all supplied.

2. To ev-er fra-grant meads, Where rich a-bun-dance grows, His gra-cious hand in-dul-gent leads And guards my sweet re-pose.

HAVERHILL. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON

1. How gen-tle God's commands; How kind his pre-cepts are; Come, cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust his con-stant care

2. His boun-ty will pro-vide: His saints se-cure-ly dwell; That hand which bears cre-a-tion up, Shall guard his chil-dren well.

1. Sure, there's a dreadful God, Though men re-nounce his fear; His jus-tice, hid be-hind the cloud, Shall one great day ap-pear.

2. His truth transcends the sky, In heaven his mer-cies dwell; Deep as the sea his judgments lie, His an-ger burns to hell.

HUDSON. S. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. Let songs of end-less praise From eve-ry na-tion rise; Let all the lands their trib-ute raise, To God, who rules the skies.

2. His mer-cy and his love Are boundless as his name; And all e-ter-ni-ty shall prove His truth remains the same.

INVERNESS. S. M.

1. Thou seest my fee-ble-ness, Je-sus, be thou my power,— My help and ref-uge in dis-tress, My fort-ress and my tower.

2. Give me to trust in thee; Be thou my sure a-bode: My horn, and rock, and buck-ler be, My Sa-viour and my God.

KELSO. S. M.

J. P. SCHMIDT.

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1. My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So ready to a - bate, So read - y to a - bate.

2. His pow'r subdues our sins, And his forgiving love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt remove, Doth all our guilt re - move.

mf *f* *Dim.* *f*

KEPNER. S. M.

1. The Sa-viour's glo - rious name For - ev - er shall en - dure; Long as the sun, his matchless fame Shall ev - er stand se - cure.

2. Wonders of grace and power To thee a - lone be - long; Thy church those wonders shall a - dore, In ev - er - last - ing song.

LEIGHTON. S. M.

GREATOROX, BY PERMISSION.

1. Have mer - cy Lord, on me, As thou wert ev - er kind; Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt, Thy wont - ed mer - cy find.

LONDON. S. M.

Moderato.

1 Be - hold, the loft - y sky, De - clares its ma - ker God; And all the star - ry works on high, Pro - claim his power a - broad.

2. The dark - ness and the light Still keep their course the same; While night to day, and day to night, Di - vine - ly teach his name.

LATHROP. S. M.

1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

2. His boun - ty will pro - vide, His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.

LETTO. S. M.

Larghetto e piano. *Cres.* *M* *Dim.* *Cres.*

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de - signs to serve and please, Thro' all their actions run.

2. Blest is the pi - ous house, Where zeal and friend - ship meet; Their songs of praise, their min - gle! vows, Make their com - mu - nion sweet.

Allegro Vigoroso

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are strug-gling hard To draw thee from the skies.

2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray: The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold-ly eve-ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.

LEBANON. S. M. Double.

J. ZUNDEL

1. I was a wan-dering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled.

2. The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The fath-er sought His child; They fol-lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-erts waste and wild:

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home, I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a-far to roam.

They found me nigh to death, Fam-lshed, and faint, and lone; They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wandering one.

LINSTAD. S. M.

1. Mine eyes and my de - sire Are ev - er to the Lord; I love to plead his promised grace, And rest up - on his word.

2. When shall the sov'reign grace Of my for - giv - ing God Re - store me from those dangerous ways, My wandering feet have trod.

LISBON. S. M.

ALTERED FROM D. READ.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Welcome to this re - viv - ing breast, And these rejoicing eyes, Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

2. Jesus himself comes near, And feasts his saints to-day; Here we may sit and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray, Here we may sit and see him here, And love, and praise, &c.

LOTTIE. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. How gen - tle God's commands, How kind his pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

2. His bounty will pro - vide, His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.

4 2

1. To keep the lamp a-live, With oil we fill the bowl; 'Tis wa-ter makes the willow thrive, And grace that fills the soul, And grace that fills the soul.

2. The Lord's un-sparing hand, Supplies the liv-ing stream; It is not at our own command, But still derived from him, But still de-rived from him.

LUMAN. S. M.

ARR. FROM J. A. T. SCHULTZ.

1. Ye trembling captives, hear! The gospel trumpet sounds: No mu-sic more can charm the ear, Or heal your heartfelt wounds, Or heal your heartfelt wounds.

2. 'Tis not the trump of war, Nor Sinai's awful roar; Sal-va-tion's news it spreads a-far, And vengeance is no more, And ven-geance is no more.

LUTHER. S. M.

DR T. HASTINGS, BY PERMISSION.

1. My soul be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; And hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies, To draw thee from the skies.

2. O watch, and fight, and pray, The battle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold-ly eve-ry day, And help di-vine implore, And help di vine im-plore.

Larghetto e dolce.

1. While my Redeemer's near, My shepherd and my guide, I bid farewell to every fear; I bid farewell to every fear, My wants are all supplied.

2. To ev - er fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand indulgent leads, His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet repose.

MENT. S. M.

1. How beautiful are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill! Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

2. How charming is their voice! How sweet the tidings are! — "Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa - viour King! He reigns and tri - umphs here."

MORNINGTON. S. M.

MORNINGTON.

1. I hear thy word with love, And I would fain o - bey; Lord, send thy Spir - it from a - bove, To guide me lest I stray.

2. Oh! who can ev - er find The er - rors of his ways? Yet, with a bold, pre - sumptuous mind, I would not dare trans - gress.

NORWELL. S. M.

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1. Let songs of end - less praise From eve-ry nation rise; Let all the lands their tribute raise, To God,..... who rules the skies.

2. His mer - cy and his love Are boundless as his name; And all e - ter - ni - ty shall prove His truth.... re - mains the same.

NORTHPORT. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON

1. My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to abate, So read - y to a - bate.

2. God will not al - ways chide; And when his wrath is felt. Its strokes are few - er than our crimes, And lighter than our guilt, And lighter than our guilt.

OHIO. S. M.

1. Be - hold the morn - ing sun Begins his glo - rious way; His beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.

2. But where the gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vin - er light; It calls dead sin - - ners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.

1. Your harps, ye trem-bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take: Loud to the praise of love di - vine, Bid eve - ry string a - wake.

2. Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home; And near - er to our house a - bove We eve - ry mo - ment come.

OLNEY. S. M.

Moderato.

1. The Spir - it in our hearts, Is whisp'ring, "Sinner, come;" The bride, the church of Christ, pro - claims, To all his children, "Come!"

2. Let him that heareth, say To all a - bout him, "Come!" Let him that thirsts for right - eous - ness, To Christ, the foun - tain. come.

OTWELL. S. M.

Allegro Moderato.

1. My Saviour, and my King, Thy honors are di - vine; Thy lips with bless - ings o - verflow, And every grace is thine, And eve - ry grace is thine.

2. Thy laws, O God, are right, Thy throne shall ever stand; And thy vic - to - rious gos - pel prove, A sceptre in thy hand, A scap - tre in thy hand.

1. Sing to the Lord most high; Let eve - ry land a - dore; With grate - ful heart and voice make known His good - ness and his power.

2. En - ter his courts with joy; With fear ad - dress the Lord; 'Twas he, who formed us with his hand, And quick - ened by his word.

PARAH. S. M.

1. With hum - ble heart and tongue, My God, to thee I pray: Oh! bring me now, while I am young, To thee, the liv - ing way.

2. Make an un - guard - ed youth The ob - ject of thy care; Help me to choose the way of truth, And fly from eve - ry snare.

PAULOS. S. M.

1. How charming is the place Where my Redeem - er God Un - veils the glo - ries of his face; And sheds his love abroad.

2. Here on the mer - cy - seat, With radiant glo - ry crowned, Our joy - ful eyes..... be - hold him sit, And smile on all around.

1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

2. Beneath his watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That hand which bears all na - ture up, Shall guard his children well.

PENTONVILLE. S. M.

LINLEY.

1. To bless thy cho - sen race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline; And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.

2. That so thy won - drous way May through the world be known; While dis - tant lands their hom - age pay, And thy sal - va - tion own.

PRATT. S. M.

ARR. FROM C. H. RINK.

1. Oh thou, my truth, my way, My sure, un - err - ing light, On thee my fee - ble soul I stay, Which thou wilt lead a - right.

2. My wis - dom and my guide, My coun - sel - lor thou art; Oh, nev - er let me leave thy side, Or from thy paths de - part.

Allegro. Moderato.

1. Sing praises to our God, And bless his sacred name; His great salvation all a-broad, From day to day proclaim, From day to day proclaim.

For. For.

2. Midst heathen nations place The glories of his throne; And let the wonders of his grace Thro' all the earth be known, Thro' all the earth be known.

RAFFLES. S. M.

1. We close the sacred day, The hallowed day of rest; Im-part thy spirit, Lord we pray, To make it truly blest.

2. The truth our ears have heard, Em-press on every heart, Nor from our memory let thy word Like fruitless seed de-part.

RUSHTON. S. M.

Moderato.

1. Ye trembling captives hear! The gospel trumpet sounds: No music more can charm the ear, Or heal your heartfelt wounds, Or heal your heartfelt wounds.

2. 'Tis not the trump of war, Nor Sinai's awful roar; Salvation's news it spreads a-far, And vengeance is no more, And vengeance is no more.

Slowly.

1. Once more, be - fore we part, We bend the suppliant knee, And lift our souls in prayer and praise, E - ter - nal God, to thee.

2. Wher - e'er we trav - el, go; Wher - e'er we rest, a - bide; Do thou our path on earth surround, And all our foot-steps guide.

SEIR. S. M.

Moderato. Semi-Chorus.

1. The Lord my shepherd is; I shall be well sup - plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side.

2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pas - ture grows; Where liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.

SELVIN. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Andante.

1. If through unruffled seas Toward heaven we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fostering gale, With grateful hearts, O God to thee, We'll own, &c.

2. But should the surges rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home, Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, Which drives, &c.

1. Thy name, almighty Lord, Shall sound thro' distant lands; Great is thy grace, and sure thy word; Thy truth for ever stands.

2. Far be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure, Till morning light and evening shade Shall be exchanged no more

SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

Moderate.

1. How perfect is thy word! And all thy judgments just! For ever sure thy promise, Lord, And we securely trust.

2. My gracious God, how plain Are thy directions given! Oh! may I never read in vain, But find the path to heaven.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

1. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Je-ho-vah is the sov'reign God, The universal King.

2. Come, worship at his throne, Come, bow before the Lord; We are his work, and not our own; He formed us by his word.

Moderato.

1. An - oth - er day is past, The hours for - ev - er fled; And time is bear - ing us a - way, To min - gle with the dead.

2. My mind in per - fect peace My Fath - er's care shall keep; I yield to gen - tle slum - ber now, For thou canst nev - er sleep.

ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope on, be not dismayed: God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.

2. Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms, He gent - ly clears thy way; Wait thou his time: the dark - est night Shall end in bright - est day.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

Moderato.

1. My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate. Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah!

2. His pow'r subdues our sins, And his for - giv - ing love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re - move.

1. Mine eyes and my de-sire Are ev-er to the Lord.... I love to plead his prom-is-es, And rest up-on his word.

2. When shall the sovereign grace Of my for-giv-ing God.... Re-store me from those dan-gerous ways My wandering feet have trod?

THATCHER. S. M.

HANDEL.

1. The Lord my shep-herd is, I shall be well supplied: Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side.

2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pas-ture grows: Where liv-ing wa-ters gent-ly pass, And full sal-va-tion flows.

THEON. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. The peo-ple of the Lord Are on their way to heaven; There they ob-tain their great reward, The prize will there be given.

2. 'Tis con-flict here be-low; 'Tis triumph there, and peace: On earth we wres-tle with the foe; In heaven our oon-flicts cease.

Moderato.

1. Come, ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let thy bright beams a - rise: Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark - ness from our eyes.

mp

2. Con - vince us of our sin; Then lead to Je - sus' blood, And to our wondering view re - veal The se - cret, love of God.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

LEACH.

1. My soul with patience waits, For thee the liv - ing God; My hopes are on thy prom - ise built, Thy nev - er - fail - ing word.

2. Let Is - rael trust in God, No bounds his mer - cy knows; The plen - teous source and spring from whence E - ter - nal suc - cor flows.

ZEUNER'S. S. M.

CH. ZEUNER.

Andantino.

1. Oh where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

1. Let all the earth their voices raise, To sing the choicest psalm of praise, To sing and bless Je-ho-vah's name:

2. The heaven know thy glory, Lord, The wondering nations read thy word; But here Je-ho-vah's name is known;

His glory let the heaven know, His wonders to the nations show, And all his saving works proclaim.

Nor shall our worship e'er be paid To gods which mortal hands have made; Our Maker is our God alone.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M. 2d P. M.

FROM A GREGORIAN CHANT.

1. I love the volume of thy word: What light and joy those leaves afford To souls benighted and distressed; { Thy precepts guide my doubtful way, } Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
Thy fear for - bids my feet to stray, }

2. Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes, And warn me where my danger lies; But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord, { That makes my guilty conscience clean, } And gives a free but large reward.
Converts my soul, subdues my sin. }

Moderato.

1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past,

2. How blest the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God! he made the sky, And earth and seas, with all their train: His truth forever stands secure,

RIDGE. L. P. M. 2d P. M.

With dignity and cheerfulness,

While life, and thought, and being last, Or immortal - i - ty endures.

He saves th'oppressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain.

1. I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death,

2. How blest the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God! he made the sky,

Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought, and being last, Or immortal - i - ty endures.

And earth and seas, with all their train, His truth for - ev - er stands se - cure, He saves th'oppressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain.

Moderato.

First time.

Second time.

1. { O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts it - self on thee? And suf - fered once for me.
I have no ref - uge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done,

2. { Slain in the guil - ty sinner's stead, His spotless right - eous - ness I plead, And his a - vailing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be, That merit shall a - tone for me, And bring me near to God.

ARIEL. C. P. M. 4th P. M.

Rather slow, and in exact time.

Cres.

1. Oh could I speak the match - less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sa - viour shine!
mp

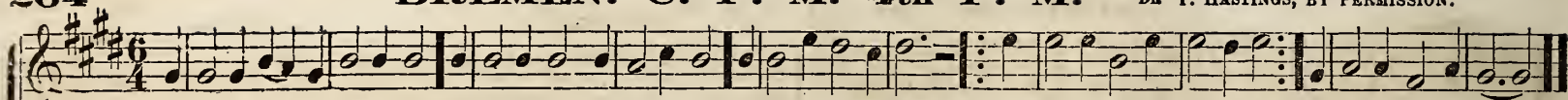
Cres.

2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My ran - som from the dread - ful guilt Of sin and wrath di - vine:
mp

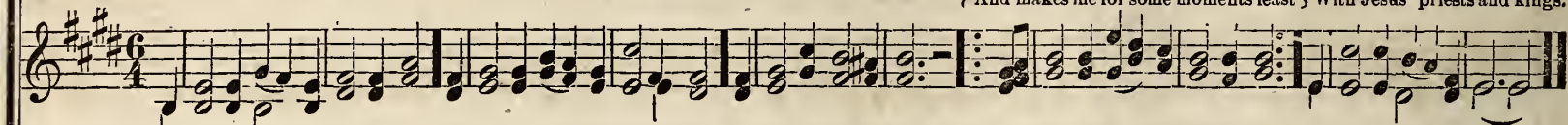
Cres.

I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In - notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

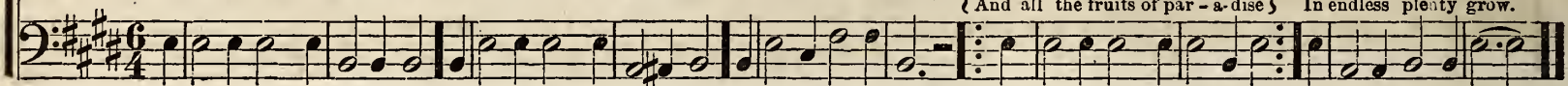
I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all per - fect, heavenly dress My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.



1. O glorious hope of perfect love, It lifts me up to things above; It bears on eagles' wings; } It gives my ravished soul a taste, }
 And makes me for some moments feast } With Jesus' priests and kings.

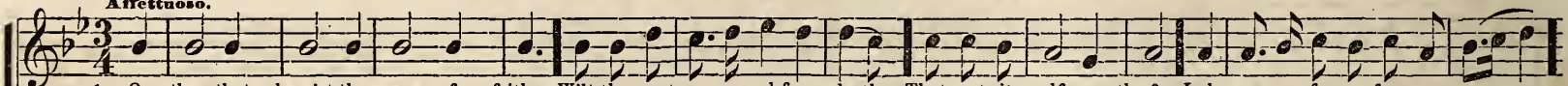


2. Rejoicing now in earnest hope, I stand, and from the mountain top See all the land below: { Riv - ers of milk and honey rise, }
 And all the fruits of par - a - dise } In endless plenty grow.

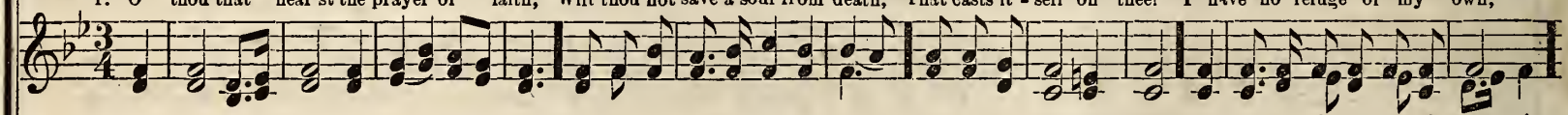


CARPATHUS. C. P. M. 4th P. M.

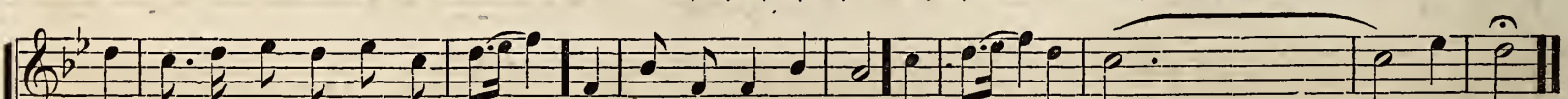
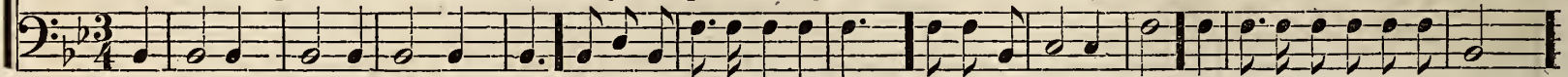
Affettuoso.



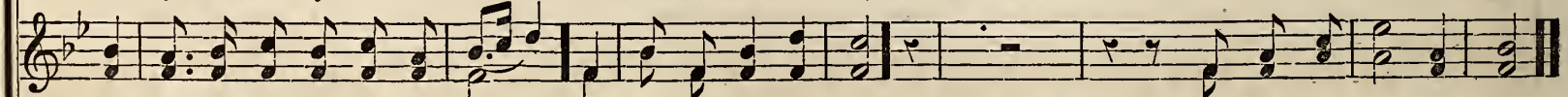
1. O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts it - self on thee? I have no refuge of my own,



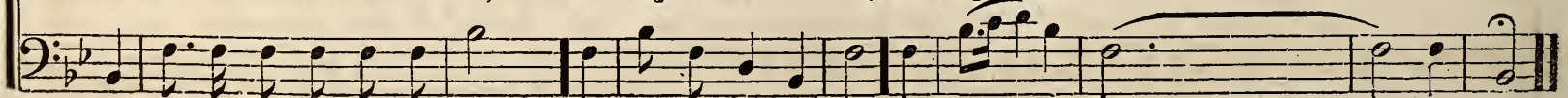
2. Slain in the guilt - y sin - ner's stead, His spotless righteousness I plead, And his a - vail-ing blood That righteousness my robe shall be,



But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suf - fered once for me, And suf - fered once..... for me.



That mer - it shall a - tone for me, And bring me near to God, And bring me near..... to God.



Moderato.

Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,

GANGES. C. P. M. 4th P. M.

Moderato.

In notes almost divine In notes almost divide, In notes almost di - vine. Almight - y King of heav'n a - bove,

In notes almost divine, In notes almost divine, In notes almost di - vine. almost di - vine.

Eternal Source of truth and love, And Lord of all be - low, With rev'rence and religious fear, Permit thy suppliants to draw near, And at thy feet to bow.

I. When thou my righteous Judges shall come To take thy ransomed sinners home, Shall I among them stand? { Shall such a worthless worm as I, }
 { Whosometimes am afraid to die, } Be found at thy right hand?

2. I love to meet thy people now, Be - fore thy feet with them to bow, Though vilest of them all; { But can I hear the piercing thought? }
 { What if my name should be left out? } When thou for them shalt call?

RAPTURE. C. P. M. 4th P. M.

HARWOOD.

1. Be - gin, my soul, th'ex - alt - ed lay, Let each en - rap - tured thought o - bey, And praise th'Almighty's name.

2. Thou heaven of heaven's his vast a - bode, Ye clouds, pro - claim your Ma - ker God; Ye thun - ders, speak his power.

Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies, In one me - lo - dious con - cert rise, To swell th'inspir - ing theme.

Lo! on the light - ning's fier - y wing, In tri - umph walks th'e - ter - nal king; Th'aston - ished worlds a - dore.

How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That gilds the sa - cred tomb, Where once the Crucified was borne, And vailed in midnight gloom.

This musical score is for a hymn in 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff, a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs), and a bass line on a separate bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

STEPNEY. C. H. M. 38th P. M.

O weep no more the Saviour slain; The Lord is risen, he lives a - gain.

1. Oh, what is life! 'tis like a flow'r That blossoms and is gone;
2. Oh, what is life! 'tis like the bow That glis - tens in the sky;

This section contains two musical systems. The first system is for the hymn 'STEPNEY. C. H. M. 38th P. M.' in 4/4 time, with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system is for a duet or solo in 2/4 time, marked 'Affettuoso.' It includes two verses of lyrics and dynamic markings like 'mp', 'Cres.', and 'Dim.'.

It flourish - es its lit - tle hour, With all its beau - ty on: Death comes, and like a win - try day, It cuts the love - ly flow'r a - way.

We love to see its col - ors glow; But while we look they die. Life falls as soon: to - day 'tis here, To - morrow it may dis - ap - pear.

This section continues the musical score for the second part of the hymn. It features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment in 2/4 time, with dynamic markings like 'mp', 'Dim.', 'Cres.', and 'p'.

1. Friend af - ter friend de - parts: Who hath not lost a friend? There is no u - nion here of hearts That hath not here an end:

mp 2. "Be - yond the flight of time, Be - yond the vale of death, There sure - ly is some bless - ed clime Where life is not a breath,

Cres. Dim. Cres. Dim. Dim.

DALSTON. S. P. M. (6, 6, 8; 6, 6, 8.)

Allegro Moderato.

Were this frail world our on - ly rest, - Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blest.

Cres. Cres. Dim. Nor life's af - fec - tions transient fire, Whose sparks fly up - ward to ex - pire."

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, And roy - al state maintains,

2. Up - held by thy commands, The world se - cure - ly stands,

A. WILLIAMS.

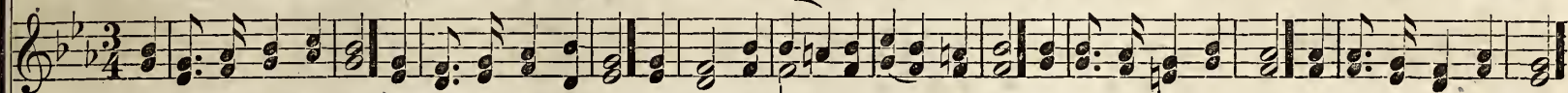
His head with aw - ful glo - ries crowned; Arrayed in robes of light, Be - girt with sov'reign might, And rays of maj - es - ty a - round.

And skies and stars o - bey thy word; Thy throne was fixed on high Ere stars adorned the sky; E - ter - nal is thy king - dom, Lord.

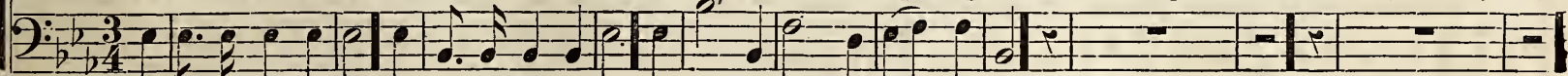
Not too fast.



1. How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends agree;—Each in his prop - er sta - tion move, And each ful - fil his part, With sym pa-thiz - ing heart,



2. Like fruitful showers of rain, That wa - ter all the plain, De-scend - ing from the neighboring hills, Such streams of pleasure roll Thro' eve - ry friend - ly soul,

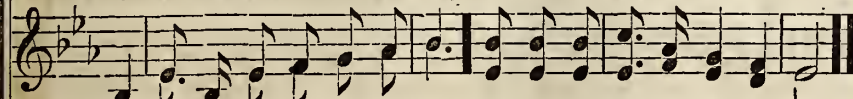


PETERS. S. P. M. (6, 6, 8; 6, 6, 8.)

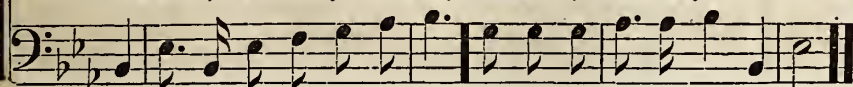
Allegro



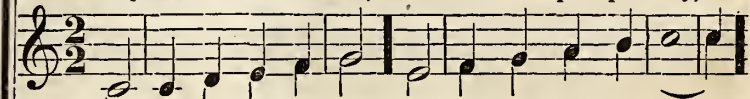
In all the cares of life and love, In all the cares of life and love.



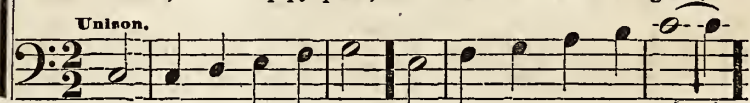
Where love, like heavenly dew distills, Where love, like heavenly dew distills.



1. How pleased and blessed was I, To hear the peo - ple cry,



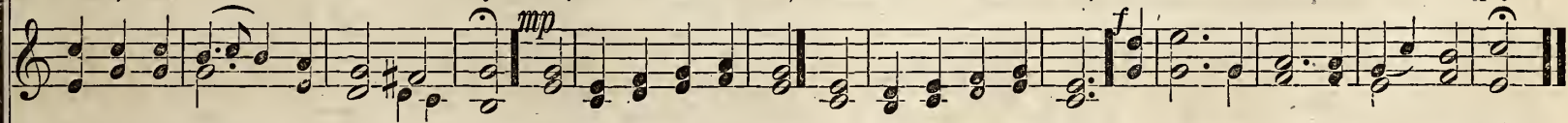
2. Zi - on, thrice hap - py place, Adorned with wondrous grace,



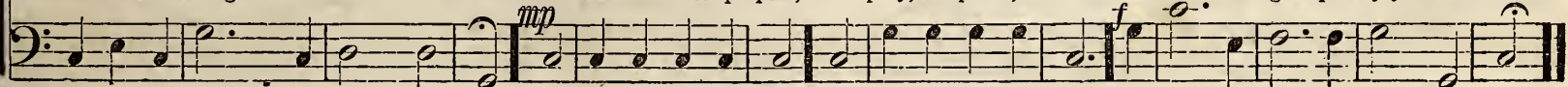
Unison.



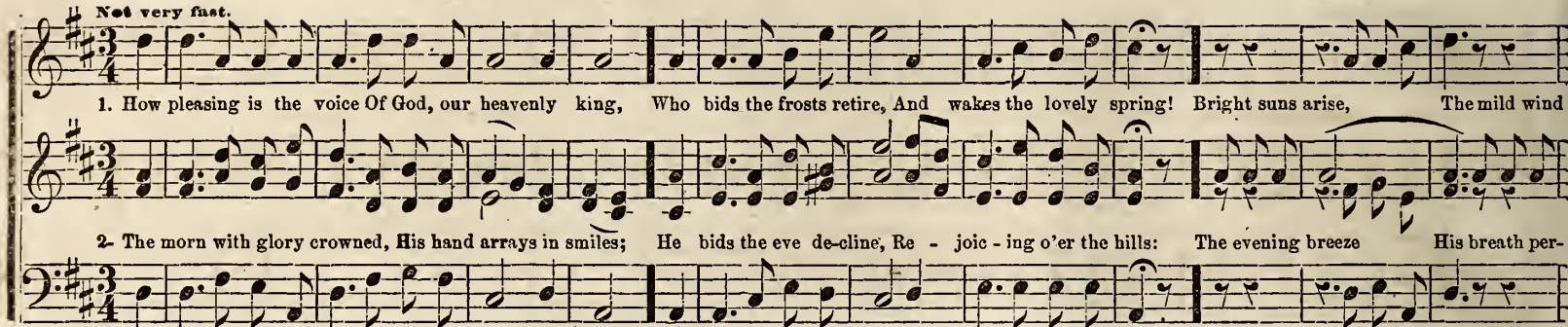
"Come, let us seek our God to - day!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and hón - ors pay.



And walls of strength em - brace thee - round: In thee our tribes ap - pear, To pray, and praise, and hear The sa - cred gos - pel's joy - ful sound.



Not very fast.




1. How pleasing is the voice Of God, our heavenly king, Who bids the frosts retire, And wakes the lovely spring! Bright suns arise, The mild wind

2. The morn with glory crowned, His hand arrays in smiles; He bids the eve de-cline, Re - joic - ing o'er the hills: The evening breeze His breath per-

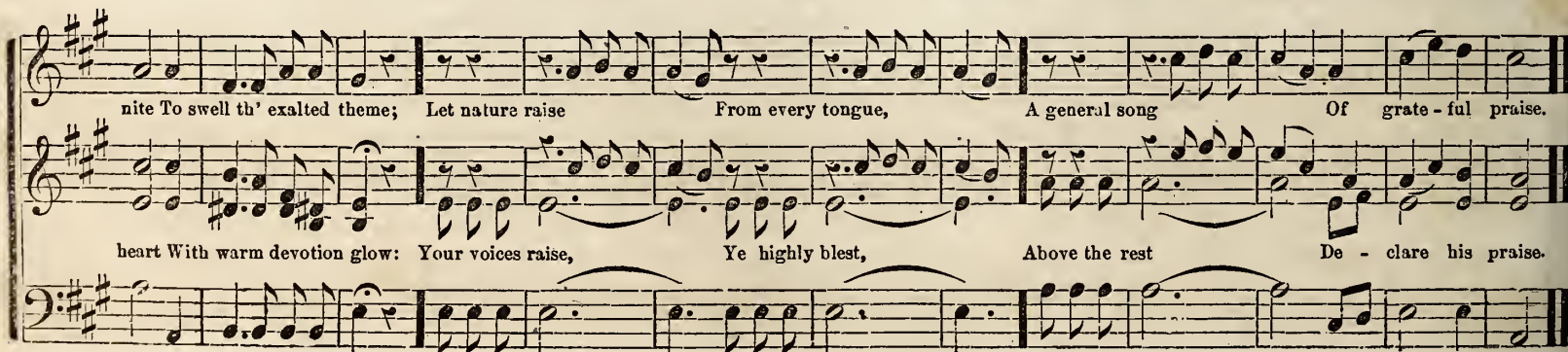
CLAREMONT. H. M. 3d P. M.

Not too fast.



blows, And beauty glows Through earth and skies.

fumes; His beauty blooms In flowers and trees.



nite To swell th' exalted theme; Let nature raise From every tongue, A general song Of grate - ful praise.

heart With warm devotion glow: Your voices raise, Ye highly blest, Above the rest De - clare his praise.

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove! How pleasant and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly dwellings are! To thine a-bode My

2. Oh! hap - py souls who pray Where God appoints to hear; Oh hap - py men who pay Their constant service there; They praise thee still, And

ERK. H. M. 3d P. M.

WM. MASON.

heart aspires With warm desires To see my God.

hap - py they, Who love the way To Zi - - - on's hill.

1. An - gels, as - sist to sing The hon - ors of your God;

2. And ye of mean - er birth, Your joy - ful voi - ces raise;

Touch eve - ry tune - ful string, And sound his name a - broad: Come, pour the trembling notes a - long, And swell the grand, im - mor - tal song

All ye who dwell on earth, Your great Cre - a - tor praise; Let loud ho - san - nas joy - ful rise, Roll round the earth and pierce the skies.

1. Yes, the Re-deemer rose: The Saviour left the dead; And o'er our hellish foes High raised his conquering head; In wild dis-may, The guards a-

2. Lo! the angel - io bands In full as-sem-bly meet, To wait his high commands, And worship at his feet; Joy-ful they come, And wing their

HADDAM. H. M. 3d P. M.

DR. L. MASON.

round Fall to the ground, And sink a - way.

way From realms of day To Je - sus' tomb.

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high.

2. The thun-ders of his hand Still keep the world in awe;

The 'garments he assumes Are light and majesty; His glories shine With beams so bright, No mor - tal eye Can bear the sight.

His wrath and justice stand To guard his holy law; And where his love Re - solves to bless, His truth con - firms And seals the grace.

1. Give thanks to God most high, The u - ni - ver - sal Lord, The sov - reign King of kings; And be his name a - dored;

2. How might - y is his hand! What won - ders hath he done! He formed the earth and seas, And spread the heavens a - lone;

LENOX. H. M. 3d P. M. EDSON.

Chorus.

Thy mer-cy, Lord, Shall still en - dure, And ev - er sure a - bides thy word.

His power and grace Are still the same; And let his name Have end-less praise.

Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair,

The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are!

To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires, To see my God.

The dwellings of thy love Thine earthly temples are! To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires, To see my God. With warm desires, To see my God.

To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires, To see my God. With warm desires, To see my God.

1. { Welcome, delight-ful morn! Thou day of sacred rest; }
 { I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord make these moments blest. } From low de-lights, and mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys,

2. { Now may the King de - scend, And fill his throne of grace; }
 { Thy sceptre, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad-dress thy face. } Let sinners feel thy quickening word, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

MENTON. H. M. 3d P. M.

Chorus.

I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

And learn to know and fear the Lord.

1. Let eve - ry creature join To bless Je - ho - vah's name,

2. But oh! from human tongues Should nobler prais-es flow,

And eve - ry power u - nite To swell th'ex - alt - ed theme: Let na - ture raise, From eve - ry tongue, A general song Of grate - ful praise.

And eve - ry thank - ful heart With warm de - vo - tion glow; Your voic - es raise, Ye high - ly blest, A - bove the rest De - clare his praise.

mf *mp* *Cres.*

1. Welcome, de - light - ful morn! Thou day of sa - cred rest; I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these moments blest.

2. Now may the King de-scend, And fill his throne of grace; Thy sceptre, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress thy face;

NEWBURY. H. M. 3d P. M.

From low delights and mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor tal joys.

Let sinners feel thy quickening word, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

1. O Zi - on, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high!

2. He gilds thy mourning face With beams that cannot fade;

FROM M. HADYN.

Tell all the earth thy joys, And boast salvation nigh; Cheerful in God, Arise and shine, While rays di - vine Stream all a-round.

His all-resplendent grace He pours around thy head; The nations round Thy form shall view, With lus - tre new Di - vine - ly pour.

*This tie to be used when the small note at the beginning is sung.

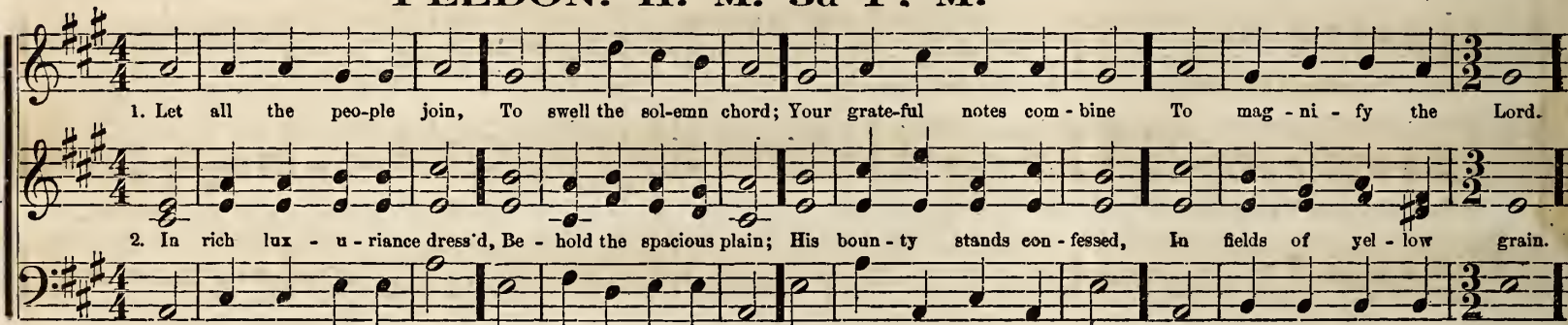
NEWMAN. H. M. 3d P. M.



1. { Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex - alt your Ma-ker's name:
 { His praise your songs em - ploy A - bove the star - ry frame: Your voi - ces raise, Ye cher - u - bim, And ser - a - phim, To sing his praise.

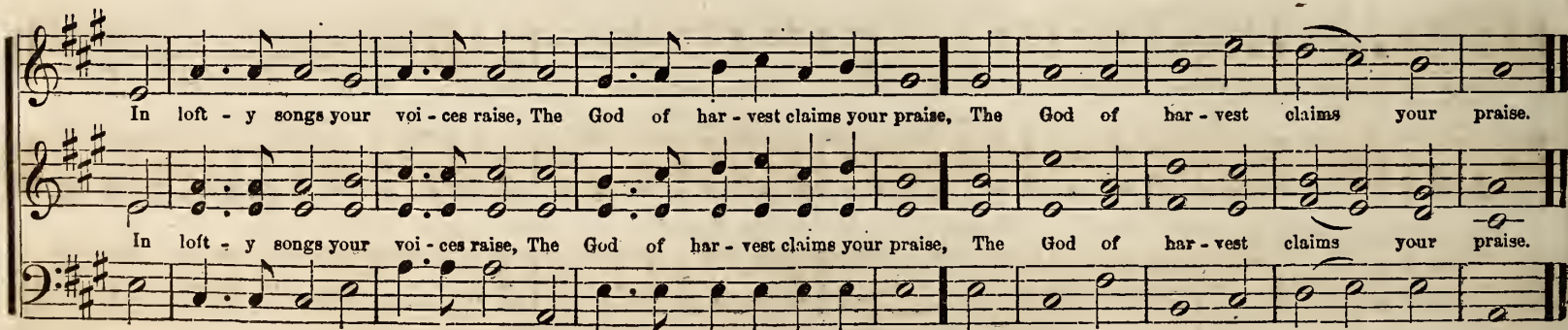
2. { Let all a - dore the Lord, And praise his ho - ly name,
 { By whose al - mighty word They all from nothing came; And all shall last, From changes free His firm de - cree Stands ev - er fast.

PELDON. H. M. 3d P. M.



1. Let all the peo-ple join, To swell the sol-emn chord; Your grate-ful notes com-bine To mag-ni-fy the Lord.

2. In rich lux - u - riance dress'd, Be - hold the spacious plain; His boun-ty stands eon-fessed, In fields of yel-low grain.



In loft - y songs your voi - ces raise, The God of har - vest claims your praise, The God of har - vest claims your praise.

In loft - y songs your voi - ces raise, The God of har - vest claims your praise, The God of har - vest claims your praise.

Allegro Assai.

Let eve-ry creature join, To bless Jehovah's name, And every pow'r u - nite, To swell th'ex-alt-ed theme; Let nature raise from ev'-ry tongue

Second Treble.

PURVIS. H. M. 3d P. M.

A general song of grateful praise, Let nature raise from every tongue A general song of grateful praise.

Cres.

Cres.

1. { The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns,
The gar-ments he as-sumes

2. { The thun - ders of his hand
His wrath and jus - tice stand.

First time.

Second time.

His throne is built on high; { Are light and ma - jes - ty; His glo-ries shine With beams so bright, No mor-tal eye Can bear the sight.

(OMIT.....)

Still keep the world in awe; { To guard his ho - ly law; And where his love Resolves to bless, His truth con - firms - And seals the grace.

(OMIT.....)

1. Yes, the Re-deem-er rose, The Sa-vi-our left the dead. And o'er our hell-ish foes High raised his conq'ring head;

2. Be-hold th'angel-ic bands In full as-sem-bly meet, To wait his high com-mands, And wor-ship at his feet.

SUTHERLAND. H. M. 3d P. M.

In wild dis-may The guards a-round Fall to the ground, And sink a-way.

Joy-ful they come, And wing their way From realms of day To Je-sus' tomb.

W. B. BRADBURY.

The u-ni-ver-sal Lord; } Thy mer-cy, Lord, Shall still en-dure And ev-er sure A-bides thy word.

And be his name a-dored. }

What wonders he hath done! } His power and grace Are still the same; And let his name Have end-less praise.

And spread the heavens a-lone! }

Allegro.

1. A - wake, our drowy souls, And burst the sloth-ful band; The won-ders of this day, Our no-blest songs de-mand:

2. At thy ap-proach-ing dawn, Re-luc-tant death re-signed The glo-rious Prince of life In dark do-mains con-fined:

ULEA. H. M. 3d P. M.

Au - spi-cious morn! thy blissful rays Bright ser - apts hail, in songs of praise.

Th'an - gel - ic host a - round him bends, And midst their shouts the God as - cends.

Unison.

Ce - les - tial foun - tain hail! Thy wa - ters nev - er (OMIT.) fail. } Still they en - dure, And still they flow, A sov' - reign cure For all our woe.

Our souls this day would come, Lord, call the na - tions (OMIT.) home. } That Jew and Greek, With rap - t'rous songs, Thy praise may speak, On all their tongues.

Moderate.

1. A - wake, our drowsy souls, And burst the slothful band; The won - ders of this day..... Our no - blest songs demand: Au-

2. At thy ap-proaching dawn, Re-luc - tant death re - signed. The glo - rious Prince of life..... In dark do - mains confined: Th'an-

spicious morn! thy blissful rays Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise, Au - spicious morn! thy blissful rays Bright ser-aphs hail, in songs of praise.

gel-ic host around him bends, And midst their shouts the God ascends, Th'an-gel - ic host a-round him bends, And midst their shouts, the God ascends.

WHATELY. H. M. 3d P. M.

Andante.

First time.

Second time.

1. { Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sa-ered rest; } { I hail thy kind return; [Omit.....] } Lord, make these moments blest, From low delights and mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor tal joys.

2. { Now may the King descend And fill his throne of grace; } { Thy scepter, Lord, extend, [Omit.....] } While saints address thy face: Let sinners feel Thy quickening word, And learn to know And fear the Lord.

Rather slow.

1. Yedying sons of men, Immersed in sin and wo! Now mercy calls a-gain, Its message is to you! Ye perishing and guilty, come! In mercy's arms there yet is room.

2. No longer now delay, Nor vain excuses frame; Christ bids you come to-day, Tho' poor, and blind, and lame: All things are ready, sinners, come! For every trembling soul there's room.

ALETTA. 7s. 6 Lines. 6th P. M.

Legato e piano.

1. { Wea - ry sin - ner, keep thine eyes On th'a ton-ing sac - ri - fice; }
 { View him bleeding on the tree, Pour - ing out his life for thee; } There the dreadful curse he bore; Weeping soul, lament no more.

2. { Cast thy guilt - y soul on him; Find him might - y to re - deem; }
 { At his feet thy bur - den lay; Look thy doubts and cares a - way; } Now by faith the Son em - brace: Plead his promise, trust his grace.

AMBOY. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

Joyful, Animated.

D.C.

1. { Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea! }
 { Now is come the promised hour; Je - sus reigns with sov'reign pow'r! }
 Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for - ev - er - more.

2. All ye nations join and sing, 'Christ, of lords and kings is King.'

mp Andante. *Cres.* *Dim.*

1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hasted thro' the for - mer year, Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here.

mp *Cres.* *Dim.*

2. Spared to see an - oth - er year, Let thy blessing meet us here, Come, thy dy - ing work re - vive, Bid thy droop - ing gar - den thrive.

mp *Cres.* *Dim.*

mp *mp* *m* *Cres.* *Dim.*

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low; We a lit - tle long - er wait, But how lit - tle, none can know.

mp *mp* *m* *Cres.* *Dim.*

Sun of righteousness, a - rise! Warm our hearts and bless our eyes: Let our prayer thy pi - ty move; Make this year a time of love.

DALLAS. 7s. 5th P. M.

FROM CHERUBINI.

Keep me, Saviour by thy side, Let thy coun - sel be my guide; Nev - er let me from thee rove, Sweet - ly draw me by thy love.

Keep me, Saviour by thy side, Let thy coun - sel be my guide; Nev - er let me from thee rove, Sweet - ly draw me by thy love.

1. Who, O Lord, when life is o'er, Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar; Who, an ev - er wel - come guest, In thy ho - ly place shall rest?

2. He, whose heart thy love has warmed; He, whose will to thine conformed, Bids his life un - sul - lied run; He, whose words and thoughts are one.

ELNOR. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

1. { Sleep not, sol - dier of the cross! Foes are lurking all a-round: } { Look not here to find re - pose; This is but thy bat - tle-ground. } Up! and take thy shield and sword; Up, it is the call of heaven! Shrink not faith - less from thy Lord; No - bly strive as he hath striven.

ELTHAM. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. { Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, When beneath Mes - si - ah's sway, } { Eve - ry na - tion, eve - ry clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey. } Sa - tan and his host o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2. Mightiest kings his power shall own, Heathen tribes his name a - dore;

Affettuoso.


1. Gracious Spir - it, Love di-vine! Let thy light within meshine, All my guilt - y fears remove, Fill me with thy heavenly lové.

2. Speak thy pardoning grace to me, Set the burdened sin - ner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in his precious blood.

ESHTEMOA, 7s. 5th P. M.

T. B. MASON.



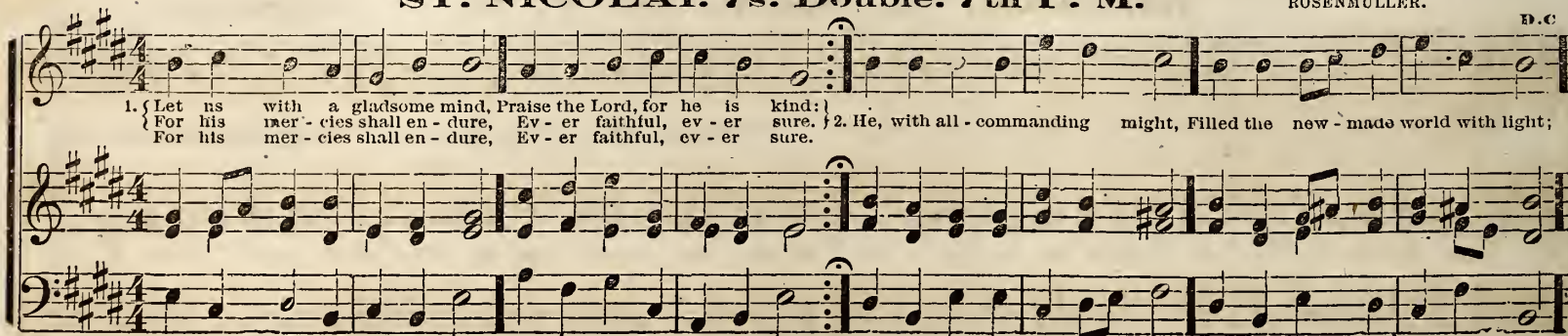
1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with thee.

2. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

ST. NICOLAI. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

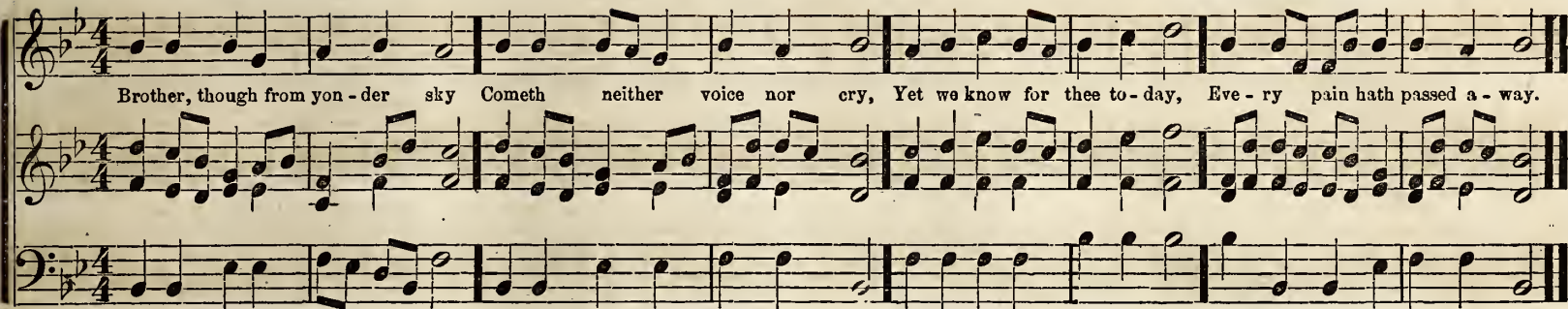
ROSENMULLER.

D.C.



1. { Let us with a gladsome mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faithful, ev - er sure.
For his mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faithful, ev - er sure.

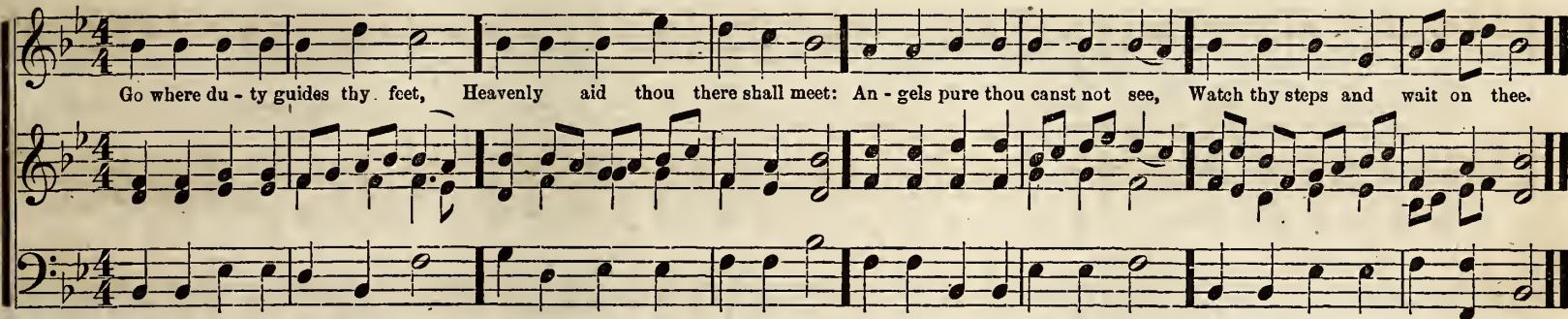
2. He, with all - commanding might, Filled the new - made world with light;



Brother, though from yon - der sky Cometh neither voice nor cry, Yet we know for thee to - day, Eve - ry pain hath passed a - way.

GALAND. 7s. 5th P. M.

WILLIAM MASON.



Go where du - ty guides thy feet, Heavenly aid thou there shall meet: An - gels pure thou canst not see, Watch thy steps and wait on thee.

GRANNIS. 7s. 5th P. M.

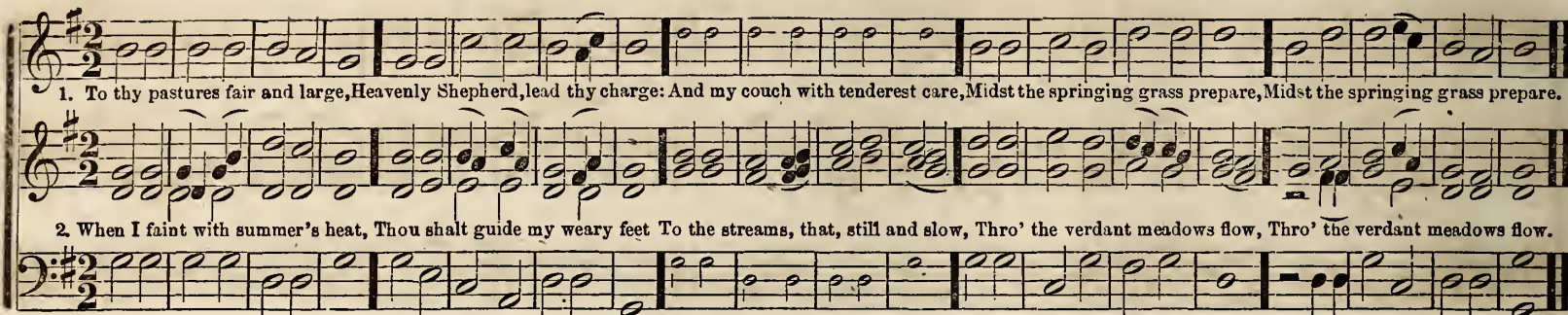
W. O. PERKINS.

Piano e Legato.



1. Gent - ly fall the dew's of eve, Rais - ing still the lan - guid flow - ers: Sweetly flow the tears that grieve O'er a mourn - er's strick - en hours.

2. Bless - ed tears and dew's that yet Lift us near - er un - to heaven; Let us still his praise re - peat, Who in mer - cy all hath given.

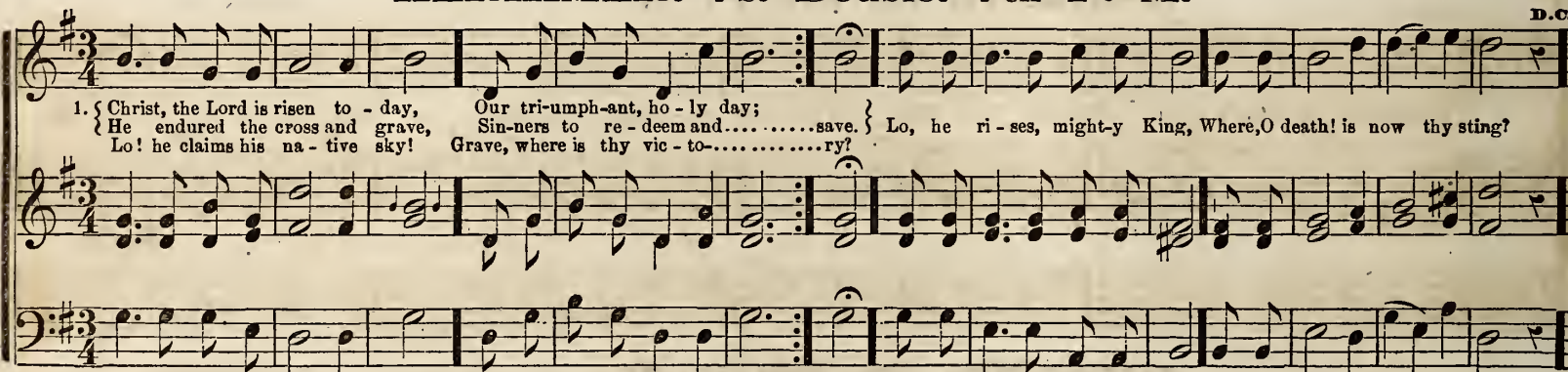


1. To thy pastures fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge: And my couch with tenderest care, Midst the springing grass prepare, Midst the springing grass prepare.

2. When I faint with summer's heat, Thou shalt guide my weary feet To the streams, that, still and slow, Thro' the verdant meadows flow, Thro' the verdant meadows flow.

HERKIMER. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

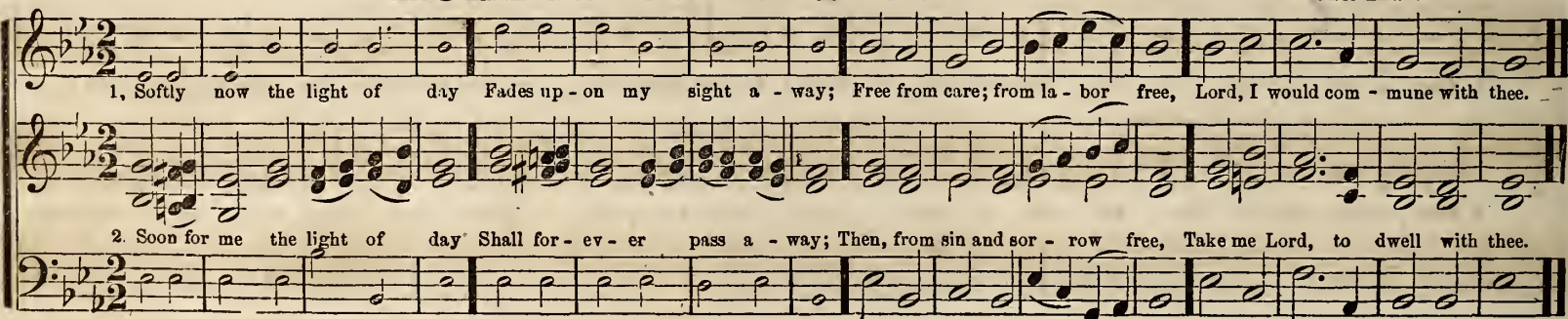
D.C.



1. { Christ, the Lord is risen to - day, Our tri-umph-ant, ho - ly day;
 { He endured the cross and grave, Sin-ners to re - deem and.....save. } Lo, he ri - ses, might-y King, Where, O death! is now thy sting?
 Lo! he claims his na - tive sky! Grave, where is thy vic - to-.....ry?

HOLLEY. 7s. 5th P. M.

GEO. HEWS.



1. Softly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care; from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with thee.

2. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me Lord, to dwell with thee.

HORTON. 7s. 5th P. M.

X. SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.

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Adagio.

1. Come! said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home, Wea-ry pil-grims! hith-er come.

2. Hither come, for here is found Balm for ev'-ry bleeding wound, Peace, which ever shall en-dure— Rest, e-ter-nal—sa-cred—sure.

HULLAH. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

Moderato.

D. C.

1. Search my heart, my actions prove, Try my thoughts, as they a-rise; For thy kind-ness and thy love Ev-er are be-fore my eyes. 2. I have loved the hallowed place, Where thine honor doth abide, To the tem-ple of thy grace, Lord, my err-ing foot-steps guide.

mp *Cres.* *f* *mf* *pia.*

KOZELUCK. 7s. 5th P. M.

1. Softly now the light of day Fades up-on our sight a-way; Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.

2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for-ev-er pass a-way: Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

1. Who are these in bright ar-ray, This ex-ult-ing, hap-py throng, Round the al-tar, bright and fair, Hymn-ing one tri-

2. These through fiery tri-als trod; These from great af-flic-tions came: Now, be-fore the throne of God, Sealed with his al-

umphant song? Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, honor, glory, power, Wisdom, rich-es to obtain, New domin-ion eve-ry hour.

mighty name! Clad in raiment pure and white, Victor palms in either hand: Thro' their great Redeemer's might, More than con-quer-ors they stand.

IRENIUS. 7s. 5th P. M.

ARR. BY T. B. MASON.

Allegretto.

1. Angels, roll the rock a-way! Death, yield up thy might-y prey! See! he ri-ses from the tomb, Ri-ses with im-mor-tal bloom.

2. 'Tis the Sa-viour! seraphs, raise Your triumphant shouts of praise; Let the earth's re-motest bound, Hear the joy in-spir-ing sound.

{ Bread of heaven! on thee I feed For thy flesh is meat, in deed; }
 { Ev - er may my soul be fed With this true and liv - ing Bread; } Day by day with strength supplied Thro' the strength of him who died.

{ Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies This blest cup of sac - ri - fice; }
 { 'Tis thy wounds my heal - ing give; To thy cross I look, and live; } Thou, my Life, oh, let me be Root - ed, graft - ed, built on thee!

MARTYN. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

MARSH.

D. C.

Fine.

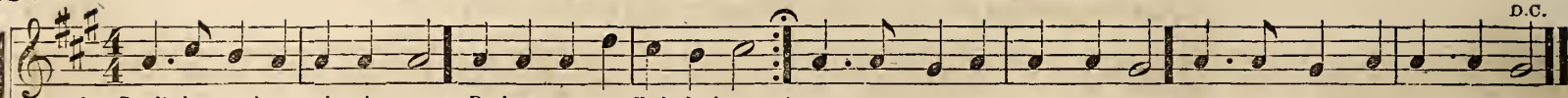
{ Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hasted at the ear - ly dawn, }
 { Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone. } For a while she lingering stood, Filled with sorrow and sur - prise,
 Trembling, while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weeping eyes.

MERTON. 7s. 5th P. M.

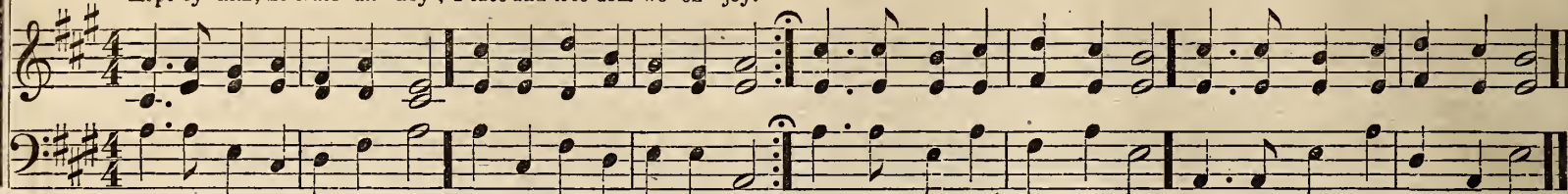
WILLIAM MASON.

1. Sons of saint - ed pilgrim sires, Guardian of their al - tar fires, Hold the truth that made them free, Hold their faith and pur - i - ty.

2. They were sent to free the mind—Heav - y bur - dens to un - bind, No - bly they dis - charged their trust; Peace and hon - or to their dust!



1. Swell the an-them, raise the song; Praises to our God be-long; } Blessings from his liber-al hand Flow a-round this hap-py land:
 Saints and an-gels join and sing Praises to the heavenly King. }
 Kept by him, no tears an-noy; Peace and free-dom we en-joy.

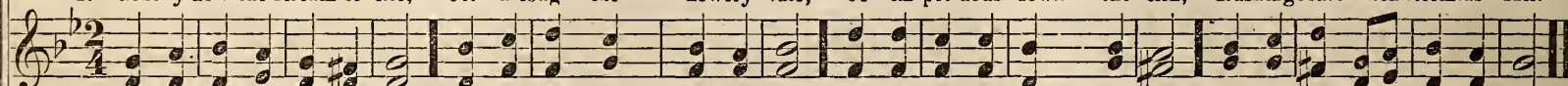


NORWICH. 7s. 5th P. M.

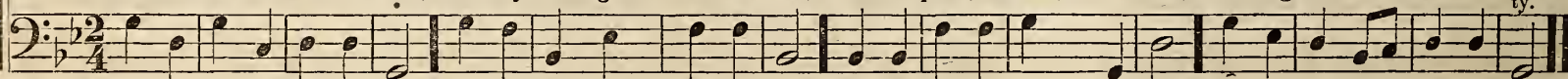
DR. LOWELL MASON.

Moderate.

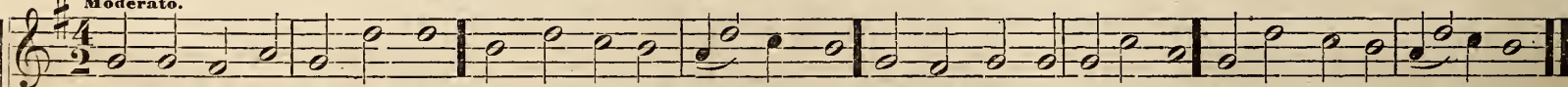
1. Gent-ly now the stream of life, Oft a-long the flowery vale, Or im-pet-u-ous down the cliff, Rushing roars when storms as-sail.



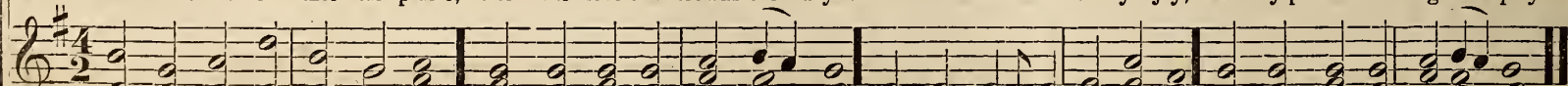
2. 'Tis an ev-er va-ried flood, Al-ways roll-ing to its sea; Slow, or quick, or mild, or rude, Tend-ing to e-ter-ni-ty.



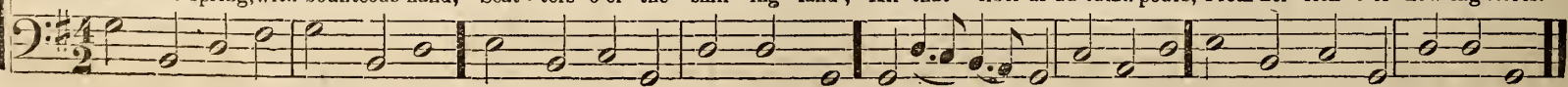
NUREMBURG. 7s. 5th P. M.

Moderate.

1. Praise to God!—im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days: Bounteous Source of ev'-ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.



2. All that spring, with bounteous hand, Scat-ters o'er the smil-ing land; All that liber-al au-tumn pours, From her rich o'er flow-ing stores.

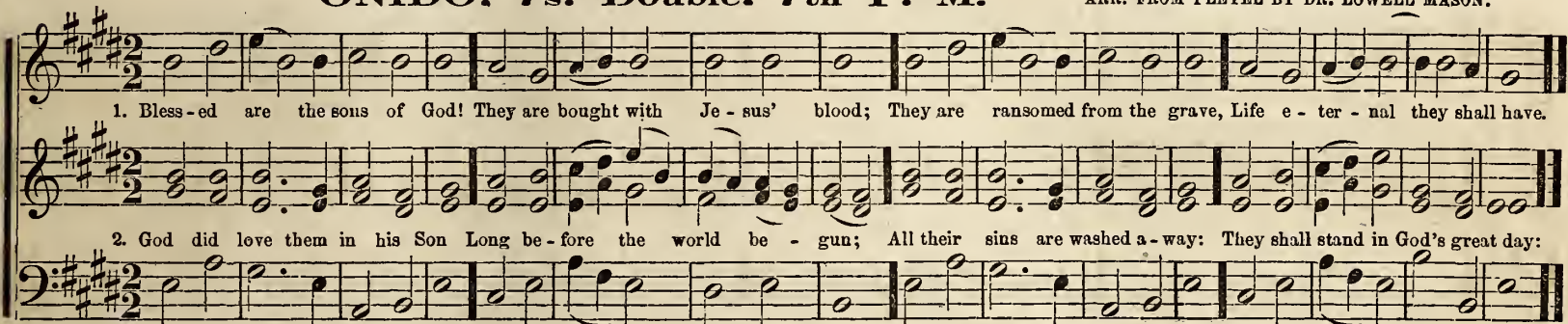




Zi-on, ci-ty of the blest, Hap-py seat of heavenly rest! God's a-bode, where is no night, God its glo-ry, Christ its light.

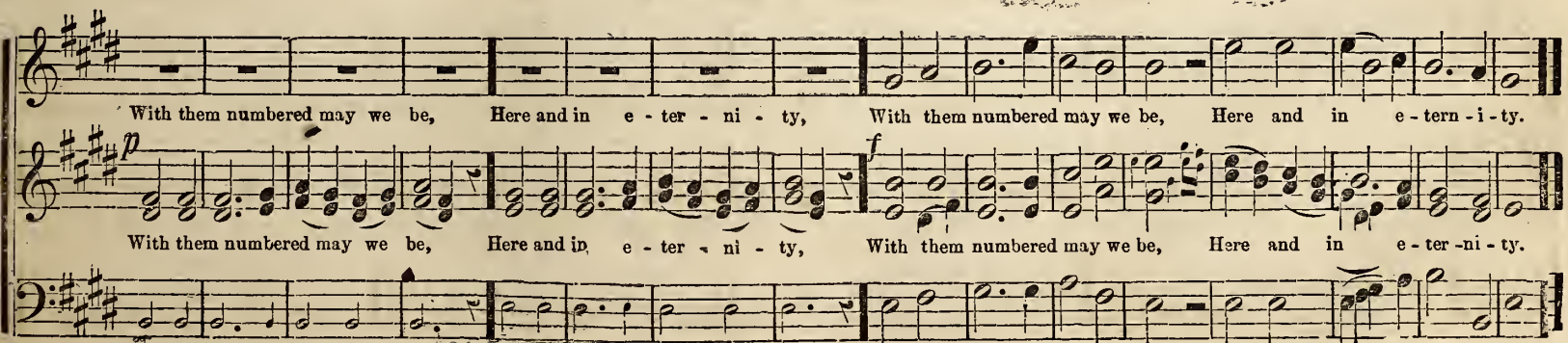
ONIDO. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

ARR. FROM PLEYEL BY DR. LOWELL MASON.



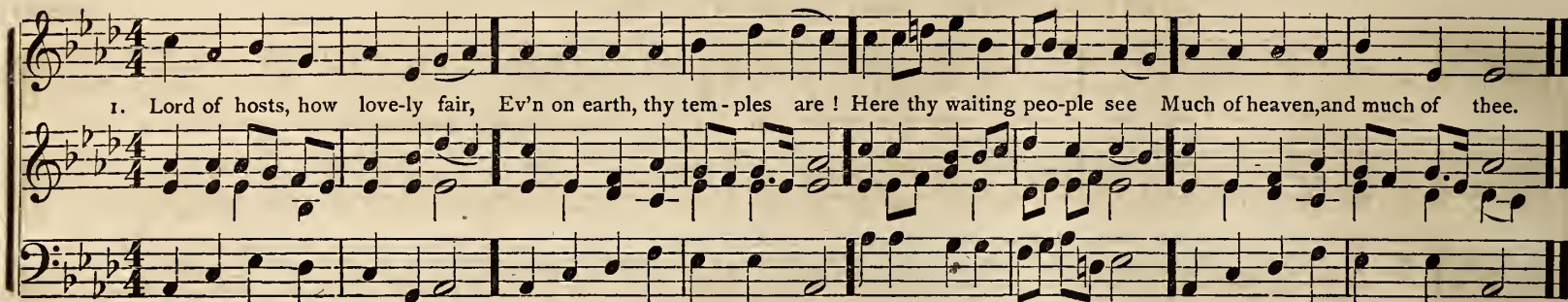
1. Bless-ed are the sons of God! They are bought with Je-sus' blood; They are ransomed from the grave, Life e-ter-nal they shall have.

2. God did love them in his Son Long be-fore the world be-gun; All their sins are washed a-way: They shall stand in God's great day:



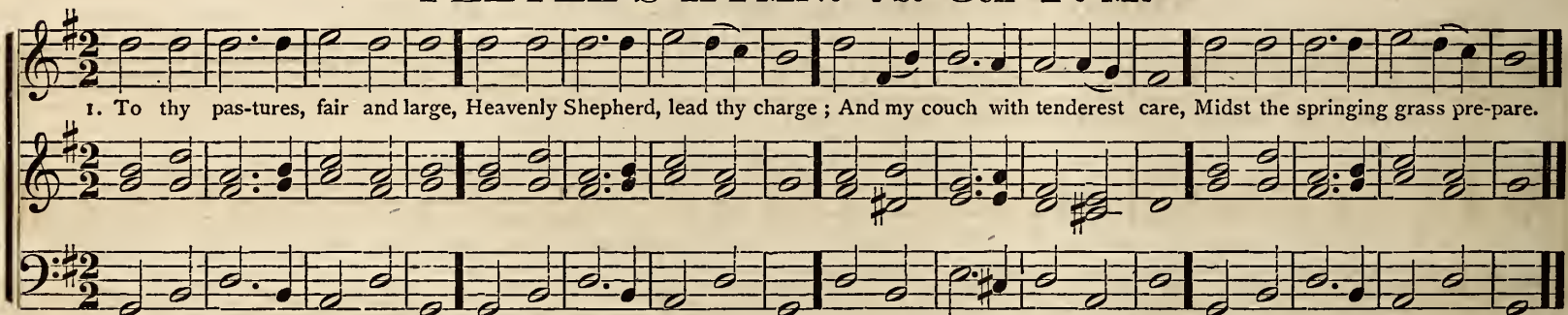
With them numbered may we be, Here and in e-ter-ni-ty, With them numbered may we be, Here and in e-tern-i-ty.

With them numbered may we be, Here and in e-ter-ni-ty, With them numbered may we be, Here and in e-tern-i-ty.



1. Lord of hosts, how love-ly fair, Ev'n on earth, thy tem-ples are ! Here thy waiting peo-ple see Much of heaven, and much of thee.

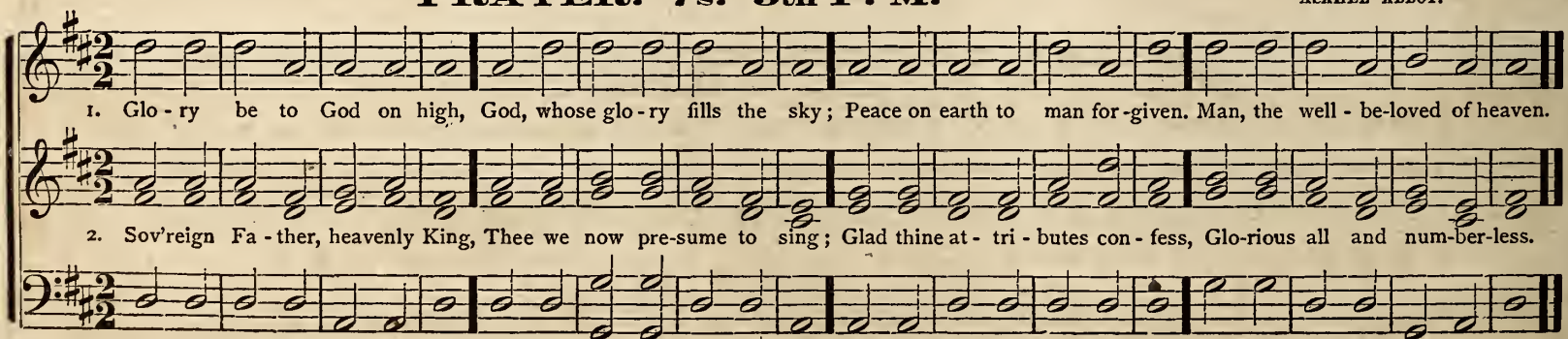
PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. 5th P. M.



1. To thy pas-tures, fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge ; And my couch with tenderest care, Midst the springing grass pre-pare.

PRAYER. 7s. 5th P. M.

ASAHEL ABBOT.



1. Glo-ry be to God on high, God, whose glo-ry fills the sky ; Peace on earth to man for-given. Man, the well - be-loved of heaven.

2. Sov'reign Fa-ther, heavenly King, Thee we now pre-sume to sing ; Glad thine at- tri - butes con- fess, Glo-rious all and num-ber-less.

Affettuoso.

1. Lord of hosts, how love-ly, fair, E'en on earth thy temples are! Here thy wait-ing peo-ple see Much of heaven and much of thee.

2. From thy gra-cious presence flows Bliss that soft-ens all our woes; While thy spirit's ho-ly fire Warms our heart with pure de-sire.

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 Lines. 6th P. M.

Rather slow.

1. { From the cross up-lift-ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die, }
 { What me-lo-dious sounds we hear, Bursting on the ravished ear, } "Love's re-deem-ing work is done—Come, and welcome, sin-ner, come.

2. { Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why be-neath thy burdens groan? }
 { On my pierc-ed bod-y laid, Jus-tice owns the ransom paid; } Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—Come, and welcome, sin-ner, come!

SEARS. 7s. 5th P. M.

FROM NAGELI.

1. Come! said Je-sus sa-cred voice; Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home, Wea-ry pil-grim, hith-er come.

2. Hith-er come, for here is found Balm for eve-ry bleed-ing wound, Peace which ev-er shall en-dure, Rest e-ter-nal, sa-cred, sure.

Larghetto.

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day; Day of

2. While we seek supplies of grace, Through the dear Re - deem - er's name, Show thy rec - on - ci - ling face, Take a - way our sin and shame: From our

all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.

worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.

SEYMOUR, or CHATHAM. 7s. 5th P. M.

WEBER.

Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare; Je - sus loves to answer prayer; He him - self in - vites thee near, Bids thee ask him, wants to hear.

1. Steal-ing from the world a - way, We are come to seek thy face; Kind-ly meet us, Lord, we pray, Grant us thy re - vi - ving grace.

2. Yon - der stars that gild the sky, Shine but with a borrowed light; We, un - less thy light be nigh, Wan - der, wrapt in gloom - y night.

SOUTHAMPTON. 7s. 5th P. M.

1. Christ, the Lord is risen to - day, Sons of men, and an - gels, say! Raise your songs of tri-umph high; Sing, ye heavens, and earth re - ply.

2. Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight — the bat-tle won: Lo! our sun's e - clipse is o'er — Lo! he sets in blood no more.

TELEMANN'S. 7s. 5th P. M.

CH. ZEUNER.

Allegro.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, Our tri-umphant, ho - ly day; He en - dured the cross and grave, Sin - ners to re-deem and save.

2. Lo! he ris - es — mighty King! Where, O death, is now thy sting? Lo! he claims his na - tive sky! Grave! where is thy vic - to - ry?

Fine.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil the law's de - mands; Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
All for sin could not a - tone— Thou must save, and thou a - lone.

VERNON. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

D.C.

1. { Fount of ev - er - last - ing love! Rich thy streams of mer - cy are, }
{ Flow - ing pure - ly from a - bove, Beau - ty marks their course a - far. } Lo! thy church, thy gar - den, now, Bloom b - neath thy heavenly shower.
While we feel, and melt, and bow, Mild, yet might - y in thy power.

WANSTED. 7s. 5th P. M.

1. Thou Je - ho - vah, God o'er all! I - dol Gods to thee shall fall: None thy wondrous works can share; None with thee in might compare.

2. Formed by thy cre - a - tive hand, Let the na - tions round thee stand; Prostrate at thy throne confess, And a - dore the Saviour's grace.

1. Sweet the time, ex - ceed - ing sweet, When the saints togeth - er meet, When the Saviour is the theme, When they join to sing of him.

2. Sing we then e - ter - nal love, Such as did the Fath - er move: He be - held the world un - done, Loved the world, and gave his Son.

WILMOT. 7s, or 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.

CARL VON WEBER.

2d ending

1 Lo! the Lord Je-ho-vah liveth! He's my rock, I bless his name; He, my God, sal - va - tion giveth; All ye lands, ex-alt his fame.

2. God, Messiah's cause maintaining, Shall his righteous throne ex - tend, O'er the world the Saviour reigning, Earth shall at his footstool bend.

p *Slow.*

ANLEY. 8s & 7s. Double. 9th P. M.

Close.

D.C.

1. { Sa-viour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal; }
 { Sin and want we come con - fess-ing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal. } 2. Tho' the destruction walk a - round us, Tho' the arrow near us fly,
 An - gel-guards from thee surround us; We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Close. *D.C.*

1. Hark! what mean those holy voi - ces, Sweetly sounding through the skies? Lo! th' an-gel-ic host re - joice - es, Heavenly hal - le - lu-jahs rise. 2. Hear them

2. Peace on earth, good will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found, "Souls redeemed, and sins forgiv-en," Loud our gold-en harps shall sound. 4. Christ is

tell the wondrous sto - ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy, "Glo - ry in the high-est glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God most high."

born, the great An-noint - ed; Heaven and earth his prais-es sing! Oh re-ceive whom God ap-pointed, For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

ANCONA. 8s & 7s. Double. 9th P. M.

ARR. BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

D. C.

1. { Let thy grace, Lord, make me low-ly, Humble all my swelling pride; }
 { Fall-en, guilt-y, and un - ho - ly, Greatness from mine eyes I'll hide; } 2. I'll for - bid my vain as - pir - ing, Nor at earth-ly hon - ors aim:
 No am - bi - tious heights de-sir-ing, Far a - bove my earth ly claim.

Gent-ly, Lord O gent-ly lead us Thro' this lone-ly vale of tears; Thro' the chang-es thou'st de-creed us, Till our last great change appears.

When tempta-tion's darts as-sail us, When in devious paths we stray, Let thy good-ness nev-er fail us, Lead us in thy per-fect way.

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. Double. 9th P. M.

POPULAR MELODY.

1. { Meek and low-ly, pure and ho-ly, Chief a-mong the bless-ed three, }
 { Turn-ing sad-ness in-to glad-ness, Heaven-born art thou, Char-i-ty! } Pi-ty dwelleth in thy bo-som, Kind-ness reign-eth o'er thy heart.
 Gen-tle thoughts alone can sway thee—Judgment hath in thee no part.

1. { Hoping ev-er, fail-ing nev-er, Though deceived, be-liev-ing still; }
 { Long a-bi-ding, all-con-fi-ding To thy heavenly Father's will; } Nev-er wea-ry of well-do-ing, Nev-er fear-ful of the end.
 Claiming all man-kind as brothers, Thou dost all a-like be-friend.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M. (OLD FORM).

1. Je - sus, full of all com - pas - sion, Hear thy hum - ble sup - pliant's cry; Let me know thy great salvation: See, I lan - guish, faint, and die.

2. Guilt - y, but with heart re - lent - ing, O - ver - whelmed with helpless grief, Prostrate at thy feet re - pent - ing, Send, O! send me quick re - lief.

The musical score for 'Bartimeus (Old Form)' is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. It is in 6/4 time and B-flat major. The first part has two verses of lyrics. The second part also has two verses. The third part is a single line of music.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M. (IMPROVED FORM).

1. Come, thou fount of eve - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise

2. Teach me some me - lo - dious measure, Sung by flaming tongues a - bove; Oh, the vast, the boundless treasure Of thy free, un - changing love.

The musical score for 'Bartimeus (Improved Form)' is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. It is in 3/4 time and D major. The first part has two verses of lyrics. The second part also has two verses. The third part is a single line of music.

BETAH. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.

C. VON WEBER.

1. Saviour, source of eve - ry blessing, Tune my heart to grateful lays; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for cease - less songs of praise.

2. Teach me some me - lo - dious measure, Sung by raptured saints a - bove; Fill my soul with heavenly pleas - ure, While I sing re - deem - ing love.

The musical score for 'Betah' is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. It is in 2/4 time and B-flat major. The first part has two verses of lyrics. The second part also has two verses. The third part is a single line of music.

CESAREA. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.

ARR. FROM MOZART.

301

Allegro

On the tree of life e - ter - nal, Oh let all our hopes be laid; This a - lone, for - ev - er ver - nal, Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

CROYDON. 8s & 7s. Double. 9th P. M.

D. C.

{ Sweet the mo - ments, rich the bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend: }
 { Life, and health, and peace po - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend, } Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion, Low be - fore his cross to lie.
 While I see di - vine com - pas - sion Beam - ing in his mild blue eye.

D. C.

D. C.

CUVIER. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.

Slowly

Cres

mf

Dim mf

>

1. Gen - tle harp! thy sil - very measures Oft have cheered the hour of woe, Ho - ly mu - sic! pur - est pleasures From thy fountains ev - er flow.

2. Thou canst banish clouds of sor - row, Gild the dark and gloom - y night; Thou canst bid a new - born mor - row Wake the heart to new de - light.

1. { Sa - viour, source of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to grate - ful lays; } Teach me some me - lo - dious measure
 { Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceasing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise. }

2. { Thou did'st seek me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; } By thy hand re - stored, de - fend - ed,
 { Thou, to save my soul from danger, Did'st redeem me with thy blood. }

Sung by rap - tured saints a - bove; Fill my soul with sa - cred pleasure, While I sing re - deem - ing love.

Safe through life thus far I'm come, Safe, O Lord, when life is end - ed, Bring me to my heav - enly home.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. Double.

J. J. ROSSEAU, 1775.

D.C.

Moderato.

Fino.

{ Far from mor - tal cares re - treat - ing, Sor - did hopes and vain de - sires, } From the fount of glo - ry beam - ing, Light ce - les - tial cheers our eyes.
 { Here our will - ing foot - steps meeting, Eve - ry heart to heaven aspires; }
 Mer - cy from a - bove pro - claim - ing, Peace and par - don from the skies.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.

303

Fine.

D.C.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the notes of praise a-bove; }
 Je - sus reigns, and heaven rejoic - es, Je - sus reigns, the God of love. } See, he sits
 Hul - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - mea. on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

KELVIN. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.

1. Al - ways with us, al - ways with us—Words of cheer and words of love; Thus the ris - en Saviour whispers, From his dwelling - place a - bove.
 2. With us when we toil in sad - ness, Sow - ing much and reap - ing none; Tell - ing us that in the fu - ture Golden har - vests shall be won.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Slow and soft

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the summer breeze, Pleasant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats among the trees.
 2. Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum - ber, Peace - ful in the grave so low; Thou no more will join our num - ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.
 3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep - ly feel; But 'tis God that hath be - reft us, He can all our sor - rows heal.
 4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, Then in heaven we hope to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

NOTE. — This tune may be sung in two parts by Treble voices.

Fine.

D. C.

{ Come, thou fount of eve-ry bless-ing! Tune my heart to grate-ful lays; }
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceasing, Call for loud-est songs of praise. } Teach me some me-lo-dious meas-ure, Sung by rap-tured saints a-bove;
 Fill my soul with sa-cred pleasure, While I sing re-deem-ing love.

OTTO. 8s & 7s. Double. 9th P. M.

Fine.

D. C.

{ Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend; }
 { Life and health, and peace possessing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend. } Tru-ly bless-ed is this station, Low be-fore his cross to bow,
 While I see di-vine com-pas-sion Beaming in his gra-cious eye,

OVIO. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. I would love thee, God and Fa-ther! My Re-deem-er and my King! I would love thee; for without thee, Life is but a bit-ter thing.

2. I would love thee; eve-ry blessing Flows to me from out thy throne: I would love thee—he who loves thee Nev-er feels him-self a-lone.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens a - dore him; Praise him, an - gels in the height; Sun and moon re - joice be - fore him; and moon re - joice be - fore him, which nev - er can be brok - en,

2. Praise the Lord! for he hath spo - ken; Worlds his might - y voice o - beyed; Laws which nev - er can be brok - en,

Praise him all ye stars of light A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, A - men, A - men.

For their guidance he hath made. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.

I. CONKEY, BY PERMISSION.

1. God is love; his mer - cy brightens All the path thro' which we rove; Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens; God is wis - dom, God is love.

2. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth Will his changeless goodness prove: From the gloom his bright - ness streameth; God is wis - dom, God is love.

Moderato.

Fine.

{ Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi on, ci - ty of our God; }
 { He whose word can ne'er be bro - ken, Chose this for his own a - bode. } Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling, Still is precious in thy sight,
 Ju - dah's temple far ex - cell - ing, Beam - ing with the gos - pel's light.

SELMA. 8s & 7s. Double. 9th P. M.

CH. ZEUNER.

D. C.

Fine.

{ When the world my heart is rending With its heaviest storm of care; }
 { My glad thoughts to God as - cending, Find a ref - uge from des - pair, } There's a hand of mer - cy near me, Though the waves of trouble roar,
 There's an hour of rest to cheer me, When the toils of life are o'er.

SHIMMIN. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.

Allegretto, ma non troppo. Tenor ad lib.

Cease here longer to de - tain me, Kindest mother, drowned in woe, Now thy kind caress - es pain me: Morn advan - ces, let me go.

Moderate.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-dee-ming grace.

2. Thanks we give and ad-o-ra-tion, For thy gospel's joy-ful sound; May the fruits of thy sal-va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.

D. E. JONES.

Slowly gently.

1. Si-lent-ly the shades of evening Gather round my lone-ly door; Si-lent-ly they bring be-fore me Fa-cies I shall see no more.

2. Oh, the lost, the un-for-got-ten, Tho' the world be oft for-got; Oh, the shrouded and the lone-ly! In our hearts they per-ish not.

REUNION. 7s. 5th P. M.

S. P. TUCKERMAN.

Slow, and with expression.

Though we here shall meet no more, Yet there is a bright-er shore; There releas'd from toil and pain, We that loved shall meet again.

1. { Watchman, tell me, does the morn-ing Of fair Zi-on's glo-ry dawn? }
 { Have the signs that mark his com-ing Yet up-on thy path-way shone? } Pil-grim, yes, a-rise, look round thee;

2. { Watchman, see, the light is beam-ing, Bright-er still up-on the way; }
 { Signs through all the earth are gleam-ing, O-mens of the com-ing day; } When the Ju-bal trum-pet sound-ing,

Light is break-ing in the skies; Gird thy bri-dal robes a-round thee, Morn-ing dawns, a-rise, a-rise!

Shall a-wake from earth and sea, All the saints of earth now sleep-ing, Clad in im-mor-tal-i-ty.

WORTHING. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.

SCHULTZ.

Moderato.

1. Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, ci-ty of our God; He whose word can ne'er be bro-ken, Chose thee for his own a-bode.

2. Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling, Still is precious in thy sight; Ju-dah's tem-ple far ex-cel-ling, Beaming with the gos-pel's light.

First time.

Second time.

1. { I will love thee, all my treas - ure; I will love thee, all my strength;
 { I will love thee without meas - ure, And with - out a stain at (Omit....) length: And with - out a stain at length: }

2. { I will praise thee, Suu of glo - ry! For the bliss thy beams have brought;
 { I will praise thee, will a - dore thee, For the light I long have (Omit ...) sought, For the light I long have sought: }

I will love thee Light Di - vine, Till I die and find thee mine, Till I die and find thee mine.

Praise thee that thy words so blest, Soothed my troubled soul to rest, Soothed my troubled soul to rest.

ALVAN. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

{ Lead us, heavenly Fa - ther! lead us, O'er the world's tempestuous sea; } Yet pos - sess - ing eve - ry bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.
 { Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but thee; }

BREST. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

1. Day of judgment, day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound, Louder than a thousand thunders, Shakes the vast creation round! How the summons Will the sinner's heart confound!

2. See the Judge, our nature wearing, Clothed in majesty divine! You, who long for his appearing, Then shall say, "This God is mine!" Gracious Saviour, Own me in that day for thine.

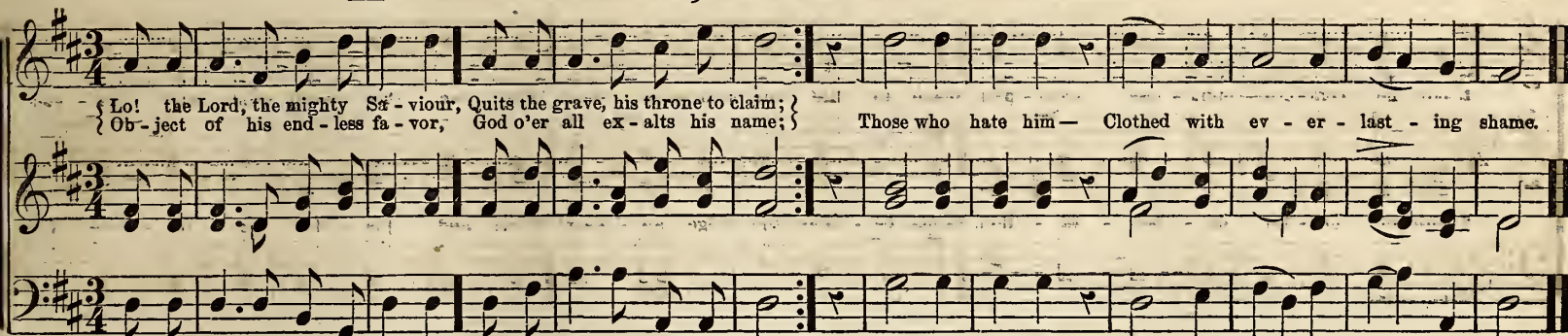
FENWICK. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

1. { Tossed no more on life's rough bil - low, All the storms of sorrow - fled, }
 { Death hath found a qui - et pil - low, For the faith - ful Christian's head: } Peace - ful slumbers - Guarding o'er his low - ly - bed.

2. { Oh may we be re - u ni - ted, To the spir - its of the just; }
 { Leav - ing all that sin hath blight - ed With cor - rup - tion, in the dust. } Hear us, Je - sus, Thou our Lord, our life, our trust.

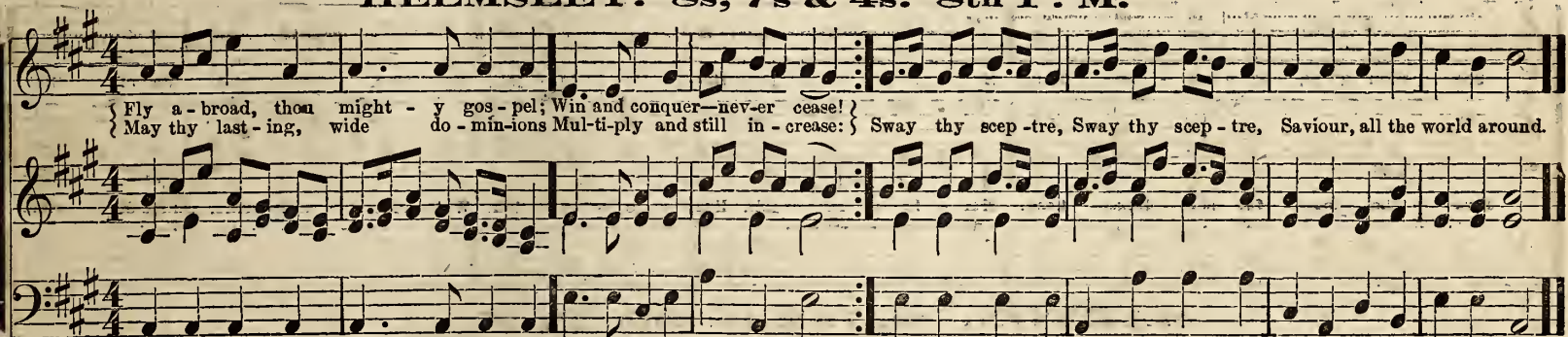
HAMDEN. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

{ Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim through this barren land: }
 { I - am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with a powerful hand: } Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.



Lo! the Lord; the mighty Sa-viour, Quits the grave; his throne to claim; }
 Ob-ject of his end-less fa-vor, God o'er all ex-alt's his name; } Those who hate him— Clothed with ev-er-last-ing shame.

HELMSLEY. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.



Fly a-broad, thou might-y gos-pel; Win and conquer—nev-er cease! }
 May thy last-ing, wide do-min-ions Mul-ti-ply and still in-crease: } Sway thy scep-tre, Sway thy scep-tre, Saviour, all the world around.

KEDESH. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

Andante. D. C.



1. Oh 'tis pleasant, 'tis re-vi-ving To our hearts to hear, each day, Joy-ful news from far ar-ri-ving, How the gos-pel wins its way;
 Those enlightening, those enlightening, Who in death and darkness lay.

2. God of Ja-cob, high and glorious, Let thy peo-ple see thy hand: Let the gos-pel reign vic-to-rious, Through the world, in eve-ry land.
 Then shall i-dols, then shall i-dols Per-ish, Lord, at thy command.

1. Lo! he com-eth-count-less trum-pets Wake to life the slumbering dead; Mid ten thou-sand saints and an-gels,

2. Full of joy-ful ex-pec-ta-tion, Saints be-hold the judge ap-pear! Truth and jus-tice go be-fore him,

See their great, ex-alt-ed Head; Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Wel-come, wel-come, Son of God.

Now the joy-ful sen-tence hear: Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Wel-come, wel-come, Judge di-vine.

MARTON. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

Moderato.

On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands; } Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands, God himself, &c.

Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zi-on long in hostile lands. }

Slowly and tenderly.

{ Yes, my na-tive land, I love thee! All thy scenes, I love them well; }
 { Friends, con-nec-tions, hap-py coun-try, Can I bid you all fare-well? } Can I leave you, Far in hea-then lands to dwell?

OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

Allegro.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim through this bar-ren land; I am weak, but thou art might-y, Hold me with thy

2. O-pen thou the crys-tal foun-tain, Whence the heal-ing streams do flow; Let the fier-y, cloudy pil-lar Lead me all my

power-ful hand: Bread of heaven! Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

jour-ney through: Strong De-liv-er-er! Be thou still my strength and shield. Be thou still my strength and shield.

1. { Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you, Now with swifter voice she calls, }
 { Bids you haste to seek the Saviour, Ere the hand of justice falls; } Hear, O sin-ner, Hear, O sin-ner, 'Tis the voice of mercy calls, 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2. { Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour, Seek his mercy while you may; }
 { Soon the day of grace is o-ver; Soon your life will pass away; } Haste, O sin-ner, Haste, O sin-ner; You must perish—if you stay, You must perish—if you stay.

SIBERIA. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

S. B. POND.

1. O'er the gloom-y hills of dark-ness, Look my soul—be still and gaze; See the prom-is-es ad-vanc-ing

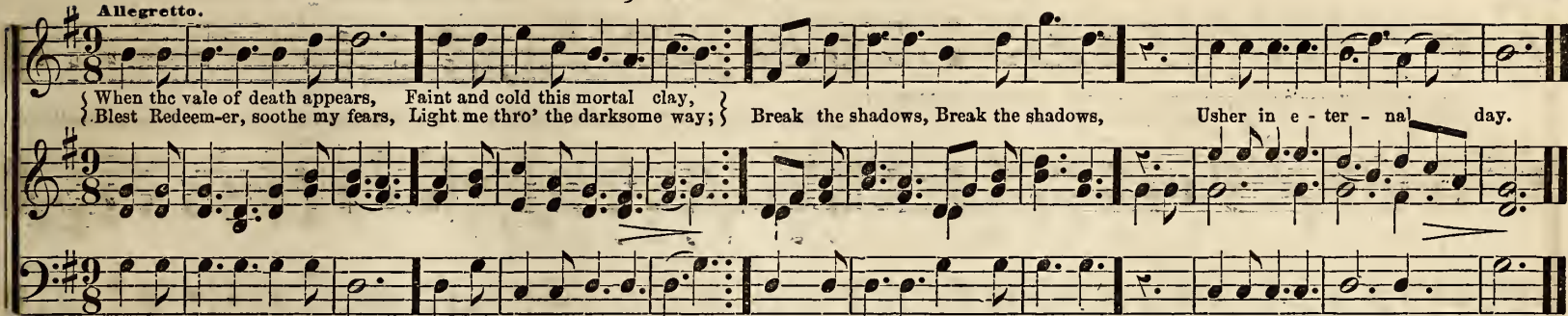
2. Let the dark, be-night-ed pa-gan, Let the rude bar-ba-rian see That di-vine and glo-rious con-quest

To a glo-rious day of grace! Bless-ed Ju-bilee! Bless-ed Ju-bilee! Let thy glo-rious morn-ing dawn!

Once ob-tained on Cal-va-ry; Let the gos-pel, Let the gos-pel Loud re-sound from pole to pole.

Slow.

Allegretto.

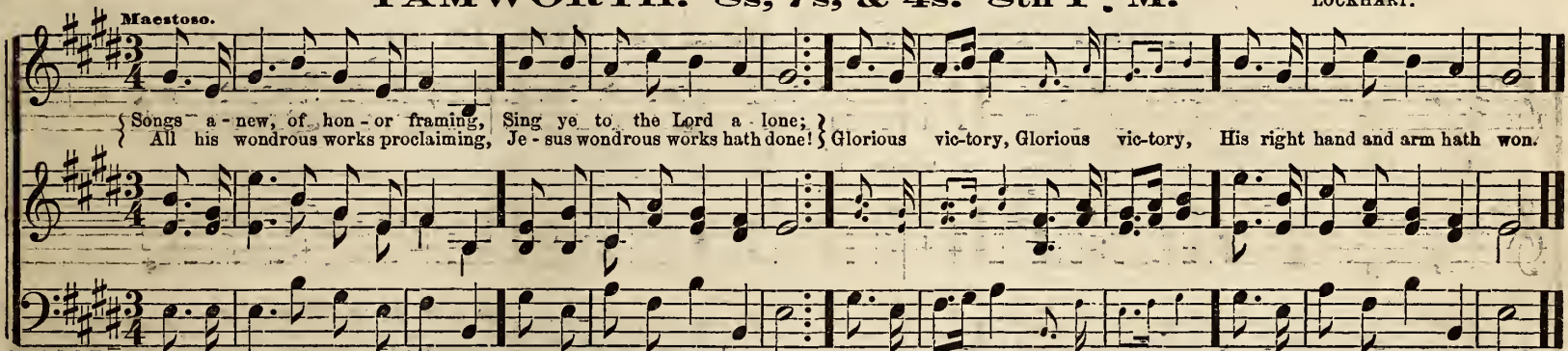


When the vale of death appears, Faint and cold this mortal clay, }
 Blest Redeem-er, soothe my fears, Light me thro' the darksome way; } Break the shadows, Break the shadows, Usher in e - ter - nal day.

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s, & 4s. 8th P. M.

LOCKHART.

Maestoso.



Songs a - new, of hon - or framing, Sing ye to the Lord a lone; }
 All his wondrous works proclaiming, Je - sus wondrous works hath done! } Glorious vic-tory, Glorious vic-tory, His right hand and arm hath won.

UNAM. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

Rather slow.



On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands! }
 Welcome news to Zi-on bearing, Zi-on long in hostile lands. } Mourning captive! God him - self shall loose thy bands, God himself shall loose thy bands.

{ On the mountain's top appearing, Lo, the sa-cred her-ald stands; }
 { Welcome news to Zi-on bearing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands. } Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God himself shall, &c.

AMSTERDAM. 7s, 6s & 7s. 11th P. M.

DR. NARES.

Moderate.

{ Rise, my soul, stretch out thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace; }
 { Rise from tran-si-to-ry things, To heaven, thy na-tive place. } Sun, and moon, and stars de-cay,

Time shall soon this earth re-move; Rise, my soul, and haste a-way, To seats pre-pared a-bove.

1. Burst, ye em - rald gates, and bring, To my rap - tured vis - ion, All th'es - tat - ic joys that spring Round the bright & ye - an:

2. Hark! the thrill - ing sym - pho - nies, Seem, me - thinks, to seize us; Join we too the ho - ly lays, Sing of him who saves us.

Lo! we lift our long - ing eyes, Break, ye in - ter - ven - ing skies, Sons of righteousness a - rise, Ope the gates of par - a - dise.

Sweet - est sound in ser - aph's song, Sweet - est sound on mor - tal tongue, Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sang, Let its ech - oes flow a - long.

ENEVA. 7s, 6s & 7s. 11th P. M.

Slow and soft.

{ Time is winging us a-way To our e - ter - nal home; }
 { Life is but a winter's day, A journey to the tomb; } Youth and vigor soon will see. Blooming beauty lose its charms, All that's mortal soon shall be En - clos'd in death's cold arms.

mp *Cres.* *Dim.* *Len.*

Moderato.

FINE.

D.C.

1 { Praise the Lord, who reigns a-bove, And keeps his courts be - low; }
 { Praise him for his boundless love, And all his greatness show. } Praise him for his - no - ble deeds, Praise him for his matchless power;
 Him, from whom all good proceeds, Let earth and heaven a - dore.

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s. 12th P. M.

W. H. OAKLEY.

Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wandering sheep; False to thee, like Pe - ter, I
 Turn and look up - on me, Lord,

Fine.

D. S.

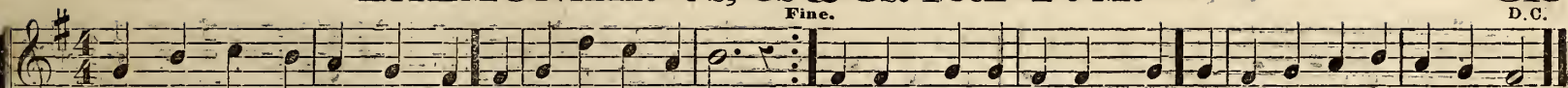
Would fain like Pe - ter of weep; Let me be by grace re - stored, On me be all • long suf - fering shown.
 And break my heart of stone.

ZALMONAH. 7s, 6s & 8s. 12th P. M.

319

D. C.

Fine.



1. { Je - sus, let thy pi - tying eye Call back a wandering sheep; }
 { False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep, } Let me be by grace re - stored; On me be all long-suffering shown;
 Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.



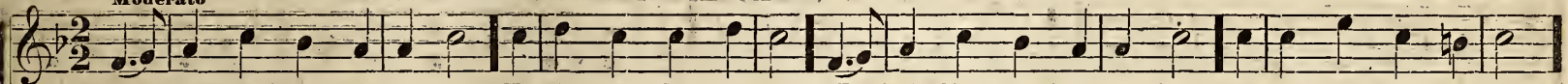
2. { Sa - viour, Prince, enthroned a - bove, Re - pent - ance to impart, }
 { Give me, thro' thy dy - ing love, The hum - ble contrite heart, } Give what I have long im - plored, A por - tion of thy grief unknown.
 Turn, and look on me, O Lord, And break my heart of stone.



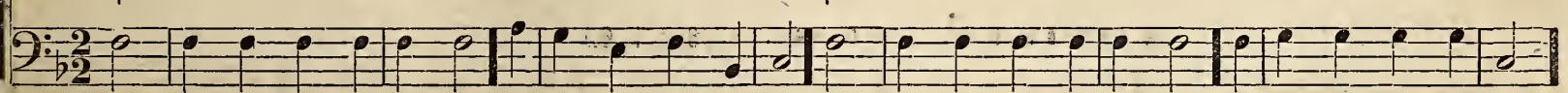
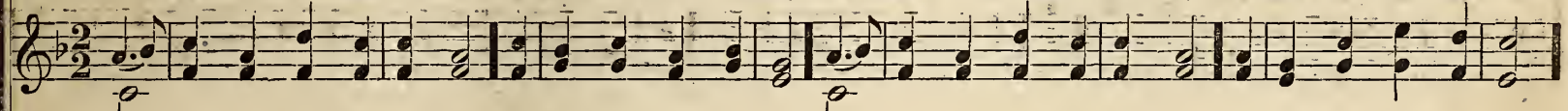
EVARTS.

7s & 6s. 26th P. M.

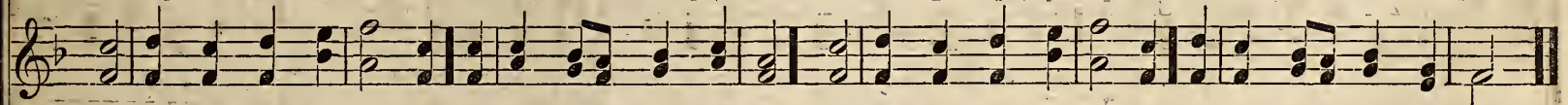
Moderato



Oh that the Lord's sal - va - tion Were out of Zi - on come, To heal his an - cient na - tion, To lead his out - casts home !



How long the ho - ly ci - ty Shall hea - then feet pro - fane? Return, O Lord, in pi - ty; Rebuild her walls a - gain.



Moderato.

1. The morn-ing light is breaking, The dark-ness dis-ap-pears, The sons of earth are wak-ing, To pen-i-ten-tial tears.

2. Rich news of grace come o'er us, In many a gen-tle show'r, And brighter scenes be-fore us Are opening eve-ry hour.

Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean, Brings ti-dings from a-far, Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.

Each cry to heav-en go-ing, A-bun-dant an-swer brings, And heavenly winds are blow-ing, With peace up-on their wings.

ABVILLE. 7s & 6s. (7, 6; 7, 7, 6.)

1. No, no, it is not dy-ing, To go un-to our God; This gloomy earth for-sak-ing, Our jour-ney homeward taking, A-long the star-ry road.

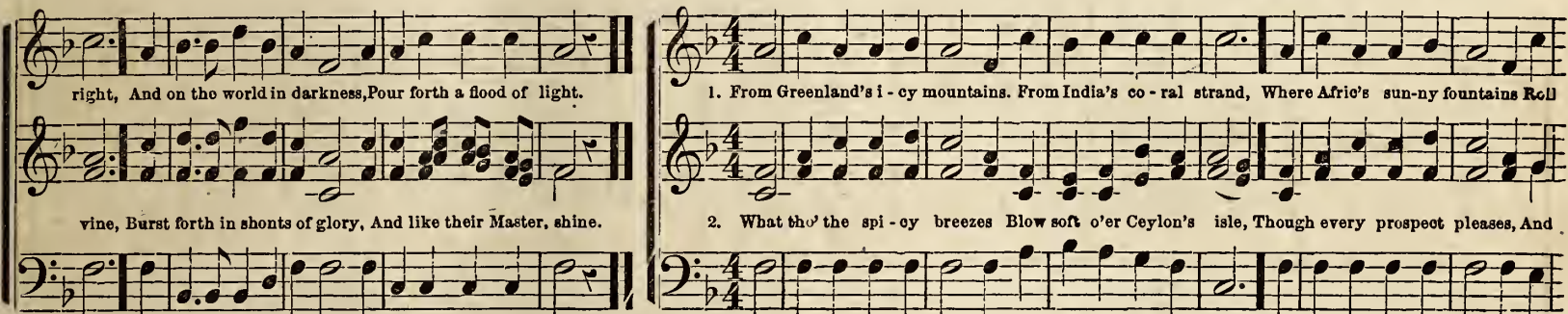
2. No, no, it is not dy-ing, The Shepherd's voice to know; His sheep he ev-er lead-eth, His peace-ful flock he feed-eth, Where liv-ing pastures grow.



1. The gloomy night of sadness, Begins to flee a-way, The glowing tinge of morning Proclaims the rising day, That welcome day of promise, When Christ shall claim his

2. Now truth unvel'd is shining, With beams of sacred light, The mourning pilgrims wonder, And leave the paths of night; Their glowing hearts in rapture, Are filled with joy di-

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. 26th P. M.

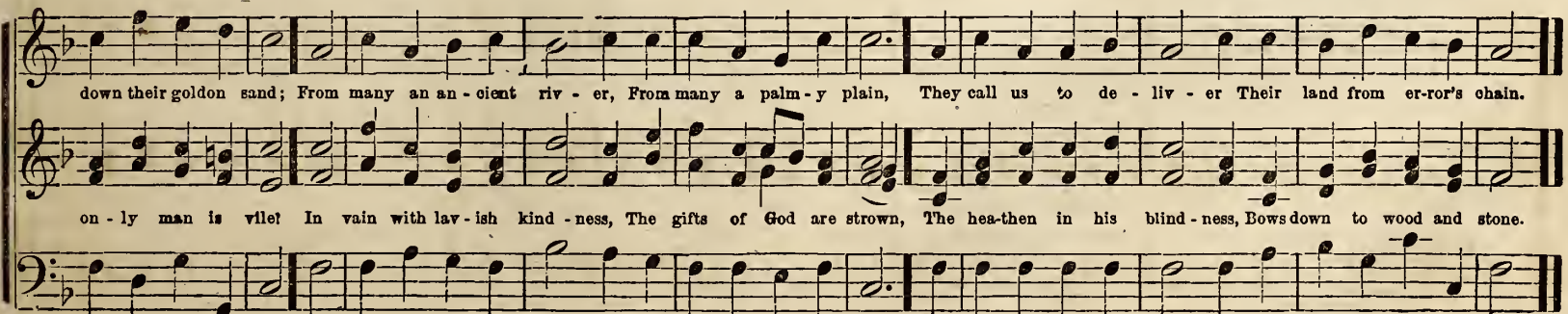


right, And on the world in darkness, Pour forth a flood of light.

1. From Greenland's i-cy mountains. From India's co-ral strand, Where Afric's sun-ny fountains Roll

2. What tho' the spi-ey breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Though every prospect pleases, And vine, Burst forth in shonts of glory, And like their Master, shine.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



down their golden sand; From many an an-cient riv-er, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from er-ror's chain.

on-ly man is vile! In vain with lav-ish kind-ness, The gifts of God are strown, The hea-then in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone.

FINE. D.C.

1. In heaven-ly love abiding, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such confiding, For nothing changes here: The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me, And can I be dismayed?

2. Wherev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is beside me, And nothing can I lack: His wisdom ever waketh, His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh, And I will walk with him.

YARMOUTH. 7 & 6s. 26th P. M.

1. When shall the voice of singing Flow joy - ful - ly a-long? When hill and val - ley ringing With one triumph - ant song, Proclaim the con - test end - ed,

2. Then from the craggy mountains The sa - cred shout shall fly; And sa - cred vales and fountains Shall echo the re - ply, High tower and low - ly dwelling

And Him who once was slain, A - gain to earth de-scend - ed — A - gain to earth de-scend - ed A - gain to earth de-scend - ed, In righteousness to reign.

Shall send the chorus round, All hal - le - lu-jahs swelling — All hal - le - lu-jahs swelling — All hal - le - lu-jahs swelling, In one e - ter - nal sound.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty—Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died; Land of the pilgrims pride; From every mountain-side Let freedom ring.
 2. My native country! thee—Land of the no - ble free—Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 4. Our father's God! to thee— Author of lib - er - ty! To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light—Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

AVA. 6s & 4s. (6, 4, 6, 4; 4, 4, 6, 4.) DR. HASTINGS.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s. (6, 4, 6, 4; 6, 6, 4.)

Fine.

{ Child of sin and sorrow, Filled with dismay, }
 { Wait not for to-morrow, Yield thee to-day: } Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room;
 Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and o - bey.

1. Near-er my God, to thee, Nearer to thee,
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, Daylight all gone,

DR. LOWELL MASON.

E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er my God to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.
 Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer my God to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

Maestoso.

1. God bless our native land, Firm may she ev - er stand Thro' storm and night! When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave! Do thou our country save By thy great might.

2. For her our prayer shall rise, To God above the skies; On him we wait; Thou who hast heard each sigh, Watching each weeping eye, Be thou forever nigh; God save the state.

ELAND. 6s & 4s. (6, 4; 6, 4.)

1. On earth was dark - ness spread - One bound - less night; "Let there be light," God said - And there was light.

2. There hung a deep - er gloom O'er quick and dead, But Je - sus burst the tomb, And dark - ness fled.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. 19th P. M.

1. Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all glorious, O'er all vic-torious, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

2. Jesus, our Lord, de-scend; From all thy foes defend, Nor let us fall; Let thine almighty aid Our sure defence be made, Our souls on thee be stayed: Lord, hear our call.

Unison.

Unison.

1. Lowly and solemn be Thy children's cry to thee, Father di - vine, A hymn of suppliant breath, Owning that life and death A - like are thine.

2. O Father, in that hour, When earth all helping power Shall dis - a - vow; When spear, and shield and crown In faintness are cast down, Sustain us thou.

LYNCH. 6s & 4s. (6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.)

1. Father, oh, hear me now! Fa - ther di - vine! Thou, on - ly thou, canst see The heart's deep ag - o - ny; Help me to say to thee, "Thy will not mine."

2. O God! be thou my stay, In this dark hour; Kind - ly each sor - row hear, Hush eve - ry troubled fear, Thee let me still re - vere, Still own thy power.

MANT. 6s & 4s. (6, 6, 6, 4.)

1. Je - sus Im - man - u - el, Thou shalt our lead - er be; Guide thine own Is - ra - el, O'er life's rough sea.

2. When we are full of grief, Vic - tims of anx - ious care, Give thou our hearts re - lief, Ev - er be near.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; O, let me from this day, Be wholly thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me, O may my love to thee, Pure, warm and changeless be—A living fire.

OAK. 6s & 4s. (6, 4, 6, 4; 6, 6, 6, 4.)

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heaven is my home; }
Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is my home; } Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on eve-ry hand, Heaven is my fa-ther-land—Heaven is my home.

2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heaven is my home; }
Short is my pil-grim-age, Heaven is my home; } Time's cold and wint'ry blast Soon will be o-ver-past; I shall reach home at last—Heaven is my home.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. 19th P. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrows tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Saviour, then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; O bear me safe above, A ransomed soul

1. There was joy in heaven! There was joy in heaven! When this goodly world to frame The Lord of might and mercy came; Shouts of joy were heard on high, And the stars sang from the sky—
[“Glory to God in heaven.”]

2. There was joy in heaven! There was joy in heaven! When of love the midnight beam Dawned on the tower of Bethlehem: And along the echoing hill Angelsung—“On earth good will, Glory
[to God in heaven.]

BETHLEHEM. 5s & 8s. (5, 5, 8; 5, 5, 8.)

FROM DR. MALAN.

Moderato.

1. Be - hold how the Lord Has girt on his sword; From con - quest to con - quest pro - ceeds! How hap - py are they

2. His word he sends forth From south to the north; From east and from west it is heard: The reb - el is charmed;

Who live in this day, And wit - ness his won - der - ful deeds, And wit - ness his won - der - ful deeds.

The foe is dis - armed; No day like this day has ap - peared, No day like this day has ap - peared.

1. Jesus, still lead on, Till our rest be won: And although the way be cheerless, We will follow calm and fearless; Guide us by thy hand To our Fatherland!

2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faithless foes o'ertake us; Let not faith nor hope forsake us; For, thro' many a foe, To our home we go.

LUCAS. 5s & 11s. 18th P. M.

1. Come, let us a - new Our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still, till the Mas - ter ap - pear, His a - dor - a - ble

2. Our life is a dream, Our time as a stream, Glides swiftly a - way! And the fu - gi - tive moment re - fuses to stay, The arrow is

will, Let us gladly ful - fil, And our talents improve, By the pa - tience of hope, and the la - bor of love, By the pa - tience of hope, and the la - bor of love,

flown, The moment is gone, The moment is gone; The mil - len - nial year Rushes on to my view, And e - ter - ni - ty's here, And e - ter - ni - ty's here.

Moderato.

1. Flung to the heedless winds, Or on the waters cast, }
 Their ashes shall be watched, And gathered to the last: } And from that scattered dust, Around us and abroad, Shall spring a plenteous seed Of witnesses to God.

mf *p* *Cres.* *Cres.*

GLYN. 6s & 5s. (6, 5; 6, 5; 6, 5.)

1. I close my heavy eye, Saviour ev - er near! I lift my soul on high, Thro' the darkness drear: Be thou my light, I cry, Saviour, ev - er dear.

2. I feel thine arms around, Saviour ev - er near! With thee if I am found, Never can I fear, What - ev - er ills a-bound;—Saviour, ev - er dear.

LANSINGBURG. 6s & 5s. (6, 5; 6, 5; 6, 5; 6, 5.)

1. O, let him whose sorrow No relief can find, Trust in God, and borrow Ease for heart and mind! Where the mourner, weeping, Sheds the sacred tear, God his watch is keeping, Tho' none else is near

God will never leave us; All our wants he knows; Feels the pains that grieve us, Sees our cares and woes; When in grief we languish, He will dry the tear Who his children's anguish Soothes with succor near.

1. My soul go boldly forth, Forsake this sinful earth; What hath it been to thee But pain and sorrow? And think'st thou it will be Better to-morrow?

2. Why wilt thou still delay? Thou can'st not here to stay; What tak'st thou for thy part But heavenly pleasure! Where then should be thy heart, But where's thy treasure?

SEVERN. 6s & 5s. (6, 5; 6, 5; 6, 5; 6, 5.)

1. Pur-er yet and pur-er I would be in mind, }
Dear-er yet and dear-er eve-ry du-ty find; } Hoping still and trusting God without a fear, Patient-ly be-liev-ing He will make all clear.

2. Quicker yet and quicker Ev-er on-ward press, }
Firmer yet and firmer Step as I pro-gress: } Oft these earnest longings Swell within thy breast, Yet their inner meaning Ne'er can be expressed.

UNITY. 6s & 5s. (6, 5; 6, 5; 6, 6; 6, 5.)

When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreath her chain Round us forever? Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes,
[Never, no, never.]

mf

Will that not joyful be { When we walk by faith no more, }
 { When the Lord we loved before, } As Brother-man we see; When he welcomes us above, When we share his smile of love, Will that not joyful be?

PARR. 6s & 7s. 20th P. M.

1. Je - sus, thou art our King! To me thy succor bring: Christ, the mighty One art thou, Help for all on thee is laid: This the word. I claim it now; Send me now the promised aid.

2. High on thy Father's throne, O look with pi-ty down! Help, O help! attend my call. Captive lead cap-tiv-i-ty, King of glory, Lord of all, Christ, be Lord, be King to me.

ALMO. 6s & 8s. 24th P. M.

Ye simple souls that stray Far from the paths of peace, { How long will ye your fol - ly love, And throng the downward road, }
 That unfrequented way To life and happiness; { And hate the wisdom from a - bove, (OMIT.....) } And mock the Son of God.

1. The God of Abra'm praise, Who reigns enthroned a-bove; Ancient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love! Je - ho - vah! great I AM!

2. The God of Abra'm praise, At whose supreme command From earth we rise, and seek the joys At his right hand. We all on earth forsake

ROWLEY. 6s & 9s. 15th P. M.

By earth and heaven confess'd, We bow and bless his sacred Name, For - ev - er bless'd.

1. Come a - way to the skies, My be - lov - ed! a - rise,

Its wis - dom, fame, and power, And him our on - ly portion make, Our shield and tow'r.

2. We have laid up our love With our treasure a - bove,

And re-joice in the day thou wert born; On this fes - ti - val day, Come exulting a-way, And with singing, to Zi-on return, And with singing, to Zi-on re-turn.

Tho' our bod - ies con-tin-ue be-low; The redeemed of the Lord, We remember his word, And with singing, to par-a-dise go, And with singing, to par-a - dise go.

1. Head of the church triumphant, We joyfully a-dore thee; Till thou appear, Thy members here, Shall sing in love and glo-ry, We lift our hearts and voices,

2. While in affliction's fur-nace, And passing through the fire, Thy love we praise, That knows our days, And ever bring us nigh-er, We lift our hands exulting,

OTLEY. 7s & 5s. 34th P. M.

In blest an-ti-cipation, And cry aloud—And give to God The praise of our sal-va-tion.

In thine almighty fa-vor; The love divine, That makes us thine, Shall keep us thine for-ev-er.

Saints, for whom the Saviour bled, In your Captain's footsteps tread

2. Christian soldier, on with me! Soon your enemies must flee;

Fol-low Je-sus, and be led On to vic-to-ry! See your foemen take the ground, While the signal trumpets sound, Hear his accents pour around Cheering mel-o-dy.

Your reward be-fore you see, Sparkling from on high! Boldly take the glorious field; You may fall—but must not yield; You shall write upon your shield, Victory, tho' you die!

Bold Spirited.

1. On-ward speed thy conq'ring flight; An-gel, on-ward speed; Cast a-broad thy ra-diant light, Bid thy shades re-cede;

2. On-ward speed thy conq'ring flight; An-gel, on-ward haste; Quick-ly on each moun-tain height Be thy stand-ard placed.

Tread the i-dols in the dust, Hea-then-fanes de-destroy, Spread the gos-pel's ho-ly trust, Spread the gos-pel's joy.

Let the bliss-ful ti-dings float Far o'er vale and hill, Till the sweet-ly ech-oiing note Ev'-ry bo-som thrill.

ZETA. 7s & 5s. 34th P. M.

1. Lord of mer-cy and of might, Of mankind the life and light, Ma-ker, Teach-er, In-fi-nite—Je-sus, hear and save!

2. Strong Cre-a-tor, Sa-viour mild, Humbled to a lit-tle child, Cap-tive, beat-en, bound, re-viled—Je-sus, hear and save!

1. { Lift not thou the wailing voice; Weep not, 'tis a Christian dieth; } { High in heav'n's own light, she dwelleth; } { Freed from earth and earthly failing, Lift for her no voice of wailing. }
 { Up, where blessed saints rejoice, Ransom'd now, the spirit fieth; } { Full the song of triumph swelling: }

2. { They who die in Christ are blest: Ours be, then, no tho't of grieving: } { So be ours the faith that saveth: } { Love that to the end endureth, And, thro' Christ, the crown secureth. }
 { Sweetly with their God they rest, All their toils and troubles leaving: } { Hope that ev'ry tri-al bra-veth: }

Cres. f. Cres. f. Dim.

BERKLEY. 8s. 10th P. M.

G. W. LUCAS.

O come let us sing to the Lord, In God our sal - va - tion re-joice; In psalms of thanksgiving re - cord His praise, with one spirit and voice!

TIMNA. 8s. 10th P. M.

My gracious Redeem - er I love, His praises a-loud I'll proclaim, And join with the armies a - bove, To shout his a - dor - a - ble name.

1. To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; O bear me, ye cher - ub - im, up, And waft me a - way to his throne.

2. Dissolve thou these bonds that detain My soul from her portion in thee; O strike off this ad - a - mant chain, And make me e - ter - nal - ly free.

My Saviour, whom absent, I love, Whom, not having seen, I a - dore; Whose name is ex - alt - ed a - bove All glo - ry, do - min - ion and power.

When that hap - py e - ra be - gins, Ar - rayed in thy glo - ries, I'll shine, Nor grieve a - ny more, by my sins, The bosom on which I re - cline.

EFFIELD, 8s & 4s. 31st P. M.

1. Our blest re - deem - er, ere he breathed His last fare - well, A Guide, a Com - fort - er be - queathed, With us to dwell.

2. He breathes that gen - tle voice we hear As breeze of even; That checks each fault, that calms each fear, That speaks of heaven.

A - las! how poor and lit - tle worth Are all those glittering toys of earth That lure us here! { Dream of a sleep that death must break:
A - las! be - fore it bids us wake, They dis - ap - pear.

URMUND. 8s & 4s. 22nd P. M.

1. Hark, how the gos - pel trum - petsounds, Through all the world the ech - o bounds! And Je - sus, by re-
2. Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on, And when the con - quest you have won, Then palms of vic - tory

deem - ing blood, Is bring - ing sin - ners back to God, And guides them safe - ly by his word, To end - less day.
you shall bear, And in his king - dom have a share, And crowns of glo - ry ev - er wear, In end - less day.

1. I cannot al-ways trace the way, Where thou, almighty - y One, dost move, But I can al-ways, al ways say, That God is love.

2. When fear her chill - ing man - tle flings, O'er earth, my soul to heaven a-bove, As to her na-tive home, upsprings; For God is love.

WALES. 8s & 4s. (8, 4; 8, 4; 8, 8; 8, 4.)

1
2

Through the love of God our Saviour, All will be well: }
Free and changeless is his fa-vor; (Omit) } All, all is well: Precious is the blood that healed us; Per-fect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand outstretched to shield us; (Omit) }

1
2

D.C.

ELLIOT. 8s & 6. (8, 8; 8, 6.)

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

GETHESEMANE. 8s & 6s. (8, 8, 6; 8, 8.)

339

With tender and varied expression. Affettuoso.

1. Beyond where Cedron's waters flow, Behold the suffering Saviour go To sad Geth-sem - a - ne; His countenance is all di-vine, Yet grief ap - pears in ev' - ry line.

2. He bows beneath the sins of men; He cries to God, and cries again. In sad Geth-sem - a - ne; He lifts his mournful eyes a - bove, "My Father can this cup re-move."

Dim. Cres. m Cres. m

MONMOUTH.* 8s & 7s. 39th P. M.

LUTHER.

1. God is our refuge ev - er near, Our help in tribu - la - tion; }
Therefore his people shall not fear, Amid a wrecked creation; } Tho' mountains from their base be hurled, And ocean shake the solid world, The Lord is our salva - tion.

2. The stream that flows from Zion's hill Shall yet serenely gliding, }
With joy the holy city fill, His presence there a - bi - ding; } The Lord, her glory and defence, Will guard his chosen residence, His timely aid pro - vi - ding.

KINSMAN. 8s, 7s & 7s. 35th P. M.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Come to Calvary's ho - ly mountain, Sinners, ruined by the fall; }
Here a pure and healing fountain Flows to you, to me, to all, } In a full per - pet - ual tide, Open'd when our Sa - viour died.

*Original form, as composed by Luther.

1. Oh, show me not my Saviour dy-ing, As on the cross he bled; Nor in the grave a cap-tive ly-ing, For he has left the

2. Weep not for him at Calvary's sta-tion, Weep on-ly for thy sins; View where he lay with ex-ul-ta-tion; 'Tis there our hope be-

dead. Then bid me not that form ex-tend-ed For my Re-deem-er own Who, to the high-est heaven as-cend-ed, In glo-ry fills the throne.

gins. Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feed-ing, A-mid the scenes he trod; Look up and see him in-ter-ce-ding At the right hand of God.

ENON. 10s. 17th P. M.

REV. E. S. WIDDEMAN.

1. Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime, In full, ac-tiv-i-ty of zeal and power; A Christian cannot die before his time, The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2. Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease; Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest work is done; Come from the heat of battle and of peace, Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3. Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay In death's embraces, ere he rose on high; And all the ransomed by that narrow way, Pass to e-ter-nal life beyond the sky.

Rather slow.

1. A-long the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed, While Zion's fall in deep remembrance rose, Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

2. The tuneless harp that once with joy we strung, When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay, In mournful silence, on the willows hung, And glowing grief prolonged the tedious day.

SAVANNAH. 10s. 17th P. M.

Arranged from Pleyel, by DR. L. MASON, Savannah, Ga., 1820.

Fine. *D.S.*

From Jes-se's root be-hold a branch a-rise, Whose sa-cred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies; The sick and weak the heal-ing plant shall aid.
From storms a shel-ter and from heat a shade.

LYONS. 10s & 11s. 13th or 14th P. M.

Allegro.

O praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song, And let all his saints in full chorus join; With voices united, the anthem prolong, And show forth his praises in music divine.

O praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song, And let all his saints in full chorus join; With voices united, the anthem prolong, And show forth his praises in music divine.

Not too fast.

1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain:" For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a foun - tain; For sin and pollution—for every transgression,

2. Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair, Now he calls you in mer-cy — and can you for-bear? Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain.

His blood flows most freely in streams of sal - va-tion. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has brought us a pardon, We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain. Hal - le - lu - jah, &c.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s. 16th or 27th P. M.

1st. 2d. FINE. D.C.

O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die? { When God in great mer - cy is coming so nigh,
And an - gels are wait - ing, to wel - - - - - come you home. { Since Je - sus in - vites you, the Spir - it says come.

With strong expression.

FREDERICK. 11s. 16th or 27th P. M.

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1. I would not live away, I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way; The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here,

2. I would not live away, no — we come the tomb; Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom; There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me a - rise,

GOSHEN. 11s. 16th or 27th P. M.

Are followed by gloom, or be - cloud - ed by fear.

1. The Lord is our Shep - herd, our Guardian and Guide; What - ev - er we

To hail him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the skies.

The Lord is our Shep - herd, our Guardian and Guide; What - ev - er we

want, He will kind - ly pro - vide; To sheep of his pas - ture his mer - cies a - bound, His care and pro - tec - tion his flock will surround.

want, He will kind - ly pro - vide; To sheep of his pas - ture his mer - cies a - bound, His care and pro - tec - tion his flock will surround.

The Lord is our Shepherd, our guardian and guide, What - ev - er we want he will kindly provide; To sheep of his pas- ture his mercies a - bound,

FOLSOM. 11s & 10s. 30th P. M.

Allegretto.

His care and protection, His care and protection, His care and protection his flock will surround.

MOZART.

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid, Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er - is laid.

Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him in slum - ber re - clin - ing, Ma - ker, and Mon - arch, and Sa - viour of all.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain; Hush'd be the accents of

2. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Long by the prophets of Is-rael fore-told; Hail to the millions from

RODMAN. 11s & 10s. 30th P. M.

sor-row and mourning, Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.

bond-age re-turn-ing, Gentiles and Jews now their Saviour be-hold.

Animated.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!

2. Cold on his era-dle the dew-drops are shining;

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho-ri-zon a-dorning, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid,

Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall; An-gels a-dore him in slumber re-clin-ing, Ma-ker, and Monarch, and Sa-viour of all.

Slowly and tenderly.

1. Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee; Tho' sorrows and darkness en-compass the tomb, The Saviour has passed thro' its

2. Thou art gone to the grave—we no long-er deplore thee, Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of mer-cy

3. Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansions for-sak-ing, Per-haps thy tried spir-it in doubt lingered long; But the sunshine of heaven beamed

4. Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee, When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide; He gave thee, and took thee, and

por-tals before thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

spread to en-fold thee, And sin-ners may hope, since the Sa-viour hath died, And sin-ners may hope, since the Sa-viour hath died.

bright on thy wa-king, And the song that thou heardest was the ser-aph-im's song, And the song that thou heardest was the ser-aph-im's song.

soon will re-store thee, Where death hath no sting, since the Sa-viour hath died, Where death hath no sting since the Sa-viour hath died.

BURLINGTON. 12s, 11s & 8s. (12, 11; 12, 8.)

1. The prince of sal-va-tion in triumph is rid-ing, And glo-ry at-tends him a-long his bright way—The news of his grace on the breezes are gliding, And nations are owning his sway.

2. Ride on, in thy greatness, thou conquering Savior, Let thousands of thousands sub-mit to thy reign; Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor, And follow thy glori-ous train.

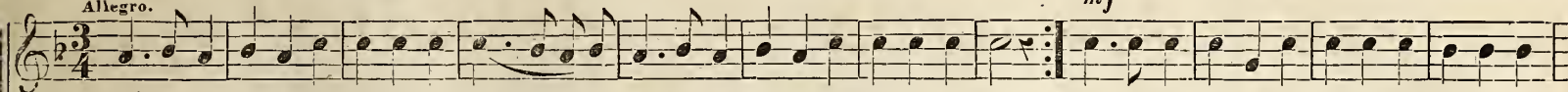
SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

Miriam's Song.

CHARLES AVISON, 347

Allegro.

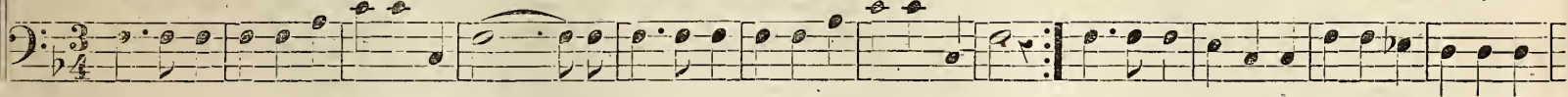
mf



1. Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea, Je - ho - vah hath triumphed his people are free. Sing, for the pride of the ty-rant is bro-ken, His



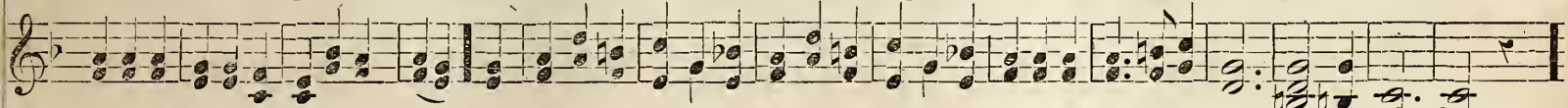
2. Praise for the vic-t'ry, all praise to the Lord, His word was our ar-row, his breath was our sword, Who shall re-turn to tell E-gypt the sto-ry, Of



mf



chariots and horsemen all splendid and brave, How vain was their boasting, the Lord hath but spoken, And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.



those she sent forth in the hour of her pride, The Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glo - ry, and all her vain thousands are dashed in the tide.

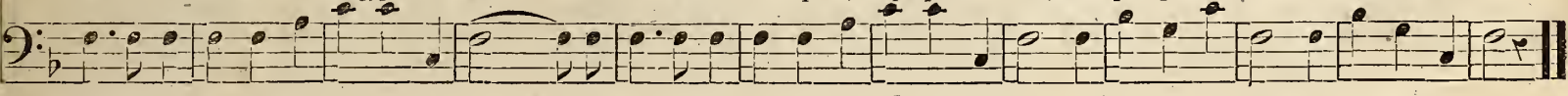


Sound the loud trum-pet o'er E-gypt's dark sea, Je - ho - vah hath tri-umphed, his people are free, His peo-ple are free, his peo-ple are free.

ff



Sound the loud tim-brel o'er E-gypt's dark sea, Je - ho - vah hath tri-umphed, his people are free, His peo-ple are free, his peo-ple are free.



Andante.

Cres.

Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove, How swift-ly then I'd fly, How

p Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove! How swift-ly then I'd

f Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings..... had wings like a dove! How

swift-ly then I'd fly..... To.... my pal-ace in..... the sky; Far a-way! far a-way! to the re-gions of the blest, Far a-

fly, How swiftly then I'd fly. ...To my pal-ace in.... the sky; Far a-way! far a-way! to the re-gions of the blest, Far a-

swift-ly then I'd fly..... To my pal-ace in the sky; Far a-way! far a-way!

- way! far a-way! to the re-gions of the blest, Oh! oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove,..... Oh! that I had wings, had

- way! far a-way! to the re-gions of the blest, Oh! oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove,..... Oh! that I had wings, had

OH! THAT I HAD WINGS. Concluded.

Dim. *p* Rall. *mp* Adagio

wings.... like a dove To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest.

wings.... like a dove To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest.

PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL.

MAZZINGHI.

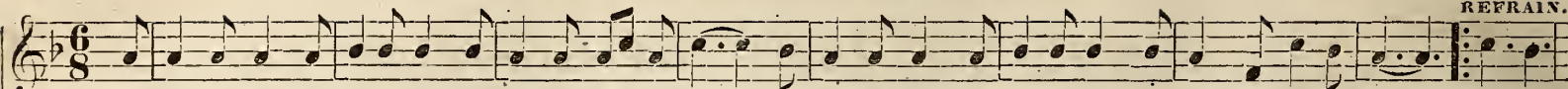
1. Peace troubled soul, whose plain-tive moan Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo; Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
2. Come, free-ly come, by sin op-pressed, Un-bur-then here thy weigh-ty load, Here find thy re-fuge and thy rest,

Tenor.

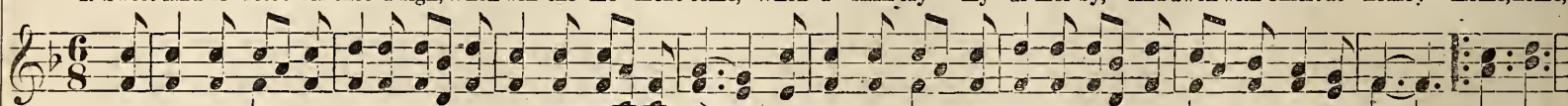
And let thy tears for-get to flow; Be-hold the pre-cious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

And trust the mer-ey of thy God; Thy God's thy Sav-our, glo-rious word! For-ev-er love and praise the Lord,

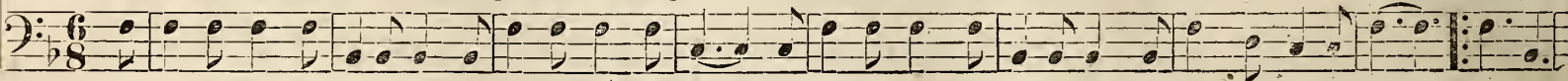
REFRAIN.



1. Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come, When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home? Home, home,



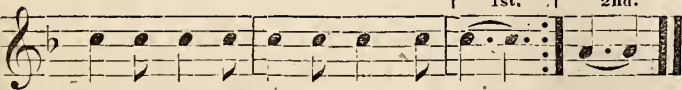
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, sheltering home—This world's a wil-der-ness of woe. This world is not my home? Home, home,



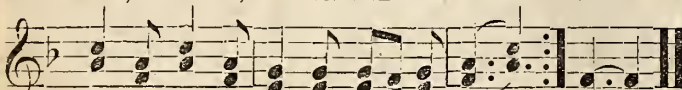
WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

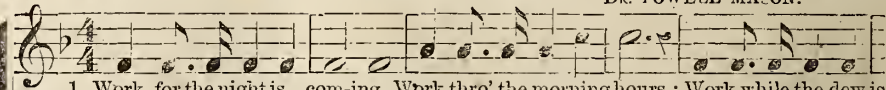
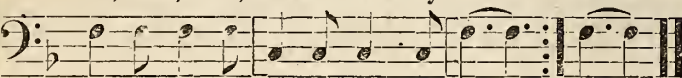
1st. 2nd.



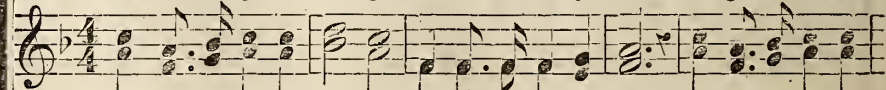
sweet, sweet home, And dwell with Christ at home. home.



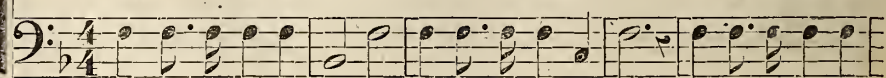
sweet, sweet, home, This world is not my home. home.



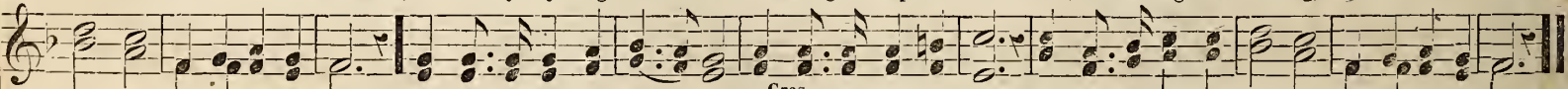
1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sunny noon, Fill brightest hours with



3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies; Fill brightest hours with



sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing. When man's work is done
la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give eve-ry fly-ing min-ute Something to keep in store, Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.



la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give eve-ry fly-ing min-ute *Cres.* Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.



BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE.

MRS. T. J. COOK. 351

1. O, how my spir - it longs for thee, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove, Where I may rest from sor - row free, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove;

2. To reach thee safe I dai - ly pray, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove, And trav - el in the toil - some way, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove;

With - in the gold - en gates of light, Ar - rayed in garments pure and white, I'll walk with an - gels fair and bright, In my home a - bove.

My wea - ry feet are bruised and sore, But Je - sus's feet were bruised be - fore, To bring me to the o - pen door, Of my beau - ti - ful home.

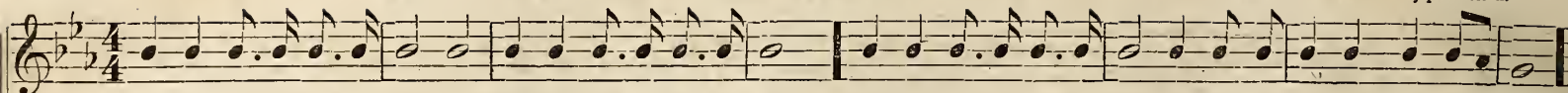
CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! O, come and take me, Sav - iour, come, To my beau - ti - ful home a - bove.

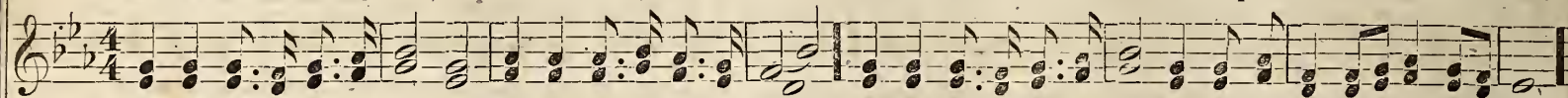
Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! O, come and take me, Sav - iour, come, To my beau - ti - ful home a - bove.

Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! O, come and take me, Sav - iour, come, To my beau - ti - ful home a - bove.

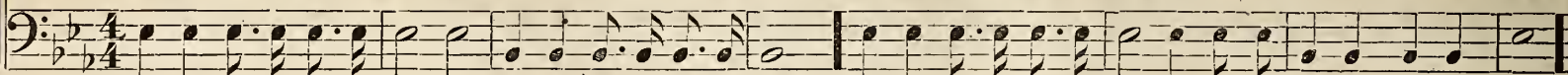
Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! O, come and take me, Sav - iour, come, To my beau - ti - ful home a - bove.



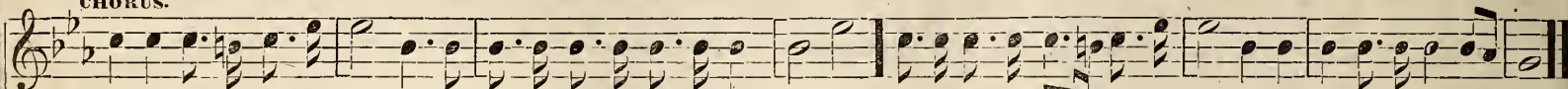
1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod, With its crys-tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
 2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray, We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap-py gol-den day.
 3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we eve-ry bur-den down; Grace our spir-it will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.



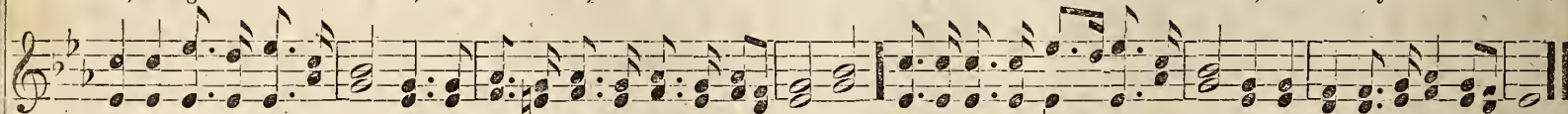
4. At, the smil-ing of the riv - er, Mir-ror of the Saviour's face, Saints whom death will nev-er sev-er, Lift their songs of sav-ing grace,
 5. Soon we'll reach the sil-ver riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease; Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.



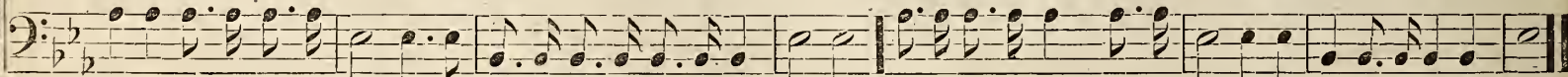
CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er—Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

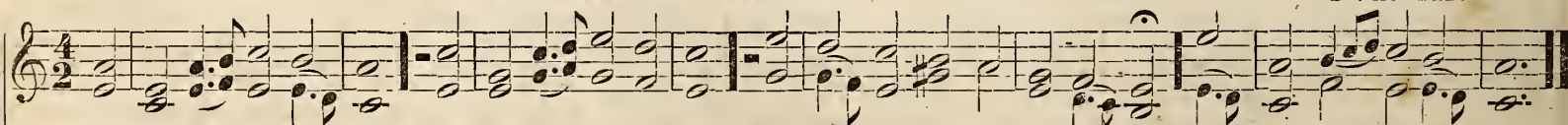


Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er—Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.



ST. BRIDES. S. M.

DR. HOWARD.



And must this 'bod-y die, This mor-tal frame de-cay? And must these ac-tive limbs of mine Lie moul-dering in the clay.

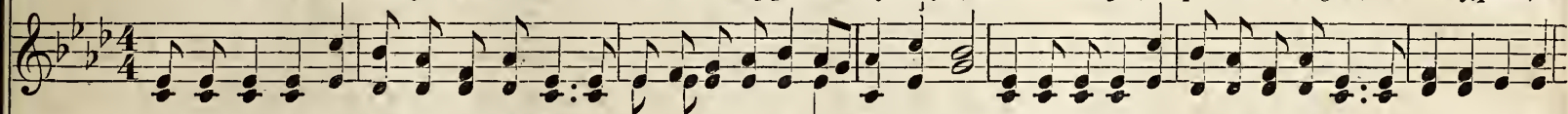


GO AND TELL JESUS.

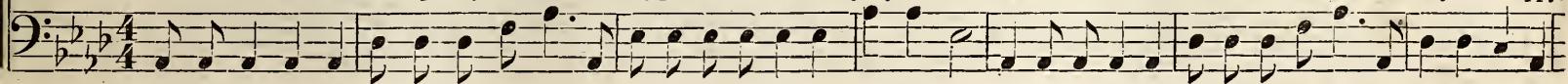
T. F. SEWARD. 353



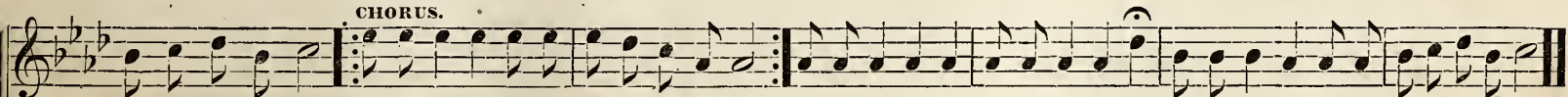
1. Go and tell Je - sus, wea - ry, sin - sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy burden, make thee whole; Look up to Him, He on - ly can forgive, Be - lieve on Him, and
2. Go and tell Je - sus, when your sins a - rise Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes; His blood was spilt, His precious life he gave, That mercy, peace, and



3. Go and tell Je - sus, He'll dispel thy fears, Will calm thy painful doubts and dry thy tears; He'll take thee in His arms and on His breast, Thou may'st be happy,



CHORUS.



thou shalt surely live. { Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for - give, }
par - don you might have. { Go and tell Je - sus, O, turn to Him and live. } Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can forgive.

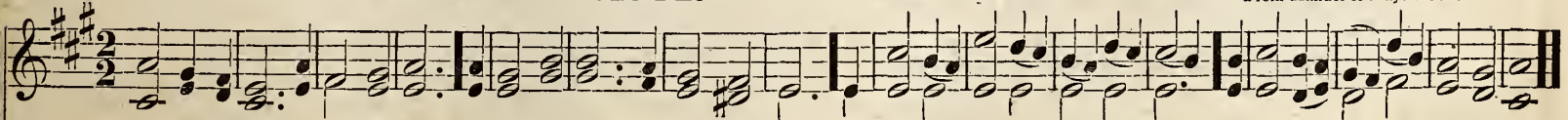


and for ev - er rest. { Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for - give, }
{ Go and tell Je - sus, O, turn to Him and live. } Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can forgive.

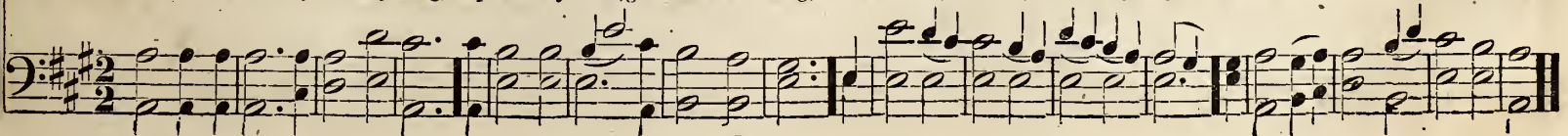


SLADE. L. M.

From Handel & Haydn Coll.



Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.



DUET.

CHORUS.

DUET.

CHORUS.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, for ev - er bright, — Beau - ti - ful land of rest! No win - ter there, nor chill of night, — Beau - ti - ful land of rest.

2. Je - ru - sa - lem, for ev - er free, — Beau - ti - ful land of rest! The soul's sweet home of lib - er - ty, — Beau - ti - ful land of rest.

3. Je - ru - sa - lem, for ev - er dear, — Beau - ti - ful land of rest! Thy pear - ly gates al - most ap - pear, — Beau - ti - ful land of rest.

The drip - ping cloud is chased a - way, The sun breaks forth in end - less day, — Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest.

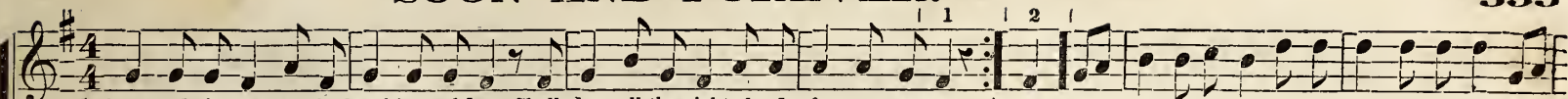
The gyves of sin, the chains of woe, The ransomed there will nev - er know, Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest.

And when we tread thy love - ly shore, We'll sing the song we've sung be - fore, — Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest.

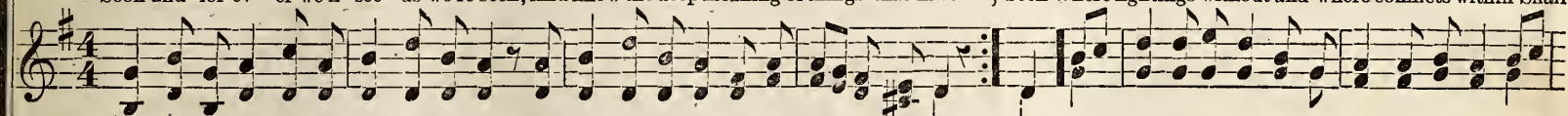
CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of rest; Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of rest.

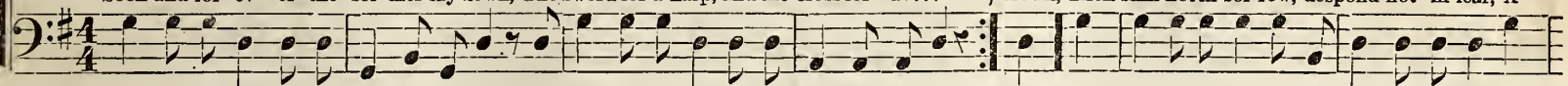
Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of rest, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of rest.



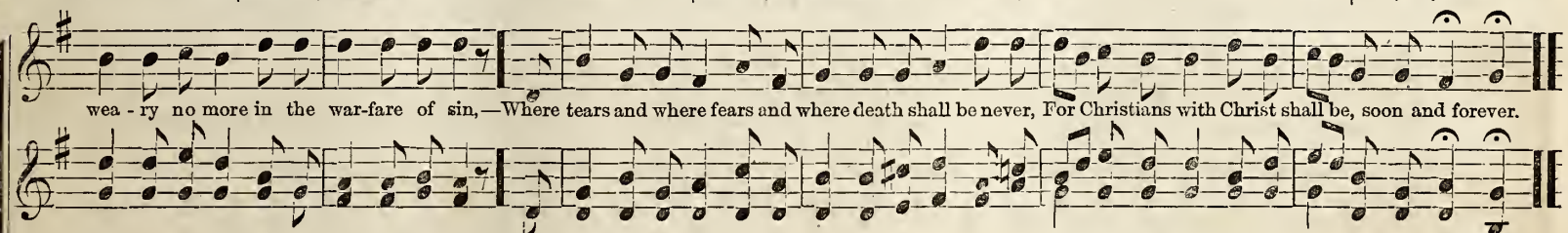
1. Soon and for-ev - er the breaking of day Shall chase all the night-clouds of sorrow a-way; }
 Soon and for-ev - er we'll see as we're seen, And know the deep meaning of things that have } been Where fightings without and where conflicts within Shall



2. Soon and for ev - er the work shall be done, The war-fare ac-complished, the victo - ry won; }
 Soon and for ev - er the sol-dier lay down, The sword for a harp, and the cross for a ... } crown, Then sink not in sor-row, despond not in fear, A



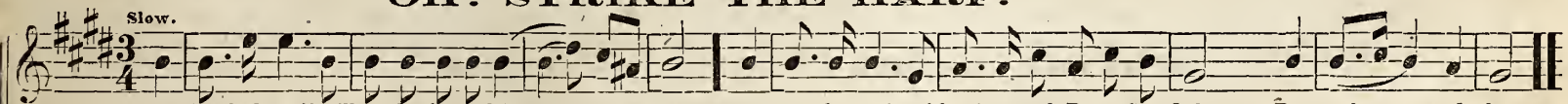
wea - ry no more in the war-fare of sin,—Where tears and where fears and where death shall be never, For Christians with Christ shall be, soon and forever.



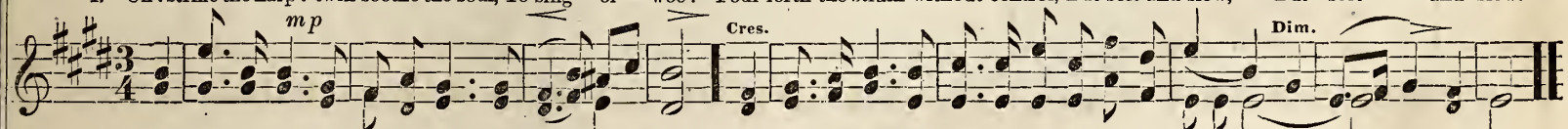
glo-rious to-mor-row is brightening and near, Oh, bless-ed reward for each faith-ful en-deavor,—When Christians with Christ shall be, soon and forev-er.



OH! STRIKE THE HARP.



1. Oh! strike the harp! 'twill soothe the soul, To sing of woe: Pour forth the strain without control, But soft and slow, But soft and slow.



2. Time was, when quicker notes could charm; But now 'tis past; The winds were hush'd, so sweet a calm Could never last, Could nev - er last.



1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger, Would not de-tain them as they fly.—Those hours of toil and dan-ger:
 2. Our ab-sent king the watch word gave,—“Let eve-ry lamp be burn-ing;” We look a-far, a-cross the wave, Our dis-tant home dis-cern-ing:
 3. Should com-ing days be dark and cold, We will not yield to sor-row, For hope will sing, with courage bold, “There’s glo-ry on the mor-row:”
 4. Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise, Each cord on earth to sev-er,—There—bright and joy-ous in the skies—There—is our home for ev-er:

REFRAIN.

For now we stand On Jor-dan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o-ver; And, just be-fore, The shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.

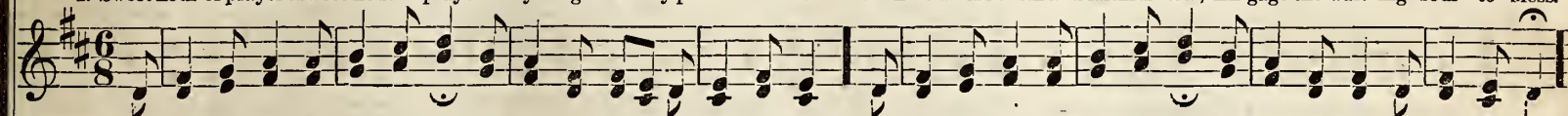
UPTON. L. M.

H. & H. Society's Coll.

Bless O my soul, the liv-ing God, Call home thy thoughts that rove a-broad; Let all the powers with-in me join In work and wor-ship so di-vine.



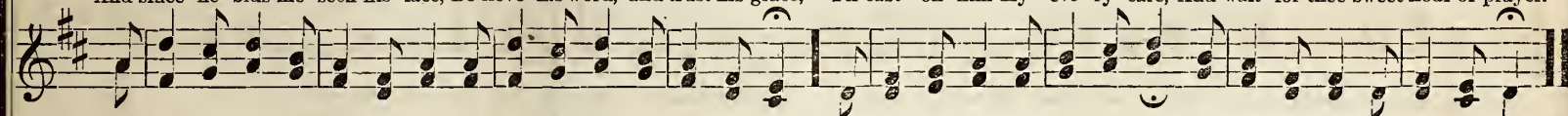
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wishes known.
 2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear To him whose truth and faith-ful-ness, En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless.



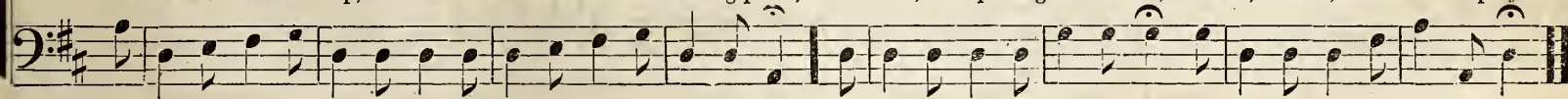
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con-so-la-tion share: Till from Mount Pis-gah's lof-ty height, I view my home, and take my flight;



- In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has of-ten found re-lief; And oft es-caped the tem-pter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
 And since he bids me seek his face, Be-lieve his word, and trust his grace, I'll cast on him my eve-ry care, And wait for thee sweet hour of prayer.

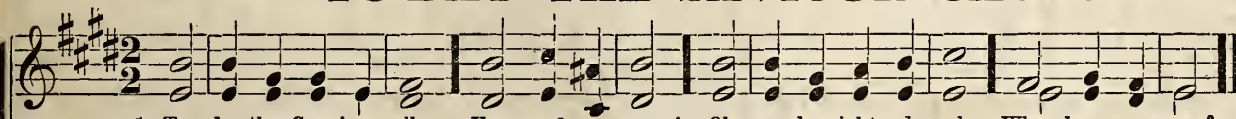


- This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev-'er-last-ing prize; And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

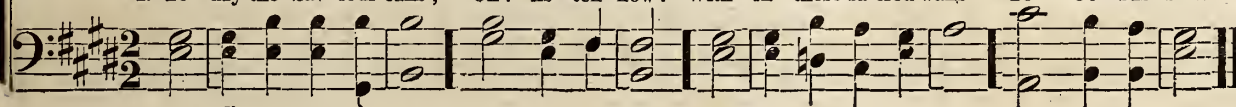


TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. To-day the Sav-iour calls: Ye wanderers, come! Oh, ye be-night-ed souls, Why long-er roam?
 2. To-day the Sav-iour calls; Oh! 'lis-ten now! With-in these sa-cred walls To Je-sus bow.



3.

To-day the Saviour calls:
 For refuge fly;
 The storm of justice falls.
 And death is nigh.

4.

The spirit calls to-day:
 Yield to his power;
 Oh, grieve him not away!
 'Tis mercy's hour.

1. Tho' of - ten here we're wea - ry, There is sweet rest a - bove, A rest that is e - ter - nal, Where all is peace and love ; } There is sweet rest in
Oh ! let us then press for - ward, That glorious rest to gain : We'll soon be free from sor - row, From toil, and care and pain. }

2. Loved ones have gone be - fore us, They beck-on us a - way, O'er ae - rial plains they're soaring, Blest in e - ter - nal day ; } There is sweet rest in
But we are in the ar - my, And dare not leave our post ; We'll fight un - til we con - quer The foe's most mighty host. }

Come, ye Disconsolate.

S. WEBER.

SOLO. Duet or Trio.

heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

1. Come, ye dis-con - so-late, where-e'er ye

2. Joy of the des - o-late, light of the

First time DUET. Second time CHORUS.

languish ; Come at the mer - cy-seat fer - vent - ly kneel ; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish : Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

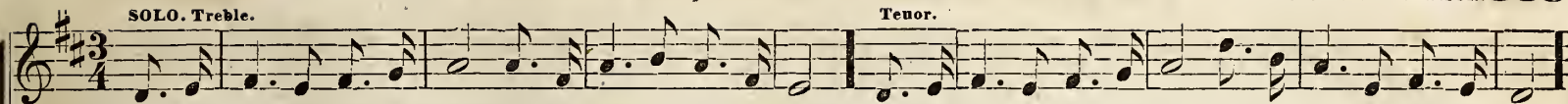
stray-ing ; Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure ; Here speaks the Comforter ten - der - ly say-ing, Earth hath no sor-row that heaven cannot cure.

WATCHMAN, TELL US.

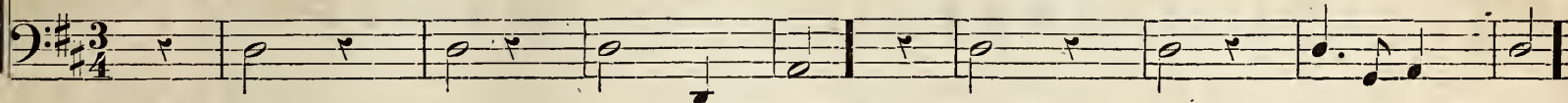
Dr. LOWELL MASON. 359

SOLO. Treble.

Tenor.

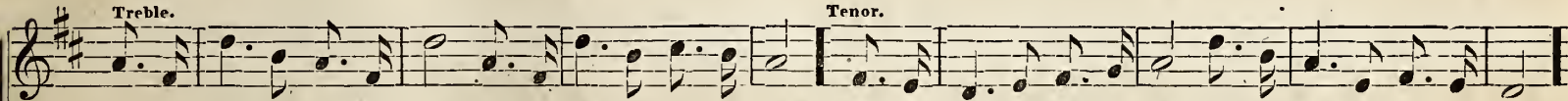


1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are, — Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry beam - ing star.
2. Watchman! tell us of the night, High - er yet that star as - cends, — Traveller! bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth, its course portends!
3. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morn - ing seems to dawn, — Traveller! dark - ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are with - drawn.



Treble.

Tenor.

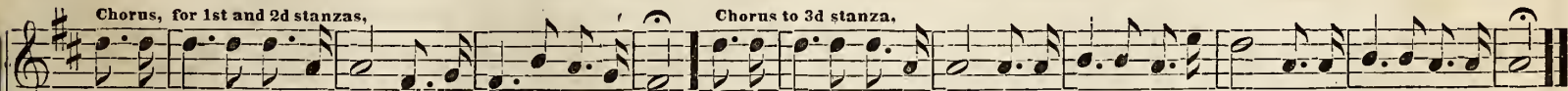


- Watchman! does its beau - teous ray Aught of hope or joy for - tell; Traveller! yes, it brings the . day — Promised day of Is - ra - el.
 Watchman! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth; Traveller! a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home; Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

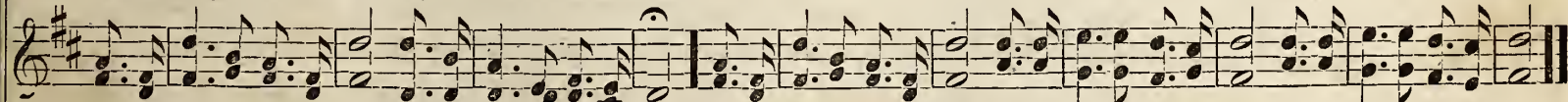


Chorus, for 1st and 2d stanzas,

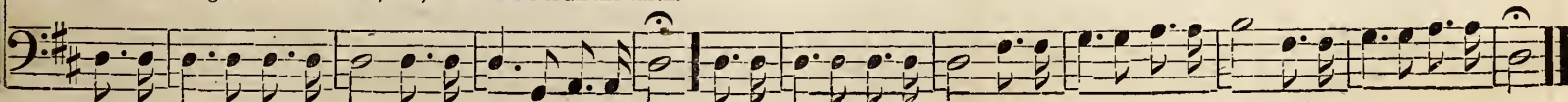
Chorus to 3d stanza.



1. Trav - ell - er! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el. 3. Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come.
2. Trav - ell - er! a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.



1. Trav - ell - er! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el. 3. Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come.
2. Trav - ell - er! a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.



1. Mor - tal, wea - ry with thy toil - ing, As thro' earth's gay scenes we rove; List! those voi - ces, gent - ly call - ing To the
 2. Loved ones long lost, gone be - fore thee To the re - gions of the blest, Smil - ing now, are whispering o'er thee; Soon thou't

3. Loved ones, yes, we hope to meet you Af - ter life's last work is o'er; Hope in peace and joy to greet you, Where peace

rest that waits a - bove, Gent - ly call - ing To the toil - ing, Faith - ful now, thou't rest a - bove, Faith - ful now thou't rest a - bove.
 find thy looked for rest; Whispering o'er thee, Gone be - fore thee! Brave - ly toil, in heaven thou't rest, Brave - ly toil, in heaven thou't rest.

reigns for ev - er more: Hope to greet you, Joy - ful meet you, And in heaven, rest ev - er - more, And in heaven rest ev - er - more.

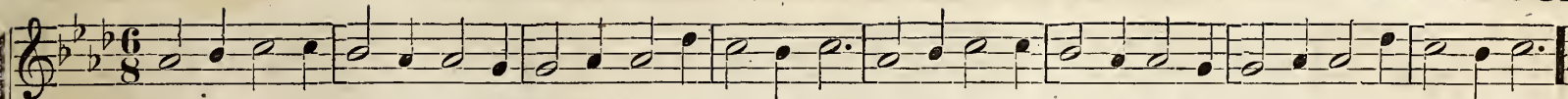
THERE'S REST IN THE GRAVE.

Words by REV. C. BEECHER.

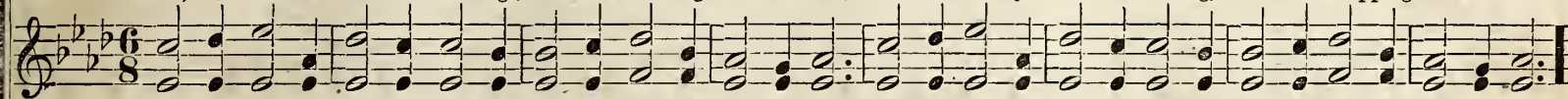
1. There's rest in the grave, Life's toils are all past, Night cometh at last: How calm - ly I rest In the sleep of the blest, Nor hear life's storm rave o'er my green grassy grave.
 2. No rest in the grave—Heaven's dawn purples fast, Morn's splendors are cast Like shafts thro' the gloom Of the dark si - lent tomb; Heaven's fair bowers wave—No rest in the grave!
 3. A - rise from the grave! Heaven's bright, burning throng Come rushing along; They gird me a - bout, And tri - umph - ant shout, As myriads palms wave, "Ascend from the grave,"

"EVEN ME."

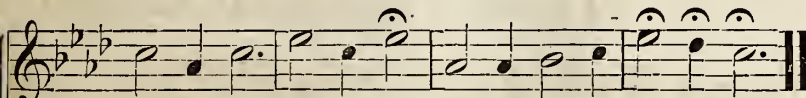
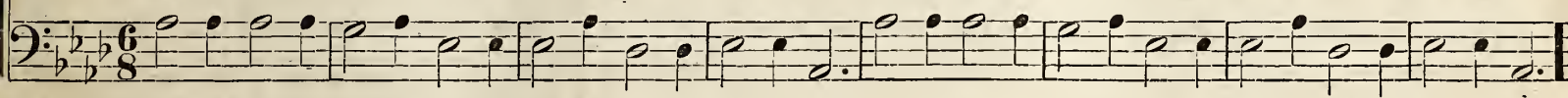
W. B. BRADBURY. 361



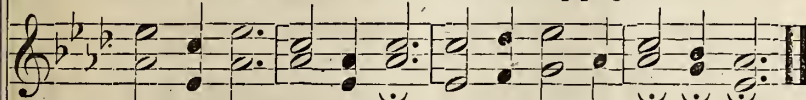
1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ings, Thou art scattering full and free ; Show'rs the thirsty land re-fresh-ing, Let some droppings fall on me.



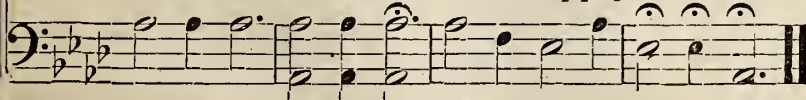
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther, Sin-ful though my heart may be ; Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er Let thy mer-cy light on me.



E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drop-pings fall on me.



E - ven me E - ven me, Let some drop-pings fall on me.



3.
Pass me not, O gracious Saviour
Let me live and cling to thee :
Fain I'm longing for thy favor ;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—
Even me, &c.

5.
Love of God, so pure and changeless ;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,—
Even me, &c.

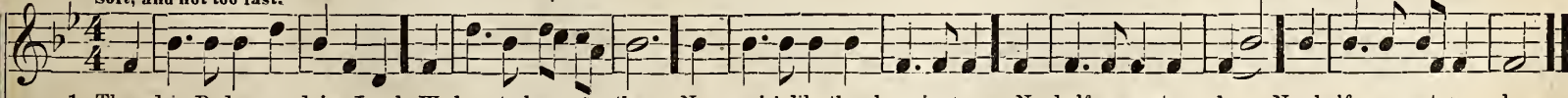
4.
Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see,
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me, &c.

6.
Pass me not, thy lost one bringing ;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee ;
Whilst the streams of life are springing ;
Blessing others, oh, bless me,—
Even me, &c.

EMMONS. C. M.

Arranged from BURGMULLER.

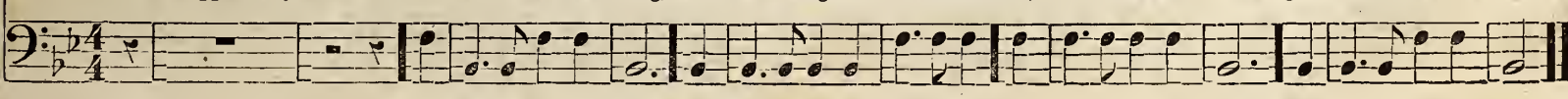
Soft, and not too fast.

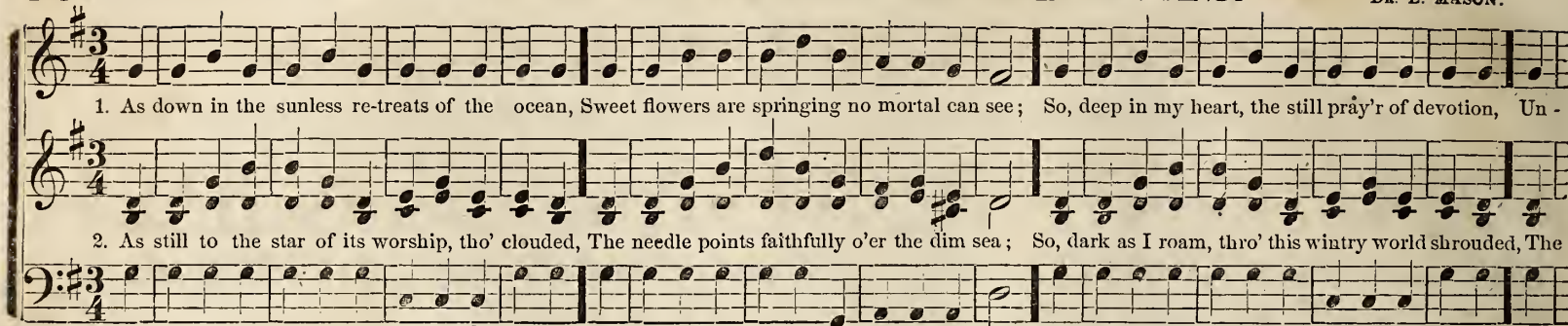


1. Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, We love to hear of thee ; No mu-sic's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be, Nor half so sweet can be.



2. When we appear in yonder cloud, With all the favored throng, Then will we sing more sweet more loud, And Christ shall be our song, And Christ shall be our song.





1. As down in the sunless re-treats of the ocean, Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see; So, deep in my heart, the still pray'r of devotion, Un -

2. As still to the star of its worship, tho' clouded, The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea; So, dark as I roam, thro' this wintry world shrouded, The

IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID.

Words by HANNAH E. BRADBURY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



- heard by the world, rises, silent, to thee, My God, silent to thee—Pure, warm, silent to thee.

hope of my spirit turns, trembling, to thee, My God, trembling to thee—True, fond, trembling, to thee.

1. Brother, on the troubled deep When the wild winds round you

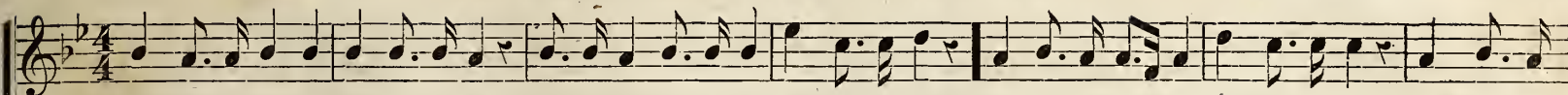
2. When the storm has died away, And the sun with cheering

3. Brother, far away from home,
Restless as the wave's light foam,
When temptations round you come,
Pray for strength to Him who said—
"It is I, be not afraid."

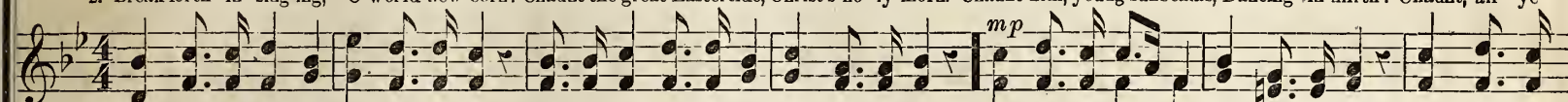
4. Brother, when death draweth near,
And your spirits shrink in fear,
From its perils damp and drear,
Trust your soul to Him who said—
"It is I, be not afraid."

sweep, And the waves in madness leap, Listen, 'tis the voice that said—"It is I, be not a - fraid, It is I, be not a - fraid."

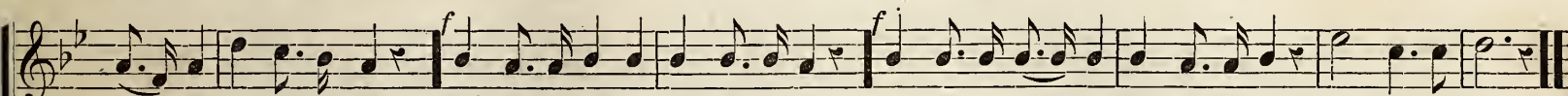
ray, Now illumines your prosp'rous way, Trust, O trust in Him who said—"It is I, be not afraid, It is I, be not a - fraid."



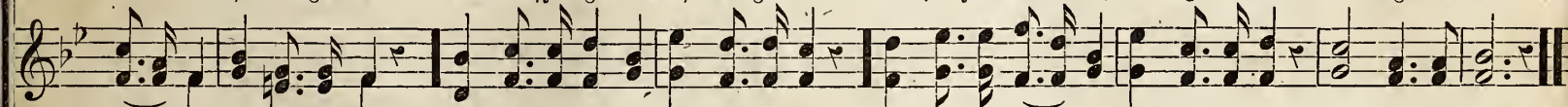
1. Christ hath a - ris - en! Death is no more! Lo! the white-rob-ed ones Sit by the door. Dawn, gold-en morn-ing! Seat - ter the night! Haste, ye dis -
 2. Break forth in sing-ing, O world new-born! Chaunt the great Eastertide, Christ's ho - ly morn. Chaunt him, young sunbeams, Dancing in mirth! Chaunt, all ye



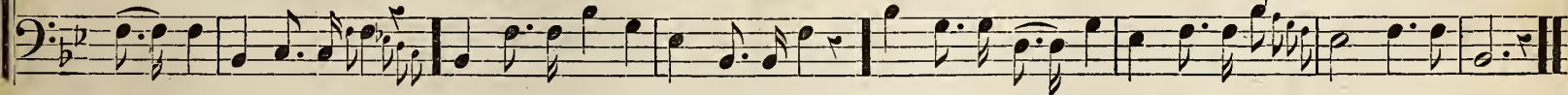
3. Chaunt Him, ye laughing flowers, Fresh from the sod; Chaunt him, wild leaping streams, Praising your God! Break from *thy* win - ter, Sad heart, and sing! Bud with thy
 4. Come, where the Lord hath lain, Past is the gloom: See the full eye of day Smile through the tomb. Hark! an - gel voic-es Fall from the skies! Christ hath a -



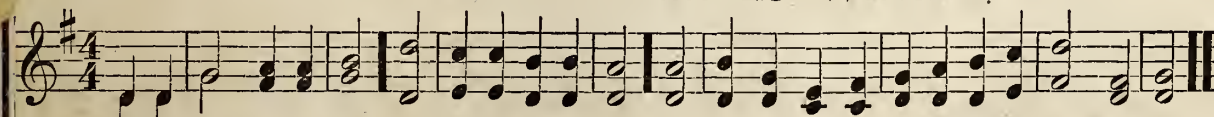
ci-ples glad, First with the light. Dawn, gold - en morning, Seat - ter the night! Haste, ye dis - ciples glad, First with the light, First with the light,
 winds of God, Coursing the Earth! Chaunt Him, young sunbeams, Dancing in mirth! Chaunt, all ye winds of God, Cours-ing the Earth! Cours - ing the Earth!



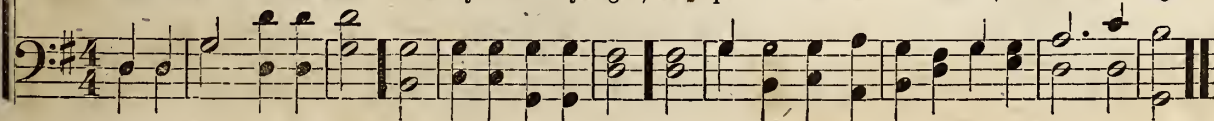
blossoms fair; Christ is thy Spring. Break from *thy* win - ter, Sad heart, and sing! Bud with thy blossoms fair; Christ is thy Spring, Christ is thy Spring.
 ris - en! Glad heart, a - rise! Hark, an - gel voic-es Fall from the skies! Christ hath a - ris - en! Glad heart, a - rise! Glad heart, a - rise!



"IT IS WELL."



1. "It is well! "It is well!" God's ways are always right; And per-fect love is o'er them all, A - bove our sight.

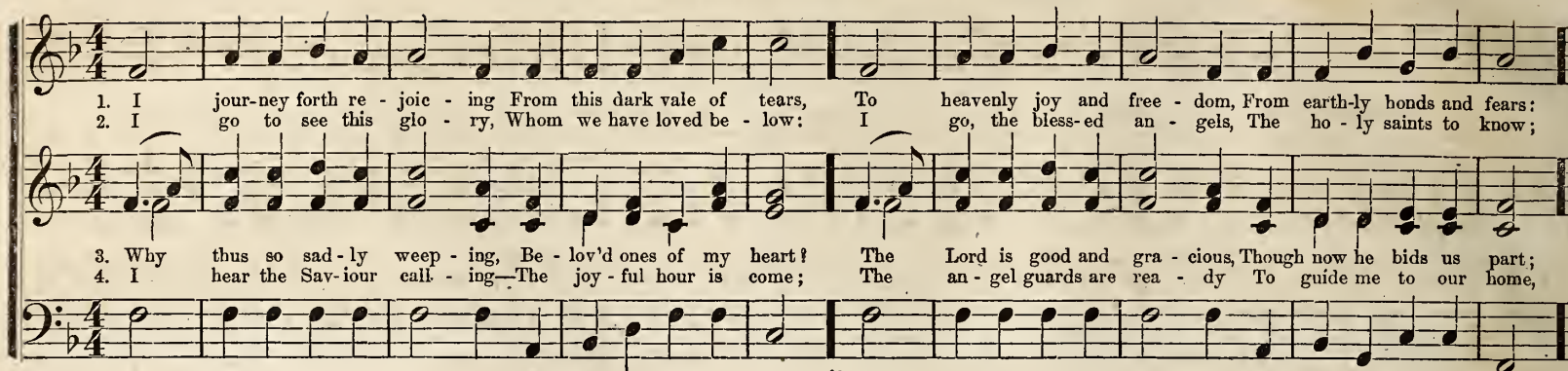


2 "It is well!"
 Though deep and sure the smart,
 The hand that wounds knows how to bind
 The bleeding heart.

3 "It is well!"
 Though sorrow clouds our way,
 'Twill only make the joy more dear
 That welcomes day

4 "It is well!"
 The path that Jesus trod,
 Though rough, and strait, and dark it be,
 Leads home to God.

THE LONG GOOD NIGHT.



1. I jour-ney forth re - joic - ing From this dark vale of tears, To heavenly joy and free - dom, From earth-ly bonds and fears:
 2. I go to see this glo - ry, Whom we have loved be - low: I go, the bless-ed an - gels, The ho - ly saints to know;

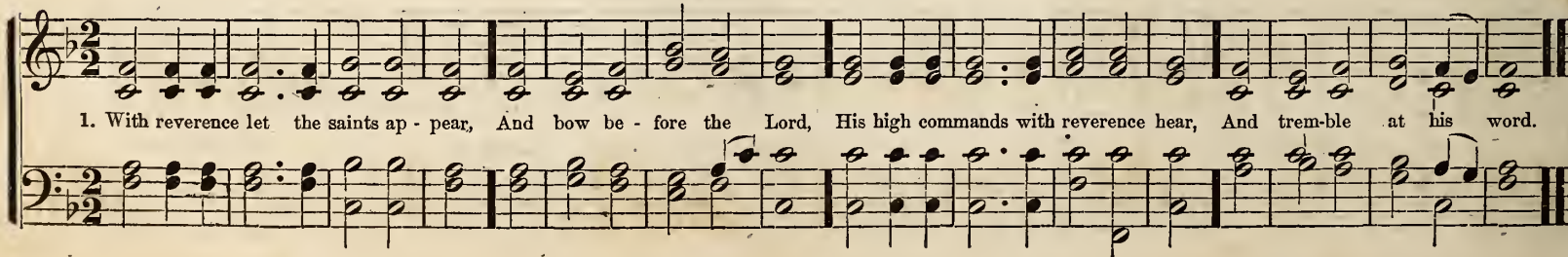
3. Why thus so sad-ly weep - ing, Be - lov'd ones of my heart? The Lord is good and gra - cious, Though now he bids us part;
 4. I hear the Sav-iour call - ing—The joy - ful hour is come; The an - gel guards are rea - dy To guide me to our home,



Where Christ our Lord shall gath - er All his re-deemed a - gain, His king-dom to in - her - it; Good night, till then!
 Our love - ly ones de - part - ed I go to find a - gain, And wait for you to join us; Good night, till then!

Oft have we met in glad - ness, And we shall meet a - gain, All sor - row left be - hind us; Good night, till then!
 Where Christ our Lord shall gath - er All his re-deemed a - gain, His king-dom to in - her - it; Good night, till then!

SAVOY. C. M.



1. With reverence let the saints ap - pear, And bow be - fore the Lord, His high commands with reverence hear, And trem-ble at his word.

SILENT NIGHT!

Tyrolese Melody.

305

Largo. *Cres.* *mez.*

1. Si - lent night! shad - ow - y night! Pur - ple dome, star - ry light! Pour - ing splen - dor of cen - tu - ries down; Gold and pur - ple, a

Cres. *mez.*

2. Si - lent night! mys - ti - cal night! Kings and seers sought thy light! Where the watch of the shep - herd is kept, Heaven - ly hosts thro' the

mf *Dim.* *p*

glo - ri - ous crown,—Where the man - ger, so rude and wild, Cra - dles a sleep - ing child!

mf *Dim.* *p*

still - ness have swept, Clear pro - claim - ing a Sav - iour born! Sing - ing the Christmas morn!

3.

Holy night! heralding dawn!
Far and near breaks the morn!
Breaks the day when the Saviour of men,
Bringing pardon and healing again—
Holy, harmless, and undefiled—
Cometh, a little child!

MARIE MASON.

DUNSTAN. L. M.

MADAN.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his suc - ces - sive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moon shall wax and wane no more.

2. For him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to crown his head;—His name like sweet perfume, shall rise With ev - ery morning sac - ri - fice.

HASTE, O SINNER, NOW BE WISE.

1. Haste, O sin - ner, now be wise; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun: Wisdom, if you still des - pise, Harder is it to be won.
 2. Haste, and mer - cy now im - plore; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun: Lest thy season should be o'er, Ere the evening's stage be run.
 3. Haste, O sin - ner, now re - turn; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun: Lest thy lamp should cease to burn, Ere sal - va - tion's work is done.
 4. Haste, O sin - ner, now be blest; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun: Lest per - di - tion thee 'ar - rest, Ere the morrow is be - gun.

BROTHER, THOU ART GONE TO REST.

1. Brother, thou art gone to rest; We will not weep for thee; For thou art now where oft on earth Thy spir - it long'd to be.
 2. Brother, thou art gone to rest; Thine is an earthly tomb; But Je - sus summoned thee a - way; Thy Sa - viour call'd thee home.
 3. Brother, thou art gone to rest; Thy toils and cares are o'er; And sor - row, pain and suff' - ring, now Shall ne'er dis - tress thee more.
 4. Brother, thou art gone to rest; Thy sins are all for - giv'n; And saints in light, have wel - comed thee To share the joys of heav'n.
 5. Brother, thou art gone to rest; And this shall be our pray'r: That, when we reach our jour - ney's end, Thy glo - ry we may share.

THERE IS A LAND, A HAPPY LAND.

1. There is a Land, a hap - py land, Where tears are wiped a-way From every eye, by God's own hand, And night is turned to day, And night is turned to day.
 2. There is a Home, a hap - py home, Where way-worn travellers rest, Where toil and languor never come, And every mourner's blest, And every mourner's blest.
 3. There is a Port, a peaceful port, A safe and qui - et shore, Where weary mariners re-sort, When life's rough voyage is o'er, When life's rough voyage is o'er,
 4. There is a Clime, a glorious clime, A re - gion fair and calm; Where all around are scenes sublime, And all the air is balm, And all the air is balm.
 5. There is a Crown, a dazzling crown, Bedecked with jewels fair, And priests and kings of high renown That crown of glory wear, That crown of glory wear.
 6. That land be mine, that calm retreat, That crown of glo - ry bright; Then I'll esteem each bitter sweet, And every burden light, And every burden light.

SOFTLY THEY REST THERE.

REEFE. 367

Soft & Slow.

1. Soft - ly they rest there, Ev - er so hap - pi - ly; Down their dark dwell - ings, Glide my still tho'ts to them, Soft - ly they rest there,
 2. Weep they no long - er, Here where their sorrows were, Nor are their plea - sures, Where earth - ly pleasures are, Lone - ly the cy - press,

3. Soon shall we al - so, Rest by them gent - ly there, Sure as the rose leaves Fade, with - er, droop and die, Dust un - to dust then,

Rest there in safe - ty, Nought of earth's tumult Dis - turbs their slumber.
 Deep o - ver - shades them, Murmuring breezes Are chant - ing dir - ges.

We too must mingle, Till angels' voices Call us from slumber.

JESUS, OUR FRIEND.

G. F. ROOT.

1. Sweet 'tis to sing of thee, Jesus, our friend; Of thy great love so free,
 2. When thou wert here below, Jesus, our friend; Thou didst our sorrows know,

3. Tender and patient, thou,
 Jesus our friend;
 To thy dear love we bow,
 Jesus our friend;
 Oh, in thy spirit pure,
 May we our ills endure,
 Trusting thy promise sure,
 Jesus our friend.

4. By thy redeeming grace,
 Jesus our friend;
 We hope to see thy face,
 Jesus our friend;
 Then will we joyful praise,
 Throughout eternal days,
 Thy wondrous works and ways,
 Jesus our friend.

Je - sus, our friend; Oh, for a heart to praise, Thro' all our ear - ly days, Thy wondrous works and ways, Jesus our friend.

Je - sus, our friend; Grant to each heart to feel, That thou hast power to heal, And oh, thyself re - veal, Je - sus our friend.

1. Come, brothers, let us on-ward—The night will not de-lay; And in the howl-ing des-ert, It is not good to stay. Take
 2. The pilgrim's path of tri-al, We do not fear to view; His voice we know who calls us, We know him to be true. What

3. Then, glad-ly let us on-ward, As hand in hand we go; Each help-ing one an-oth-er Through all the way be-low. And
 4. O brothers! soon is end-ed The jour-ney we've be-gun; En-dure a lit-tle long-er, The race will soon be won: We

cour-age, and be strong, For we are hast-ning on to heav'n, And strength for war-fare will be given, And glo-ry won ere long.
 though the world con-temn, We trust in his al-might-y grace, And still press on with stead-fast face To our Je-ru-sa-lem.

oh! that all might share Our joys, and sing the ho-ly song - Of heaven, and all the hap-py throng That now a-wait us there.
 hear the heavenly call, We fol-low him who went be-fore; We fol-low to th'e-ter-nal shore Our Sa-viour and our all.

GRANBY. 7s.

Keep me, Saviour, near thy side, Let thy counsel be my guide; Nev-er let me from thee rove, Sweetly draw me—Sweetly draw me—Sweetly draw me by thy love.

Affettuoso.

1. Child of sin and sor-row, Fill'd with dis-may, Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day; Heav'n bids thee come,

2. Child of sin and sor-row, Why wilt thou die? Come, while thou canst bor-row Help from on high: Grieve not that love,

SENTENCE.

While yet there's room; Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and o-bey.

Which from a-bove, Child of sin and sor-row, Would bring thee nigh.

Ho-li-ness be-com-eth thine house, Ho-li-ness be-

- com-eth thine house, O Lord, for-ev-er, Ho-li-ness be-com-eth thine house, Ho-li-ness be-com-eth thine house, O Lord, for-ev-er.

- com-eth thine house, O Lord, for-ev-er, Ho-li-ness be-com-eth thine house, Ho-li-ness be-com-eth thine house, O Lord, for-ev-er.

1. Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth, O serve him with glad-ness and fear; Ex-ult in his presence with mu-sic and mirth,

3. Oh en-ter his gates with thanks-giv-ing and song, Your vows in his tem-ple pro-claim; His praise with me-lo-dious ac-cor-dance pro-long.

With love and de-votion draw near. 2. The Lord he is God, and Je-ho-vah a-lone, Cre-a-tor, and rul-er o'er all;

And bless his a-dor-a-ble name. 4. For good is the Lord, in-ex-press-i-bly good, And we are the work of his hand,

And we are his peo-ple, his scep-tre we own: His sheep, and we fol-low his call—We fol-low his call—We fol-low his call.

His mer-cy and truth from e-ter-ni-ty stood, And shall to e-ter-ni-ty stand—To e-ter-ni-ty stand—To e-ter-ni-ty stand.

The small notes are for the last stanza.

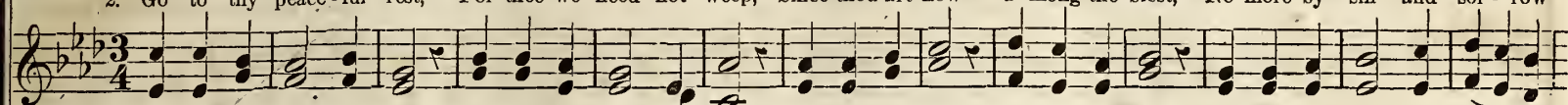
GO TO THY REST.

WM. MARTIN. 371

Slow.



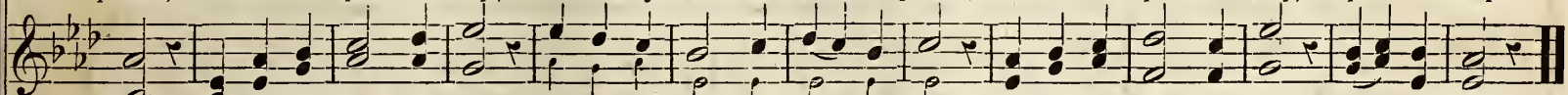
1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose; Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease, From earthly cares, in sweet re -
2. Go to thy peace - ful rest, For thee we need not weep, Since thou art now a - mong the blest, No more by sin and sor - row



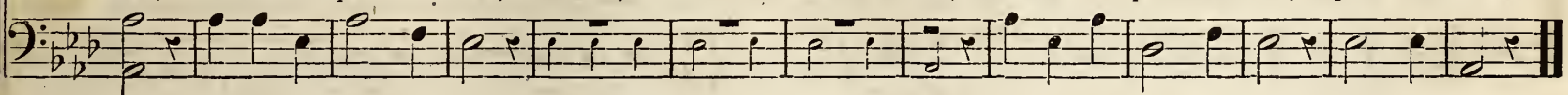
3. Go to thy rest; and while Thy ab - sence we de - plore, One thought our sor - row shall be - guile, For soon, with a ce - les - tial



- lease, Thine eye-lids gen - tly close; From earthly cares, in sweet re - lease, Thine eye-lids gen - tly close, gen - tly close.
pressed, But hush'd in qui - et sleep; No more by sin and sor - row pressed, But hush'd in qui - et sleep, qui - et sleep.



smile, We meet to part no more; For soon, with a ce - les - tial smile, We meet to part no more, part no more.

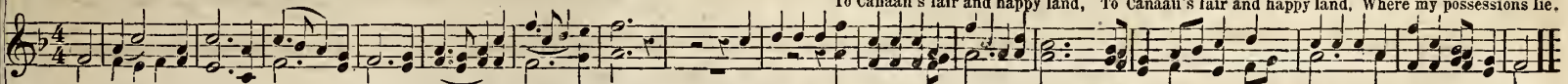


EXHORTATION. C. M.



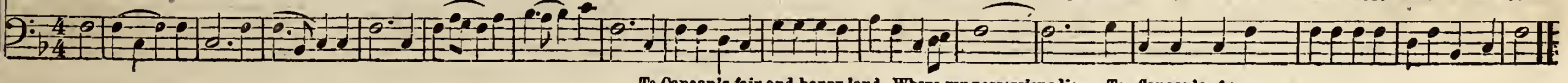
On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie, . . . Where my possessions lie.
To Canaan's fair and happy land, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

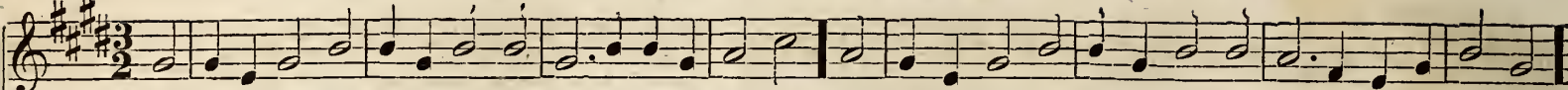


On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,

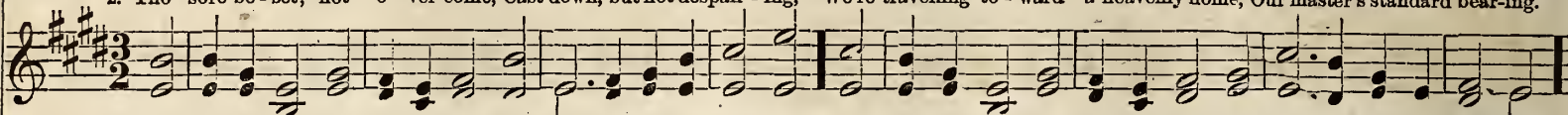
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my, &c.



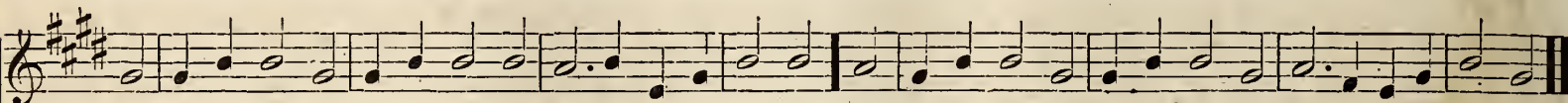
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie, To Canaan's, &c.



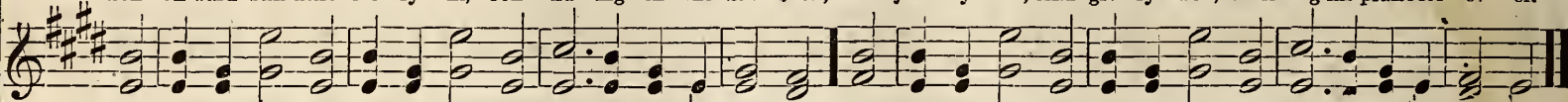
1. Dear comrade pil-grims of the cross, Al-though the way be drea-ry, Yet faint not, fail not, onward press, Tho' wounded, worn and wea-ry.
2. Tho' sore be-set, not o-ver-come, Cast down, but not despair-ing, We're travelling to-ward a heavenly home, Our master's standard bear-ing.



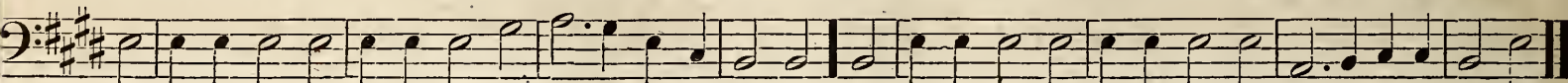
3. We'll one an-oth-er's bur-dens bear, The toil-some journey cheer-ing; Our joys and all our sor-rows share, Each day our home we're near-ing.
4. Our Lord is God; his promise sure, His help shall fail us nev-er; And they who to the end en-dure Shall reign with him for-ev-er.



Toil on-ward still Thro' eve-ry ill, Con-fid-ing in the Sav-iour; The jour-ney done, And glo-ry won, We'll sing his praise for-ev-er.

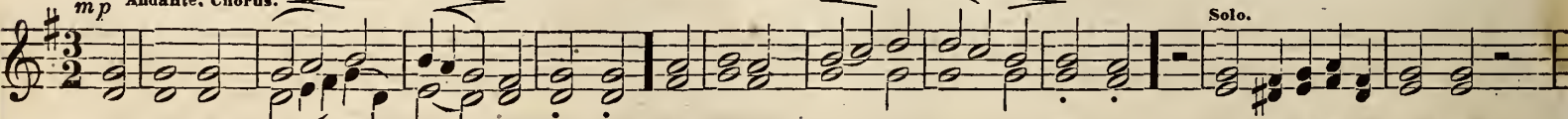


Toil on-ward still Thro' eve-ry ill, Con-fid-ing in the Sav-iour; The journey done, And glo-ry won, We'll sing his praise for-ev-er.

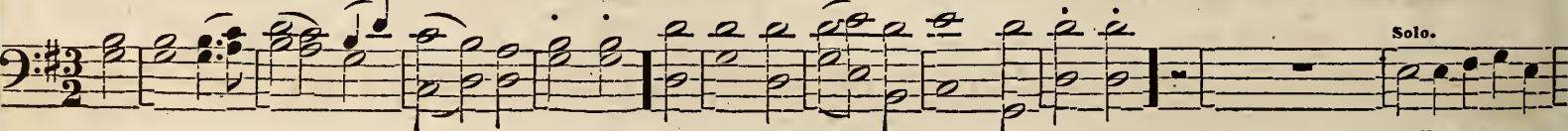


SENTENCE. "The Lord is in his holy temple."

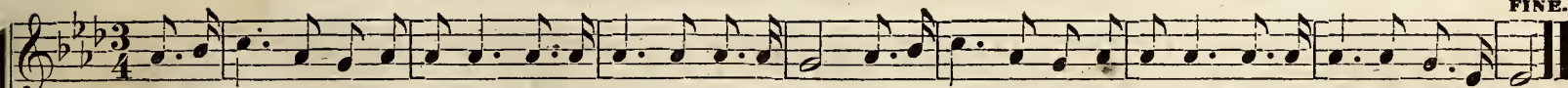
mp Andante, Chorus.



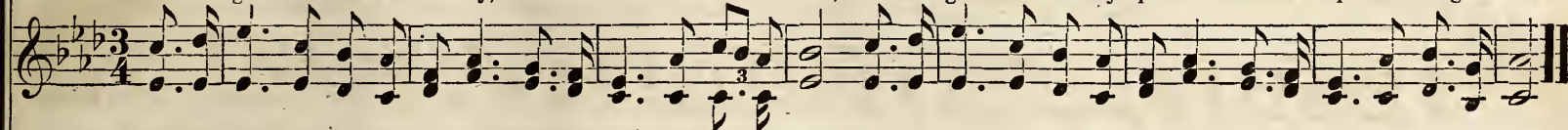
The Lord is in his ho-ly tem-ple, The Lord is in his ho-ly tem-ple, Let all the earth keep silence.



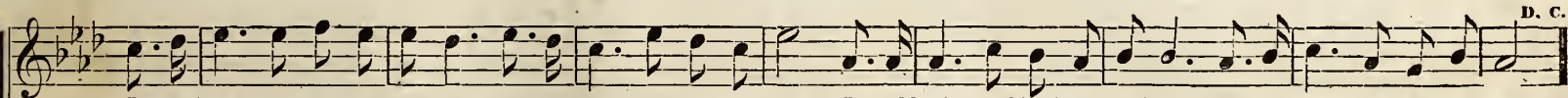
Let all the earth keep



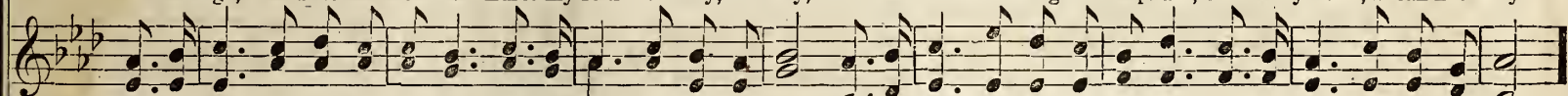
1. Let me go where saints are go-ing, To the man-sions of the blest; Let me go where my Re-deem-er Has pre-pared his peo-ple's rest.
2. Let me go where none are wea-ry, Where is raised no note of woe; Let me go and bathe my spir-it In the rap-ture an-gels know.



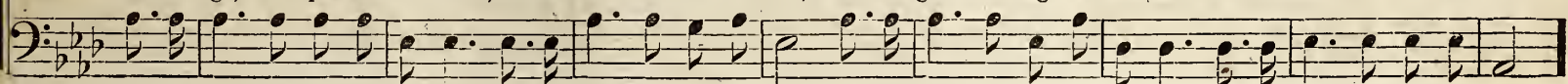
3. Let me go, why should I tar-ry? What has earth to bind me here? What but cares, and toils, and sorrows? What but death, and pain, and fear?
CHORUS.—Let me go, 'tis Je-sus calls me, Let me gain the realms of day; Bear me o-ver, an-gel pin-ions, Longs my soul to be a-way.



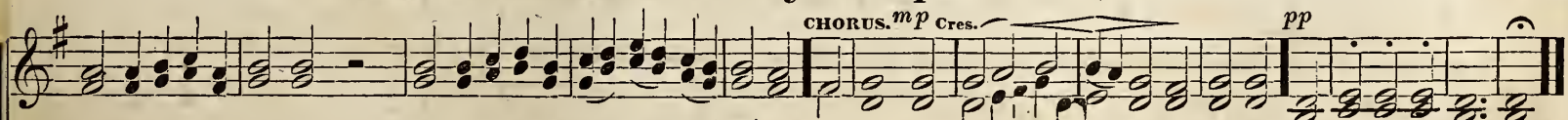
I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell fore-er-more; I would join the friends that wait me, O-ver on the oth-er shore.
Let me go, for bliss e-ter-nal Lures my soul a-way, a-way, And the vic-tor's song tri-umphant, Thrills my heart, I can-not stay.



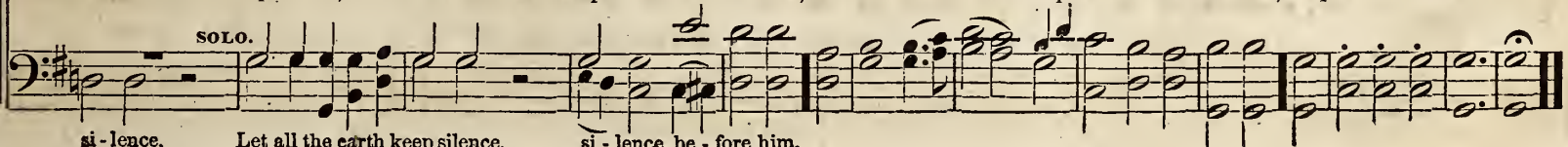
Let me go, for hopes most cherished, Blasted round me oft-en lie; O! I've gathered brightest flow-ers But to see them fade and die.



"The Lord is in his holy Temple." Concluded.



Let all the earth keep silence, Let all the earth keep silence be-fore him, Let all the earth keep si-lence be-fore him, keep silence be-fore him.



si-lence, Let all the earth keep silence, si-lence be-fore him.

Larghetto. p

1. If human kindness meets return, And owns the grateful tie, If ten-der tho'ts within us burn, To feel a friend is nigh. 2. Oh! shall not warmer ac-cents

dim. p

tell The grati-tude we owe To him who died, our fears to quell, And save from death and woe! 3. While yet in anguish he surveyed Those pangs he would not

Cres. p mp

flee, What love his lat-est words displayed, "Meet and re-mem-ber me!" "Meet and re-mem-ber me!" 4. Re-mem-ber thee! thy death, thy

shame, Our sin - ful hearts to share, O mem - ry! leave no oth - er name, But his re - cord - ed there!

shame, Our sin - ful hearts to share, O mem - ry! leave no oth - er name, But his re - cord - ed there!

CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

W. B. B.

Soft and slow.

Cast thy bur - den on the Lord..... Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and comfort thee, He

Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and comfort thee, He

Cast thy burden on the Lord.

p 1st time.

2d time.

m

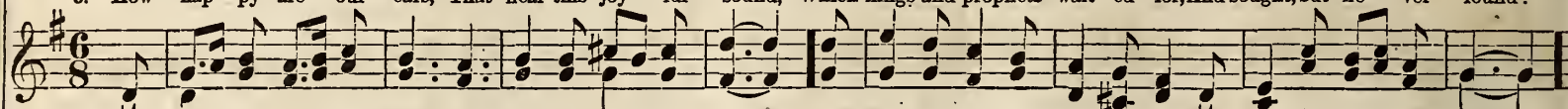
will sus - tain thee, and com - fort thee, He com - fort thee; He will sustain thee, He will comfort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord,

will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee, He com - fort thee; He will sus - tain thee, He will comfort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

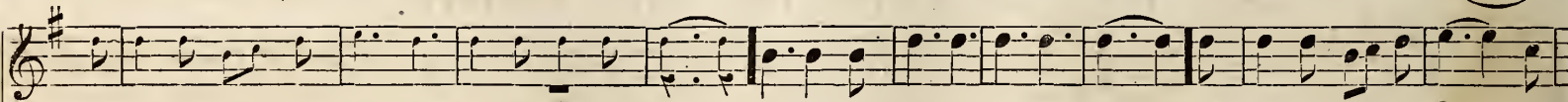
Andante Allegretto.



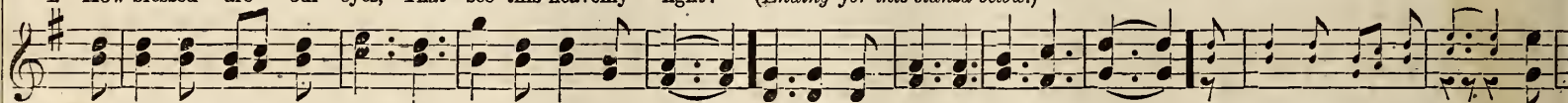
1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill! Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!
 3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joy - ful sound, Which kings and prophets wait - ed for, And sought, but ne - ver found!



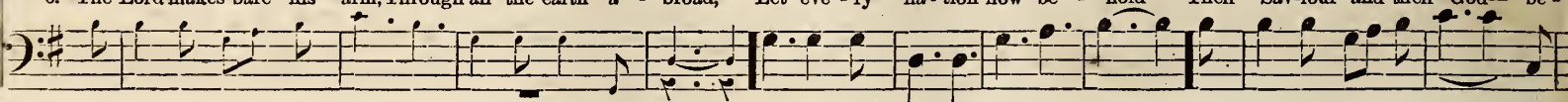
5. The watchmen join their voice, And tune - ful notes em - ploy; Je - ru - sa - lem breaks forth in songs, And de - serts learn the joy.



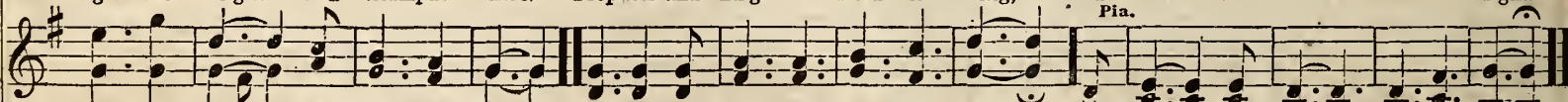
2. How charming is their voice! How sweet their tid - ings are! "Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa - viour King, He reigns and triumph here— He
 4. How blessed are our eyes, That see this heavenly light! (Ending for this stanza below.)



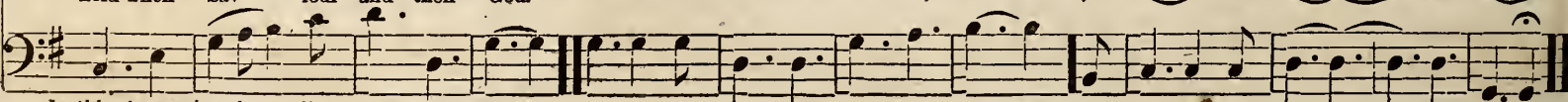
6. * The Lord makes bare his arm, Through all the earth a - broad, Let eve - ry na - tion now be - hold Their Sav - iour and their God— be -

*Ending for the fourth stanza.*

reigns—He reigns and triumphs here." Prophets and kings de - sired it long, But died with - out - - - the sight.



hold Their Sav - iour and their God.



In this stanza sing the small notes, in full chorus.

Moderate.

SENTENCE. "Blessed be the Lord forevermore."

From DR. THOMPSON. 377

Blessed, blessed, blessed be the Lord for-ev-er-more, for-ev-er-more, Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord, the Lord for-

Blessed, blessed, blessed be the Lord for-ev-er-more, for-ev-er-more, Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord, for-

Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord,

- ev-er-more, Blessed be the Lord, for-ev-er-more. The Lord's name be prais-ed. Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men.

- ev-er-more, Blessed be the Lord, for-ev-er-more. Praise ye the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men.

The Lord's name be prais-ed.

WEEP NOT.

1. Weep not—Je-sus lives on high, O sad and wea-ried one! If thou with the bur-den sigh, Of grief thou canst not shun, Trust him still, Soon there will Ro-ses in the thicket stand, Goshen smile in E-gypt's land.

2. Weep not—Je-sus com-forts thee, He yet shall come to save, And each sor-row thou shalt see Lie bu-ried in the grave, Sin shall die, Grief shall fly, Thou hast wept thy lat-est tears, When the Lord of life ap-pears.

mp *Cres.* *f*

And ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, Ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall

mp *Cres.* *f*

And ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, Ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall

mp *Cres.* *f*

search for me with all your heart, with all your heart, saith the Lord.

search for me with all your heart, Ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, saith the Lord.

FOUNT OF BLESSING.

D. C.

D. C. Fount of blessing.

1. { Fount of blessing, Now in part-ing, Oh re-fresh each fainting soul! } Flowing o'er with joy su-per-nal, Springing up to life e-ter-nal!

2. { Bless-ed Saviour Keep us ev-er Thro' the night and thro' the day; } Thro' the night do thou pro-TECT us, All the day do thou di-RECT us.

D. C.

D. C.

SENTENCE. "And ye shall seek me."

From "Hallelujah." 379

Slow.

And ye shall seek me, shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall seek for me with all your heart, And ye shall seek me, shall seek me, and find me,

And ye shall seek me, shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall seek for me with all your heart, And ye shall seek me, shall seek me, and find me,

COME UNTO ME.

Cres.

when ye shall seek for me with all your heart, saith the Lord.

when ye shall seek for me with all your heart, saith the Lord.

Seek-ing for com-fort from your Heavenly Fa-ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

When the loved slept, in brighter homes to wak-en, When their pale brows with spirit wreaths are crowned.

1. Come un-to me, when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and distressed,

2. Ye who have mourned when the spring-flowers were taken, When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,

3. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrow never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4. There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Legato.—Ardent, Devotional.

mp "Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y la - den, and I will give you rest, I will give you rest. Take my yoke up - *m*

mp "Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y la - den, and I will give you rest, I will give you rest. Take my yoke up - *m*

pp on you, and learn of me, Take my yoke up - on you, and learn of me; For I am meek and low - ly of heart, and ye shall find *mf* *mp* *m*

mp on you, and learn of me, Take my yoke up - on you, and learn of me; For I am meek and low - ly of heart, and ye shall find *pp* *Rit.*

rest un - to your souls. For my yoke is ea - sy, and my bur - den is light." His yoke is ea - sy, and his bur den is light.

rest un - to your souls. For my yoke is ea - sy, and my bur - den is light." His yoke is ea - sy, and his bur - den is light.

SENTENCE. "I will arise, and go to my Father."

CECIL. 381

Larghetto.

Tutti.

MF.

MF.

will a - rise, and go to my fa - ther :

and will say un-to him—

Father, I have

Solo.

Tutti.

Solo.

Sym. Pia.

I will a - rise,

I will a - rise, will a - rise, and go to my Fa - ther ;

and will say un-to him— Father, Father, I have

Ad lib. Tempo. MF.

Lento Pia.

sinned—have sinned, I have sinned against heav'n and before thee—before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son—and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

sinned—have sinned, I have sinned against heav'n and before thee—before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son—and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

"He ever Guides with care Divine."

1. He ev-er guides with care di-vine Who dost the world enlighten; }
My praise to him I grateful bring, Who dost my pathway brighten. } The mighty star, The waves afar, He leads along their courses, And all their laws en-for - ces.
2. He ev-er guides with care di-vine; His blessings ev - er flow-ing, }
With pleasure fill my pil-grim path, Like pearls the desert sowing; } I love the light That beams so bright, And leads my footsteps near him; Oh, may I ever fear him !

Allegro Maestoso.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - baoth! Heaven and earth are full, full of thy glo - ry: Heaven and earth are full, are

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - baoth! Heaven and earth are full, full of thy glo - ry! Heaven and earth are full, are

full of thy glo-ry, Glory be to thee, Glory be to thee, Glory be to thee, to thee, O Lord..... most high.

full of thy glo-ry; Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, to thee, to thee, O Lord most high.

LUTZEN. C. M.

N. HERRMANN.

1. Let chil-dren hear the might-y deeds, Which God performed of old, Which in our young-er years we saw, And which our fa - thers told.

2. He bids us make his glo - ries known, His works of power and grace; And we'll con - vey his won-ders down, Thro' ev' - ry ris - ing race.

1. God, the all - ter - ri - ble, Thou, who or - dain - est, Thun - der thy clar - ion, and lightning thy sword; Show forth thy pi - ty on
 2. God, the om - nip - o - tent! migh - ty a - ven - ger, Watch - ing in - vis - i - ble, judging unheard; Save us in mer - cy, O

mf *mp* *Cres.*

3. God, the all - mer - ci - ful! Earth hath for - sak - en Thy ways all ho - ly, and slighted thy word; Bid not thy wrath in its
 4. So will thy peo - ple with thank - ful de - vo - tion, Praise him who saved them from per - il and sword; Shouting in cho - rus, from

high where thou reignest: Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
 save us from dan - ger: Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

mf *Dim. Ritard.*

ter - ror a - wak - en: Give to us par - don and peace, O Lord.
 o - cean to o - cean, Peace to the na - tions, and praise to the Lord.

SANCTUS. No. 2.

Largo.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God Al - might - y, Heav'n and

mp *p* *mf*

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God Al - might - y, Heav'n and

earth are full of thy glo - ry: Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, O God most high, O God most high.

mf *f*

earth are full of thy glo - ry: Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, O God most high, O God most high.

Allegro.

Sal-va-tion! sal-va-tion! oh, the joy-ful sound, 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sove-reign balm for eve-ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.

Bu-ried in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;— But we a-rise by grace di-vine, To see a heavenly day. Sal-va-tion, salvation, Sal-va-tion, salvation,

let the e-cho fly The spacious earth a-round; While all the armies of the sky, Con-spire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound.

Allegro Maestoso.



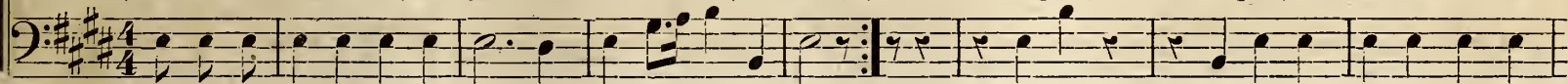
1. { Let ev - ery heart re - joice and sing; Let cho - ral anthems rise; } For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his
 { Ye rev'rend men and children, bring To God your sac - ri - fice; }

VERSE.

Dim.



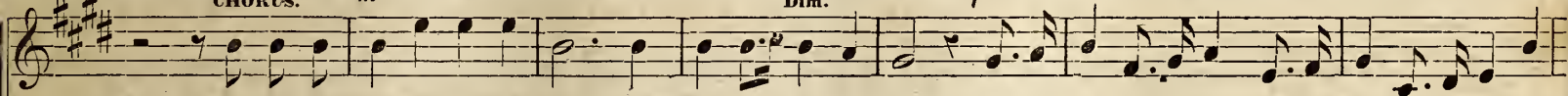
2. { He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n his pow'r is known; } For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his
 { And earth, subdued to him, shall yet Bow low be - fore his throne; }



CHORUS. *m*

Dim.

f



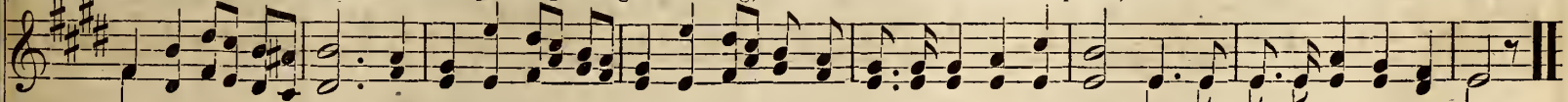
ways; With songs and hon-ors sounding loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise, While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A



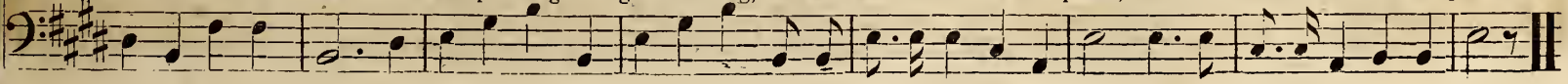
ways; With songs and hon-ors sounding loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise, While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A



glo-rious an - them raise: Let each pro-long the grate-ful song, And the God of our fa-thers praise, And the God of our fa-thers praise.



glo-rious an - them raise: Let each pro-long the grate-ful song, And the God of our fa-thers praise, And the God of our fa-thers praise.



SOLO. Treble or Tenor.

Allegro.

1. Lift up your state-ly heads, ye doors, With
2. Swift from your gol- den hin- ges leap, Your

CHORUS.

has-ty reve-rence rise, Ye ev-er-last-ing doors that guard The pas-sage to the skies. For see—For see the King of glo-ry

bar-riers roll a-way, And throw your blaz-ing por-tals wide, And burst the gates of day.

comes—the King of glory comes A-long the e-ter-nal road— For see the King—the King of glory comes—the King of glory comes Along the e-ter-nal road.

Dolce. p *m* *f* *Dolce.* *f*

For see he comes, For see he comes,—

Instruments may repeat 9 measures for a concluding symphony.

"When as returns this solemn day."

Dr. LOWELL MASON. 387

Rather Slow and in exact time. *cres.* *mf*

1. When, as returns this solemn day, Man comes to meet his God, What rites, what honors shall he pay? How spread his praise abroad? 2. From mar - ble domes and

1. When, as returns this solemn day, Man comes to meet his God, What rites, what honors shall he pay? How spread his praise abroad? 2. From mar - ble domes and

gild-ed spires Shall clouds of incense rise, And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The cost - ly sac - ri-fice? 3. Vain sinful man! Vain sinful man! cre-

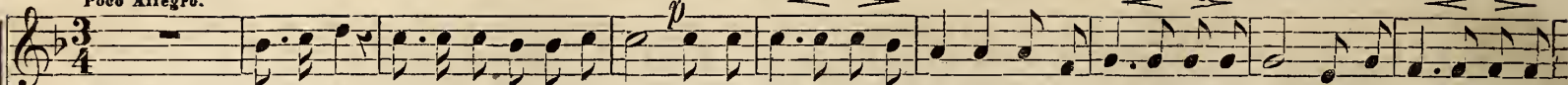
gild-ed spires Shall clouds of incense rise, And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The cost - ly sac - ri-fice? 3. Vain sinful man! Vain sinful man! cre-

cres. *dim.* *p* *cres.* *f* *cres.* *ff* *mp* *f* *Adagio.*

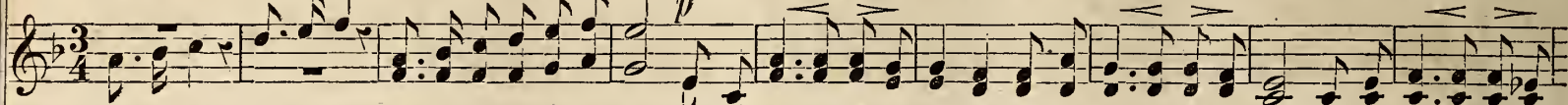
tion's Lord Thy offerings well may spare; But give thy heart— But give thy heart— and thou shalt find, Thy God will hear thy prayer.

tion's Lord Thy offerings well may spare; But give thy heart— But give thy heart— and thou shalt find, Thy God will hear thy prayer.

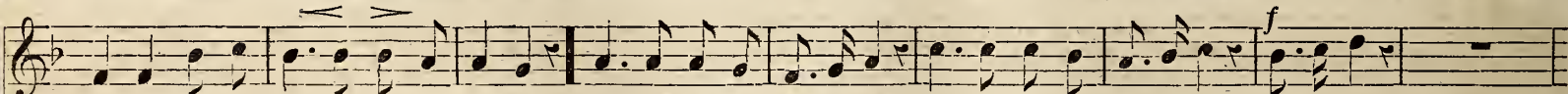
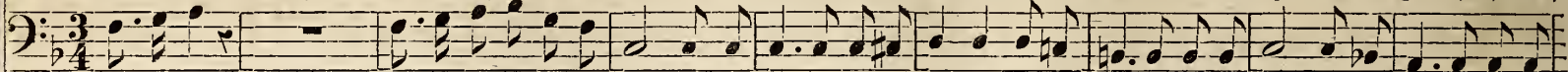
Poco Allegro.



1. Heavenly day, Heavenly day, Heavenly day awaits our way, Here on earth as strangers dwelling, Joys we seek beyond de-cay, Where pure songs to God are
 2. Heavenly day, Heavenly day, Heavenly day awaits our way, Hope bestows her smiles unceasing, Sweet her beams around us play, While our earthly life's de-



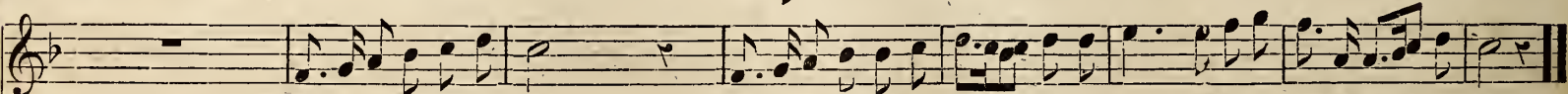
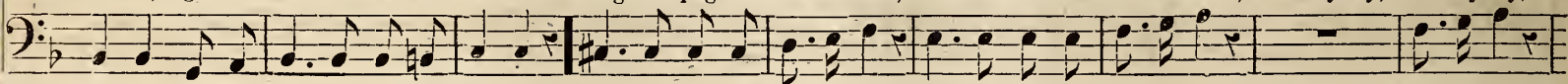
3. Heavenly day, Heavenly day, Heavenly day awaits our way, What tho' death the bond dissev-er, Which unites thee to the clay? Dread the gloom, oh, never,



swelling, Heaven's high glory ev-er tell-ing. Though as pilgrims here we roam, Yet in heav'n we'll find a home; Heavenly day,
 creasing, While we wait our soul's re-leas-ing. Though as pilgrims here we roam, Yet in heav'n we'll find a home; Heavenly day,



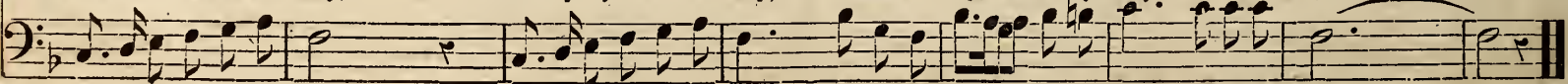
nev-er, Light shall rise and shine for-ev-er: Though as pilgrims here we roam, Yet in heav'n we'll find a home; Heavenly day, Heavenly day,



Heavenly day awaits our way, Heavenly day awaits our way, Heavenly day awaits our way, a-waits our way.



Heavenly day awaits our way, Heavenly day awaits our way, awaits our way, Heaven-ly day awaits our way, a-waits our way.



Heavenly day awaits our way.....

SENTENCE. "Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth."

T. B. MASON.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy great glo - ry,

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy great glo - ry,

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the top staff and the second line to the bottom staff.

Heav'n and earth are full, Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy great glo - ry. Glo - ry be to

Heav'n and earth are full, Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy great glo - ry. Glo - ry be to thee,

Glo - ry be to

This system contains the next two staves. The top staff continues the melody from the first system, and the bottom staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the top staff and the second line to the bottom staff.

thee, Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord, O Lord most high.

Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord, O Lord most high.

thee, Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee.

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. The top staff continues the melody, and the bottom staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the top staff and the second line to the bottom staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

O praise God in his ho - li - ness, Praise him in his firmament—in the firmament of his power;

O praise God in his ho - li - ness, Praise him in his firmament—in the firmament of his power; Praise him in his noble acts—Praise him in his noble acts—

Praise him according to his excellent greatness; Praise him in the sound of the trumpet, in the sound of the trumpet, Praise him upon the lute and harp;

Praise him according to his excellent greatness; Praise him in the sound of the trumpet, in the sound of the trumpet, Praise him upon the lute, upon the lute and harp;

Praise him upon the lute and harp;

Praise him in the cymbals—in the cym-bals and dances, Praise him on strings—on strings and pipes—

Praise him in the cymbals—in the cym-bals and dances, Praise him on strings—on strings and pipes—Let every thing that hath breath, let every thing that hath

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

breath, Let every thing that hath breath, that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

From the Oratorio of JOSHUA, by HANDEL.

f *Maestoso.*

1. All ye peo - ple, lift..... the voice, Raise the high vic - to - rious song; Lo! he comes! let
 2. Bless - ings num - ber - less..... he brings, Full sup - plies for ev - ery need; Joy be - fore his

3. Pas - sion's cla - mor now be still, Pride.... be hushed, and tu - - mult cease; Love shall reign, and

D. C.

earth... re - joice, Heaven the loft - y strain..... pro - long.
 pres - - ence springs; Balm is poured on hearts..... that bleed.

pure..... good will, Lo!..... he comes! the Prince..... of Peace!

ORIGINAL WORDS.

See, the conquering hero comes!
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
 Sports prepare, and laurel bring,
 Songs of triumph to him sing.
 See the conquering hero comes,
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drums.

The last two lines should be sung at the D. C.

Maestoso.

Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord of Sa-ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glo-ry— Heaven and earth are full of his

Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord..... of Sa-ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glo-ry— Heaven and earth are full of his

glo-ry, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest! Ho-

glo-ry, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Ho-

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

From J. A. NAUMANN.

p Slow and soft.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given: There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heaven.

2. There is a home for weary souls, By sin and sorrow driven; When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, an ocean rolls, And all is drear—'tis heav'n.

3. There faith lifts up her cheerful eye, The heart no longer riven; And views the tempest passing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all se-re-ne in heaven.

4. There fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom, And joys supreme are give; There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the dark and narrow tomb Appears the dawn of heav'n.

* If the Alto is weak, the Tenor may sing the small notes in this passage.



sannah, Hosannah, Hosannah in the highest, Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah in the highest, Ho - sannah,

sannah, Hosannah, Hosannah in the highest, Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah in the highest, Ho - sannah,

Hosannah in the highest, Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah in the highest, Blessed is he that cometh in the.



Ho - san - nah, Ho - sannah, Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah, Ho - sannah in the highest, Ho - san - nah in the high - est.

Ho - san - nah, Ho - sannah, Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah, Ho - sannah in the highest, Ho - san - nah in the high - est.

name of the Lord, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

SENTENCE. Benediction.



The grace of the Lord Je - sus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Ho - ly Ghost, be with you all. A - - men.

The grace of the Lord Je - sus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Ho - ly Ghost, be with you all. A - - men.

"UNVEIL THY BOSOM, FAITHFUL TOMB."

From HANDEL'S "Dead March in Saul."

mp Adagio. *m*

1. Unveil thy bo-som, faith-ful tomb; Take this new treasure to thy trust, And give these sacred rel-ics room To slum-ber in the si-lent dust.

mp *m*

1. Unveil thy bo-som, faith-ful tomb; Take this new treasure to thy trust, And give these sacred rel-ics room To slum-ber in the si-lent dust.

p *mf* *p*

2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx-ious fear In-vade thy bounds; no mor-tal woes Can reach the peaceful sleep-er here, While angels watch the soft repose.

p *mf* *p*

2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx-ious fear In-vade thy bounds; no mor-tal woes Can reach the peaceful sleep-er here, While angels watch the soft repose.

"BLESSING, AND GLORY, AND WISDOM."

From F. MULLER, by L. M.

Maestoso. With reverence.

f

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Bless-ing, and glo-ry, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and hon-or, and power, and might Be un-to our

p *mf* *pp* *f*

3. So Je-sus slept; God's dying Son Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the bed; Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne The morning break, and pierce the shade.

p *mf* *pp* *f*

3. So Je-sus slept; God's dying Son Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the bed; Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne The morning break, and pierce the shade.

The musical score for 'Unveil Thy Bosom' consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first system includes dynamic markings *p*, *mf*, *pp*, and *f*. The lyrics are: '3. So Je-sus slept; God's dying Son Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the bed; Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne The morning break, and pierce the shade.'

f *mp* *f*

4. Break from his throne, illustrious morn! At-tend, O earth, his sov'- reign word; Re-store thy trust, a glo- rious form Shall then a-rise to meet the Lord.

f *mp* *f*

4. Break from his throne, illustrious morn! At-tend, O earth, his sov'- reign word; Re-store thy trust, a glo- rious form Shall then a-rise to meet the Lord.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. It includes dynamic markings *f* and *mp*. The lyrics are: '4. Break from his throne, illustrious morn! At-tend, O earth, his sov'- reign word; Re-store thy trust, a glo- rious form Shall then a-rise to meet the Lord.'

"BLESSING, AND GLORY, AND WISDOM."

CONCLUDED.

God for ev - er, Be un - to our God for ev - er, Be un - to our God for ev - er and ev - er. A - men.

The musical score for 'Blessing, and Glory, and Wisdom' consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (Bb). The lyrics are: 'God for ev - er, Be un - to our God for ev - er, Be un - to our God for ev - er and ev - er. A - men.'

When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear, shall appear in his glo-ry, in his glo-ry, He shall appear in his glo-ry, he shall appear in his glo-ry, He shall appear

SEMI-CHORUS.—Slow and soft.

He shall appear in his glo-ry. O pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem, They shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, in his glo-ry. O pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem, They shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, Peace be withi thy

THE GUIDING STAR.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Star of peace to wand'ers weary, Bright the beams that smile on me, Cheer the pi - lot's vi - sion dreary, Far, far at sea. Far, far at sea.
 2. Star of hope, gleam on the billow, Bless the soul that sighs for thee; Bless the sai - lor's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea. Far, far at sea.
 3. Star of faith, when winds are mocking All his toil, he flies to thee; Save him on the billows rocking, Far, far at sea. Far, far at sea.
 4. Star di - vine, O safely guide him, Bring the wand'rer home to thee; Sore temptations long have tried him, Far, far at sea. Far, far at sea.

f CHORUS.—Lively, loud. *m* CHORUS.—Slow and soft.

and plenteousness with-in thy pal - a - ces, and plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces. Peace be within thy walls,

walls, and plenteousness with-in thy pal - a - ces, and plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces. Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy

Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls,

Peace be within thy walls, Peace, and plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces, and plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces. A - men. A - men.

walls, Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces, and plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces. A - men. A - men.

Peace be within thy walls, Peace,

SAUGUS. L. M.

p *f*

1. How blest the sa - cred tie, that binds In sweet commu-nion kindred minds! How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

ANTHEM. "Lord of all power and might."

Rev. WM. MASON.

Moderato.

Solo.

Lord of all power and might, Lord of all power and might; Thou that art the au-thor, Thou that art the au-thor, Thou that art the

au-thor of all good things; Graft in our hearts the love of thy name, the love of thy name; In-crease in us true re -

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

To God in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; O let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re-joice.

Chorus.

- li-gion, Lord of all power and might, nour-ish us in all good-ness, Lord of all power and might, And of thy great mer-cy, And

Chorus. Solo. Chorus.

of thy great mer-cy, Keep us, Keep us in the same through Je-sus Christ our Lord, through Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

ANTHEM. "The Lord bless thee."

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee, The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee, The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

Allegretto.

Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When! When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace,

mf Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When! When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, . . . In joy and peace, In

In joy and peace, In joy and peace with thee. 2. Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts as-

joy, In joy and peace with thee. 2. Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend:

In joy and peace, In joy and peace with thee. 2. Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts as-

cend? Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend? 3. There happier bowers than E - den's bloom,

Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end? 3. There hap - pier bowers than E - den's bloom, No sin nor

cend? Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend? 3. There happier bowers than E - den's bloom,

nor sorrow know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you, I onward press to you, I on-ward press to you, Je -

sor - row know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I on-ward press to you, I on-ward press to you, I on-ward press to you, Je -

nor sorrow know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you, I on-ward press to you, to you,

ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me..... 4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis -

ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me..... 4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis -

may! I've Ca - naan's good - ly land ... in view, And realms of end - less day. 5. Je - ru - sa-lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants for

may! I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And realms of endless day..... 5. Je - ru - sa-lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants, My

5. Je - ru - sa-lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants for

thee; Then, Then shall my la-bors have an end, When I thy joys, thy joys shall see, When I..... thy
soul still pants for thee; Then, Then shall my la-bors have an end, When I..... thy joys,.... When I..... thy
thee; Then, When I the joys, the joys shall see,

joys shall see, thy joys..... shall see. Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! Name ev - er dear to me! Name ev - er dear to me!
joys shall see, thy joys shall see. Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! Name ev - er dear to me! Name ev - er dear to me!

I AM WEARY.

Ps. 55: 8.

1. Here I find no rest; While by pain op- prest, And by sin dis- trest, I am wea- ry, am wea- ry.
2. Though this world be fair, Sin is ev- er there, And its guilt I share: I am wea- ry, am wea- ry.

3.

Yet, from heaven on high,
Christ hath heard my sigh,
Mark'd my mournful cry;
I am weary, am weary.

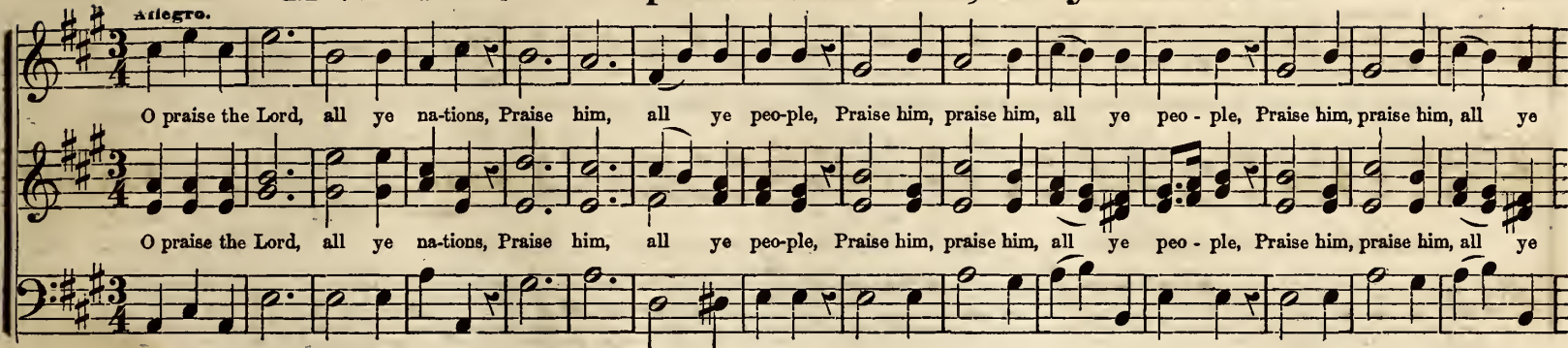
4.

Dawn, thou heavenly light,
On my vanished sight;
Heav'n is pure and bright!
I am weary, am weary.

ANTHEM. "O praise the Lord, all ye nations."

403

Allegro.

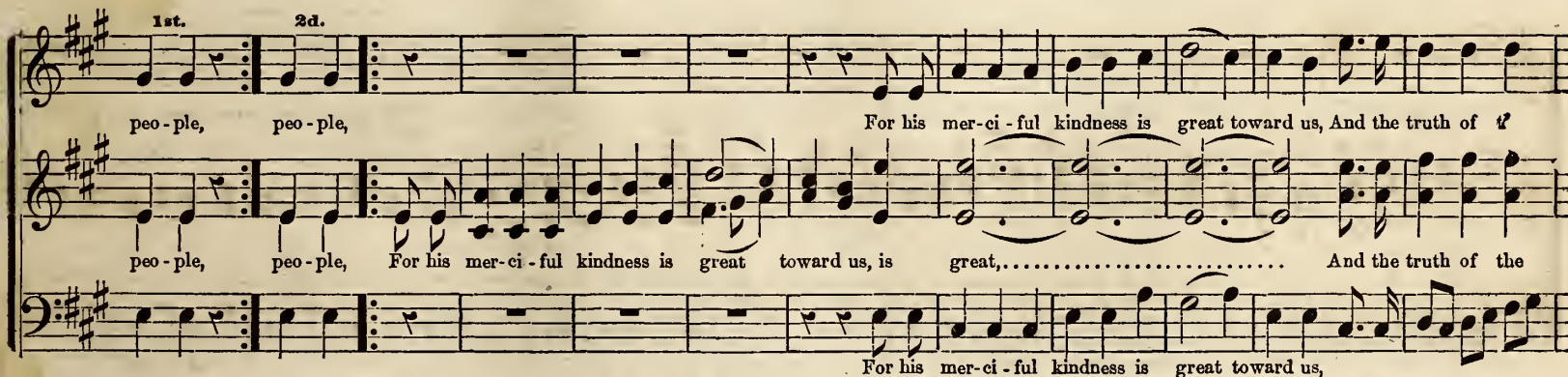


O praise the Lord, all ye na-tions, Praise him, all ye peo-ple, Praise him, praise him, all ye peo - ple, Praise him, praise him, all ye

O praise the Lord, all ye na-tions, Praise him, all ye peo-ple, Praise him, praise him, all ye peo - ple, Praise him, praise him, all ye

1st.

2d.



peo - ple, peo - ple, For his mer-ci - ful kindness is great toward us, And the truth of

peo - ple, peo - ple, For his mer-ci - ful kindness is great toward us, is great,..... And the truth of the

For his mer-ci - ful kindness is great toward us,

1st.

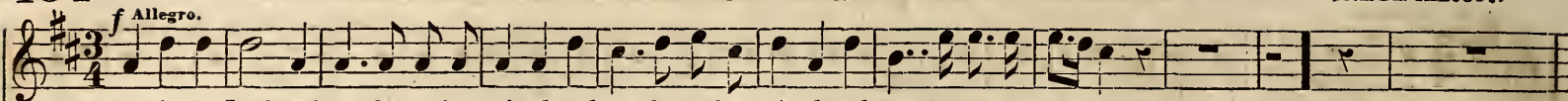
2d.



Lord en - dur-eth for ev - er, And the truth of the Lord en - dur-eth for ev - er, ev - er, Praise ye the Lord.

Lord en - dur-eth for ev - er, And the truth of the Lord en - dur-eth for ev - er, ev - er, Praise ye the Lord,

f Allegro.



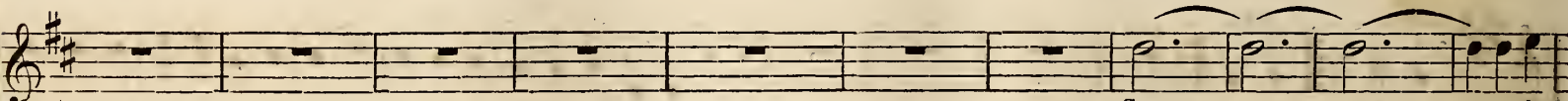
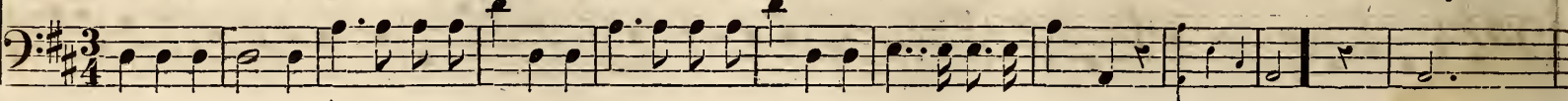
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be prais-ed, and greatly to be prais-ed, and great-ly to be prais-ed.

SOLI



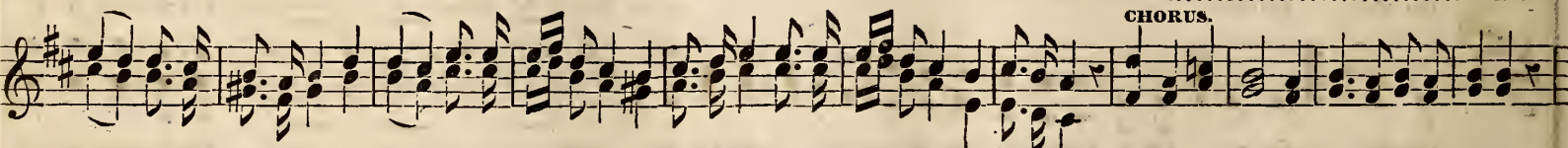
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be prais-ed, and greatly to be prais-ed, and greatly to be prais-ed,

In the cit - y of our

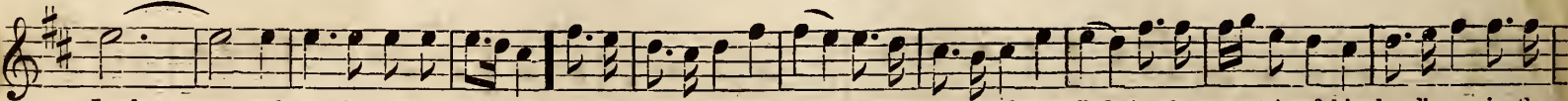
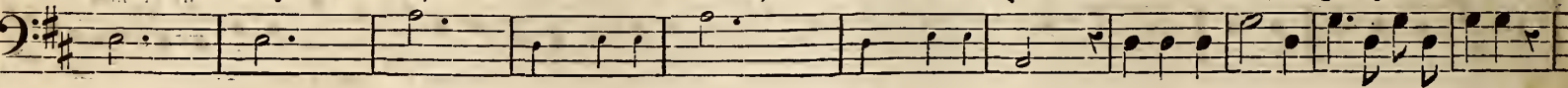


Great..... is the

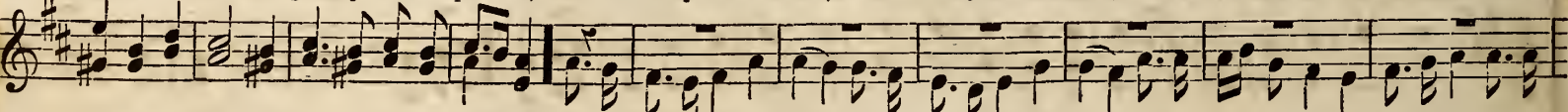
CHORUS



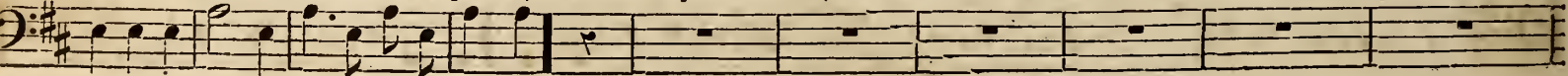
God, In the cit - y of our God, in the mountain of his ho - liness, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised;



Lord,..... and great-ly to be prais-ed, In the cit-y of our God, In the cit-y of our God, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness, in the



Great is the Lord, and greatly to be prais-ed, In the cit-y of our God, In the cit-y of our God, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness, in the



CHORUS.

mountain of his ho-li-ness. Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, In the

mountain of his ho-li-ness. Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, In the

CHORUS.

cit-y of our God, In the cit-y of our God, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness. Great is the Lord, and

SOLI.

cit-y of our God, In the cit-y of our God, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness. Great is the Lord, and

CHORUS.

great-ly to be prais-ed, In the cit-y of our God, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness. A - men, A - men.

great-ly to be prais-ed, in the cit-y of our God, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness. A - men, A - men.

Maestoso.

The Lord is King, The Lord is King, The Lord is King, And hath put on glorious appar-el, The Lord hath put on glorious ap-par - el, and

girded himself with strength, and girded himself with strength, The Lord is King, The Lord is King, The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel, The Lord hath

put on glo-rious ap - par - el, and gird - ed himself with strength. He hath made the round world so sure, He hath made the round world so

"The Lord is King."

Concluded.

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Repeat. *f* Recitative. TENOR.

sure, He hath made the round world so sure that it can-not be mov - ed. Thy tes - ti-mo-nies, O Lord, are sure, ve - ry sure.

made the round world so sure..... that it cannot be mov - ed.

NOTE.—This part of the Anthem may be sung separately, as a short opening piece, if desirable.

Ho-li-ness, Ho-li-ness, Ho-li-ness becometh thine house, Ho-li-ness be-cometh thine house, Ho-li-ness, Ho-li-ness, Ho-li-ness be -

Ho-li-ness, Ho-li-ness, Ho-li-ness becometh thine house, Ho-li-ness be-cometh thine house, Ho-li-ness, Ho-li-ness, Ho-li-ness be -

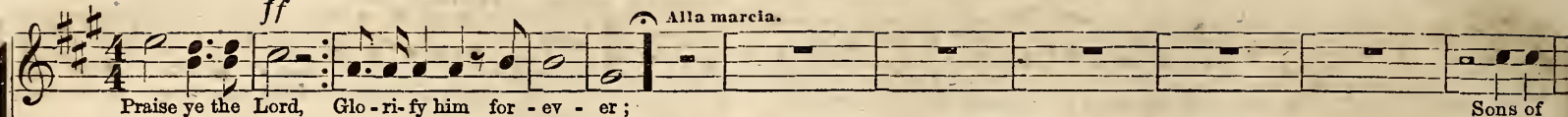
Ho-li-ness, Ho-li-ness, Ho-li-ness be -

Allegro. *Adagio.*

cometh thine house, for ev-er and ev-er, for ev-er, A-men. for ev-er and ev-er, for ev-er, A-men, for ev-er, A-men, for ev-er, A-men, A - men, A-men.

cometh thine house, for ev-er and ev-er, for ev-er, A-men, for ev-er and ev-er, for ev-er, A-men, for ev-er, A-men, for ev-er, A-men, A - men, A-men.

cometh thine house, for ev-er and ev-er, for ev-er, A-men, for ev-er and ev-er, for ev-er, A-men, for ev-er, A-men, for ev-er, A-men, A - men, A-men.

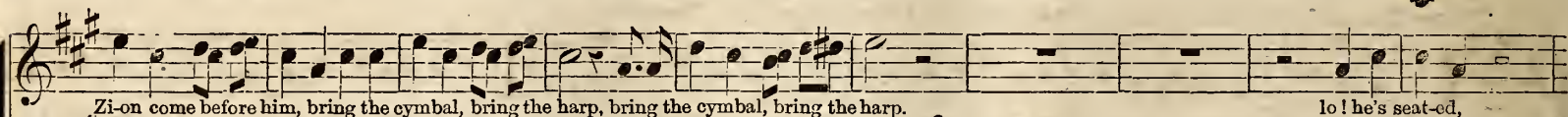
*ff**Alla marcia.*

Sons of

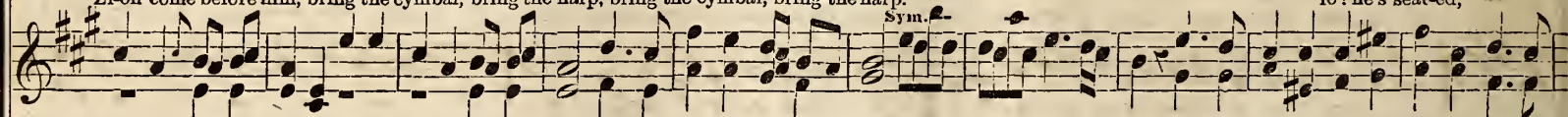


Voice.

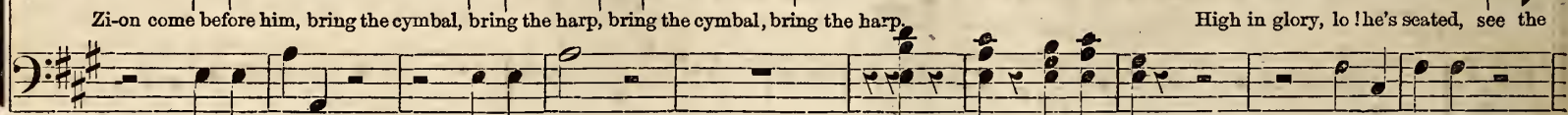
Sons of



lo! he's seat-ed,

*Sym.*

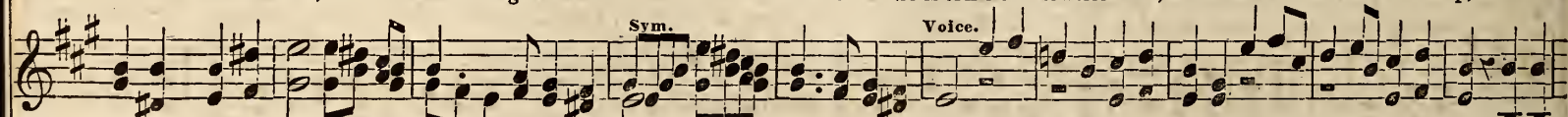
High in glory, lo! he's seated, see the



he sits in state,

See the King he sits in state.

Sons of Zion come before him, sound the lute and strike the harp, sound the

*Sym.*

Voice.

Sons of Zion come before him, sound the lute and strike the harp, sound the

*Sym.*

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with three staves. The top staff is for the voice, the middle for the symphony (Sym.), and the bottom for the lute and harp. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#).

System 1:

- Top Staff (Voice):** lute, strike the harp. Sons of Zi - on come be - fore him, Sound the
- Middle Staff (Sym.):** lute, strike the harp. Sons of Zi - en come be - fore him, Sound the
- Bottom Staff:** lute, strike the harp.

System 2:

- Top Staff (Voice):** lute and strike the harp. Sound the lute and strike the harp, Sound the lute and strike the harp, Come be-fore him,
- Middle Staff (Sym.):** lute and strike the harp. Sound the lute and harp, Sound the lute and harp, Sons of Zi - on come be - fore him, sound the
- Bottom Staff:** lute and strike the harp.

System 3:

- Top Staff (Voice):** strike the harp, Sound the lute and harp. strike the harp, strike two harp.
- Middle Staff (Sym.):** lute and strike the harp, sound the lute and strike the harp, strike the harp, strike the harp, strike the harp.
- Bottom Staff:** lute and strike the harp.

Maestoso.

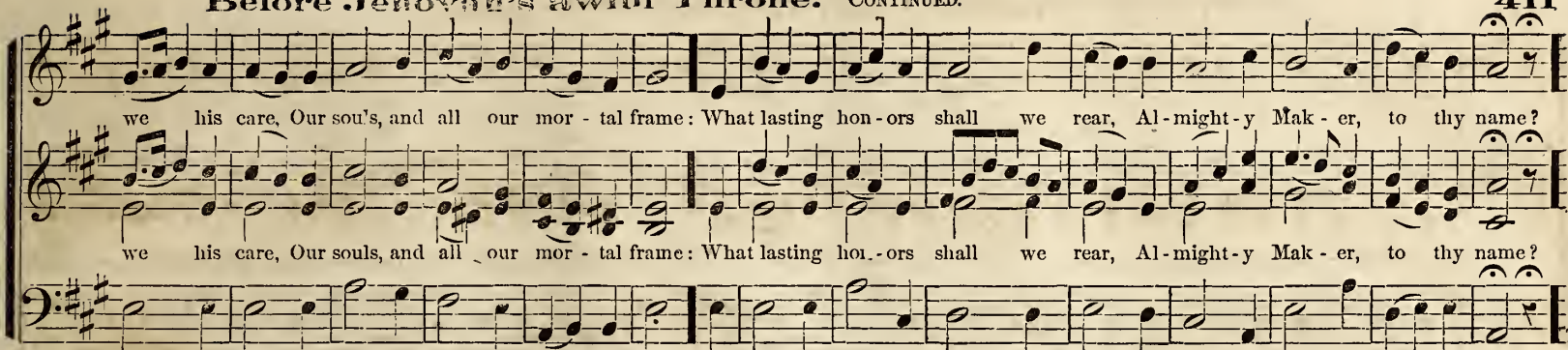
1. Be-fore Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions bow with sa-cred joy: Know that the Lord is God a-lone; He can cre-ate—and

SOLI. Andantino.

he de-destroy, He can cre-ate—and he de-destroy, he de-destroy. 2. His sov'reign pow'r, with-out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;

SOLI. Andante. Added for 3d stanza.

And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed, He brought us to his fold a-gain, He brought us to his fold a-gain. 3. We are his peo-ple,



we his care, Our sou's, and all our mor - tal frame: What lasting hon - ors shall we rear, Al - might - y Mak - er, to thy name?

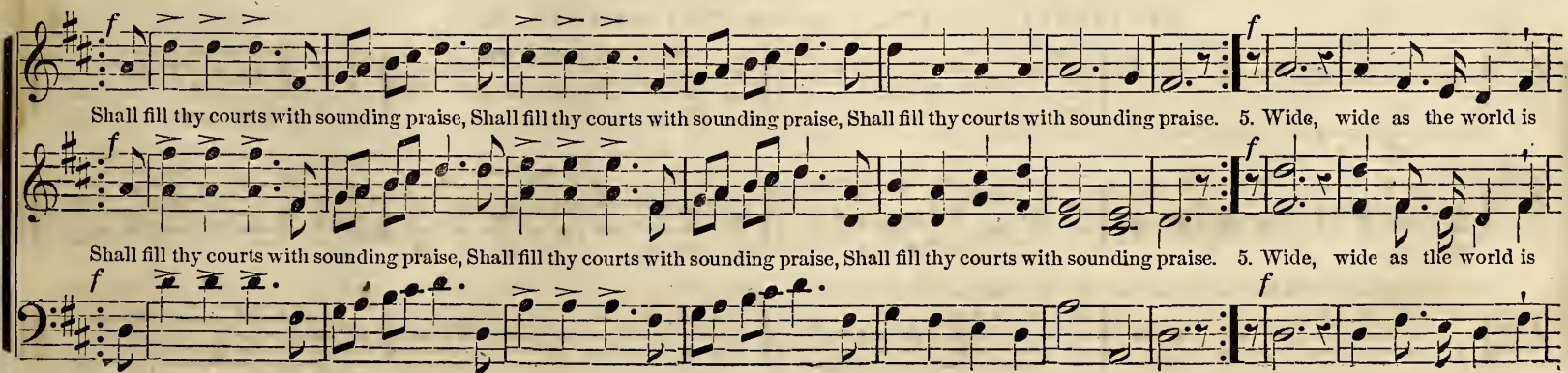
we his care, Our souls, and all our mor - tal frame: What lasting hon - ors shall we rear, Al - might - y Mak - er, to thy name?

Allegro Maestoso.



4. We'll crowd thy gates, with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'n, our voi - - ces raise; And earth, And earth, with all her thousand, thousand tongues,

4. We'll crowd thy gates, with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'n, our voi - - ces raise; And earth, And earth, with all her thousand, thousand tongues,



Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise. 5. Wide, wide as the world is

Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise. 5. Wide, wide as the world is

Before Jehovah's awful Throne. CONCLUDED.

thy command, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty, thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, shall

thy command, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty, thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, shall

cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, cease to move.

cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, cease to move.

MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.

FINE.

D. C.

{ Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal: }
 { Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save, and thou canst heal. } Though destruction walk around us, Though the ar - row near us fly,

D. C. An - gel guards from thee surround us, We are safe if thou art nigh.

ANTHEM. "O praise ye the Lord."

HAYDN.

Allegro moderato.

m *Cres.* 1st and 2d Tenor.

1. { O praise ye the Lord! pre-pare your glad voice, His praise in the great as - sembly to sing; }
 In their great Crea-tor let all men rejoice, And heirs of sal - vation be glad in their king. } 2. Let them his great name devout-ly a - dore; In

2. Let them his great name de-vout - ly a-dore; In

This passage may be sung in solo or in chorus.

mf *f*

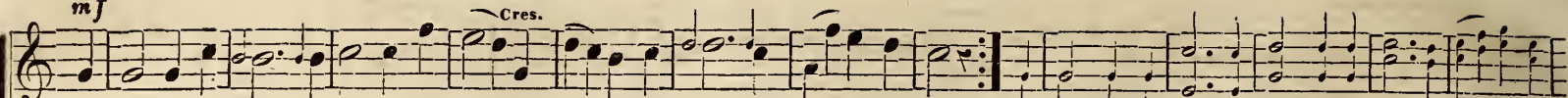
loud swelling strains his prais-es ex-press, Who graciously o-pens his boun-ti-ful store, Their wants to re-lieve, and his children to bless, Who graciously

Tutti.

loud swelling strains his prais-es ex-press, Who gracious-ly o - pens his boun-ti-ful store, Their wants to re-lieve, and his children to bless. Who graciously

o-pens his boun-ti-ful store, Their wants to re-lieve, their wants to re-lieve, and his chil-dren to bless.

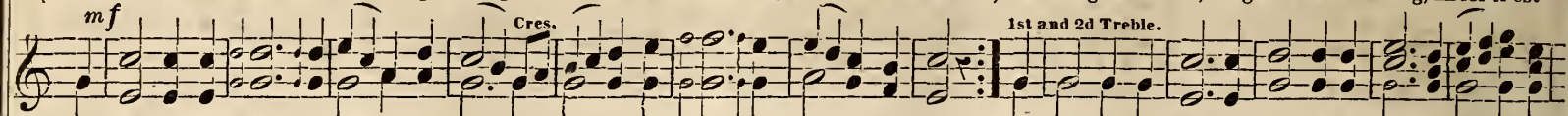
o-pens his boun-ti-ful store, Their wants to re-lieve, their wants to re-lieve, and his chil-dren to bless.

*mf**Cres.*

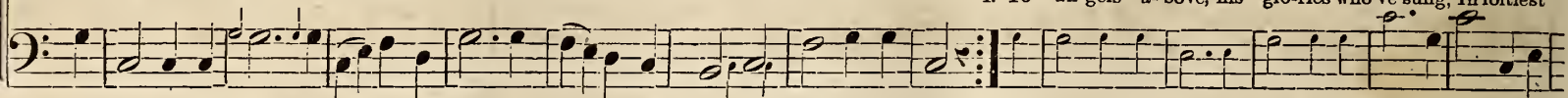
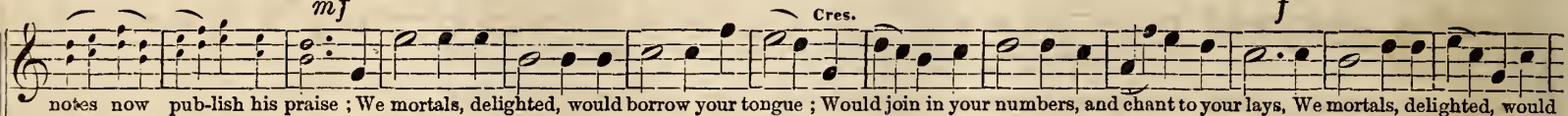
3. { With glo - ry a-dorned, his peo-ple shall sing To God who de - fence and plen-ty sup-plies : }
 { Their loud ac - clamations to him their great king, Thro' earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies. }

*mf**Cres.*

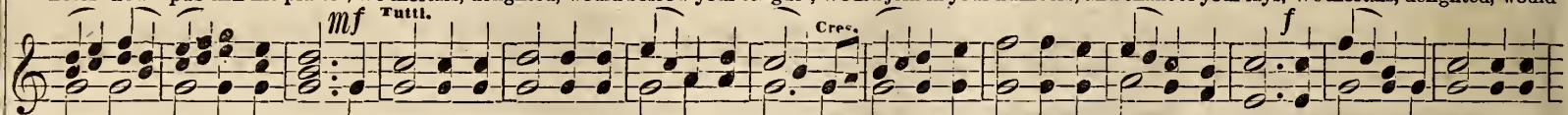
1st and 2d Treble.



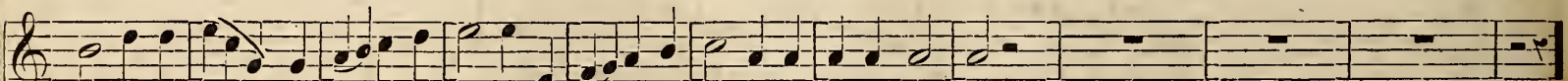
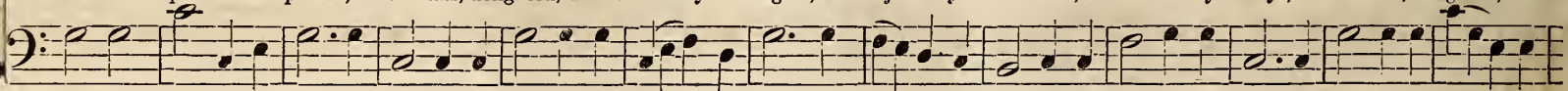
4. Ye an-gels a-bove, his glo-ries who've sung, In loftiest

*mf**Cres.**f*

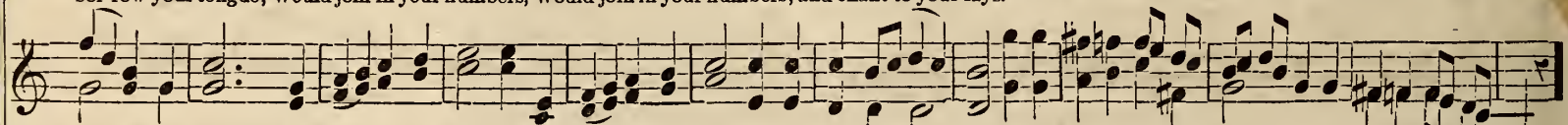
notes now pub-lish his praise ; We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue ; Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays, We mortals, delighted, would

mf *tutti.**Cres.**f*

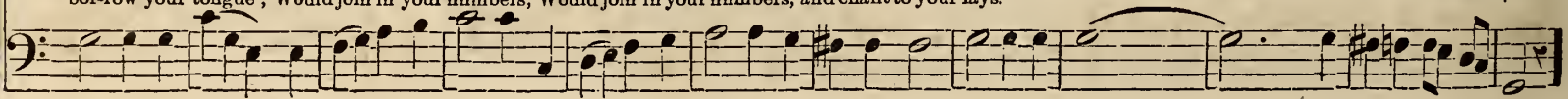
notes now pub-lish his praise ; We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue ; Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays, We mortals, delighted, would



bor-row your tongue ; Would join in your numbers, Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.



bor-row your tongue ; Would join in your numbers, Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.



"O praise ye the Lord."

CONCLUDED.

We mortals, would borrow your tongue, Would join in your numbers, and chant, We mor-tals, de-light-ed, would bor - - - row your

We mortals, de-light-ed would borrow your tongue, Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays, We mor-tals, de-light-ed, would bor-row your

tongue, Would join in your num-bers, and chant to your lays, and chant to your lays, and chant to your lays.

tongue, Would join in your num-bers, and chant to your lays, and chant to your lays, and chant to your lays.

DE FLEURY. 8s. Double.

Not too slow. FINE D.C.

1. { How tedious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no long-er I see !
 { Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs Have all lost their sweetness to me; } The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
 d. c. But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleasant as May.

Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord is risen in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah!

The Lord is risen in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord is risen in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah! Now is Christ

Now is Christ the first fruits of them that slept. Hal-le-lu - jah!

risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. Hallelujah! Halle-lu - jah!

And did he rise? And did he rise? he rose! he rose!

Hal-le - lu - jah! And did he rise! And did he rise? did he rise? Hear, O ye nations; hear it, O ye dead! he rose! he rose! he

And did he rise!..... And did he rise!.....

EASTER ANTHEM. Concluded.

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Then I rose!

rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death! He burst the bars of death, he burst the bars of death, and triumph'd o'er the grave! Then, then, then I rose! then I rose!

then I rose! then first hu-man-ity, triumphant, passed the crystal ports of light, and seized e - ter - nal youth.

then I rose! then I rose! then first hu-man-ity, triumphant, passed the crystal ports of light, and seized e - ter - nal youth. Man, all immortal,

hail! hail! Heaven, all lav - ish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss.

hail! hail! Heaven, all lav - ish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss; Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss.

Allegro Moderato.

But in the last days it shall come to pass, That the mountain of the house of the Lord, shall be established in the top of the mountains, And be exalted above the

But in the last days it shall come to pass. That the mountain of the house of the Lord, shall be established in the top of the mountains. And be exalted above the

hills, and all people shall flow un - to it, Come, let us go up to the mountain of the

hills Come, let us go up to the mountain of the

hills And ma - ny na - tions shall come, and say ;

Lord. Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, go up to the mountain of the Lord, go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the mountain of the

Lord, Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, go up to the mountain of the Lord, go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the mountain of the

Lord, and to the house of the God of Ja - cob; And he will teach us, will teach us of his ways, And we will walk..... in his

Lord, and to the house of the God of Ja - cob; And he will teach us, will teach us of his ways, And we will walk..... in his

paths: paths: For the law shall go forth of Zi - on, and the word of the Lord, from Je - ru - sa - lem, For the law shall go forth of

paths: paths: For the law shall go forth of Zi - on, and the word of the Lord from Je - ru - sa - lem, For the law shall go forth of

Zi - on, and the word of the Lord from Jeru - sa - lem: And he will teach us, will teach us of his ways, And we will walk..... in his paths: paths.

Zi - on, and the word of the Lord from Jeru - sa - lem: And he will teach us, will teach us of his ways, And we will walk in his paths: paths.

Allegro Moderato. SEMI-CHORUS.

The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; The world and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it up-on the seas, And established it up-

The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; The world and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it up-on the seas, And established it up-

Adagio. Solo, or Semi Chorus, Tempo Primo.

Solo, or Semi-Chorus.

on the floods. Who shall as-cend in - to the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his ho - ly place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; Who

on the floods. Who shall as-cend in - to the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his ho - ly place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; Who

Semi-Chorus.

hath not lift-ed up his soul un-to van - i - ty, Nor sworn de-keit - ful-ly. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his sal-

hath not lift-ed up his soul un-to van - i - ty, Nor sworn de-keit - fully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his sal-

- va - tion. He shall re-ceive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his sal - va - tion. This is the gen - e - ra - tion of

Adagio. *f* *Chorus. Allegro.*

them that seek him, That seek thy face, O God of Ja - cob. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift-ed up ye ev - er - lasting doors, And the

Solo, or Semi-Chorus.

King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry shall come in. Who is this King of glo - ry?

f Chorus. > > > *f*

Who is this King of glo-ry? The LORD, the LORD strong and migh-ty, the LORD, the LORD migh-ty in bat-tle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates,

Who is this King of glo-ry? The LORD, the LORD strong and migh-ty, the LORD, the LORD migh-ty in bat-tle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates,

Ev-en lift them up, ye ev-er-last-ing doors, And the King of glo-ry shall come in, the King of glo-ry shall come in, the King of glo-ry

Ev-en lift them up, ye ev-er-last-ing doors, And the King of glo-ry shall come in, the King of glo-ry shall come in, the King of glo-ry

Solo, or Semi-Chorus. > *f* Chorus. >

shall come in. Who is this King of glo-ry? Who is this King of glo-ry? The LORD of hosts, The LORD of hosts, He is the King of glo-ry,

shall come in. Who is this King of glo-ry? Who is this King of glo-ry? The LORD of hosts, The LORD of hosts, He is the King of glo-ry,

Adagio.

He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King, the King of glo - ry, He is the King, the King of glo - ry, the King of glo - ry.

He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King, the King of glo - ry, He is the King, the King of glo - ry, the King of glo - ry.

MOTET. "Where now are they."

Slowly.

1. Where now are they, the cherished friends of child-hood, When, free from care, un - cloud - ed days were ours, With whom we oft have roamed, have

roamed the for - est wild-wood, In childish glee, care-less of pass-ing hours? pass - ing hours!

2.
How like a dream, from sleep when one awaketh,
Seem now those years, forever passed away;
Or like a mist, that fades, that fades when morning breaketh!
Time swiftly flies; fleeting is life's short day.

3.
There is a land where time shall flow no longer,
Fair land of rest, where partings never come;
Where friends remain, and love, and love grows ever stronger.
O heavenly land! happy eternal home.

Allegro. Sym.

Treble Solo.

Strike the cym-bal, roll the tym-bal, Let the trump..... of tri - umph sound.

Piano-Forte.

CHORUS.

Power - ful sling - ing, head - long bring - ing, Proud Go - li - ath to the ground.

Power - ful sling - ing, head - long bring - ing, Proud Go - li - ath to the ground.

"Strike the Cymbal." CONTINUED.

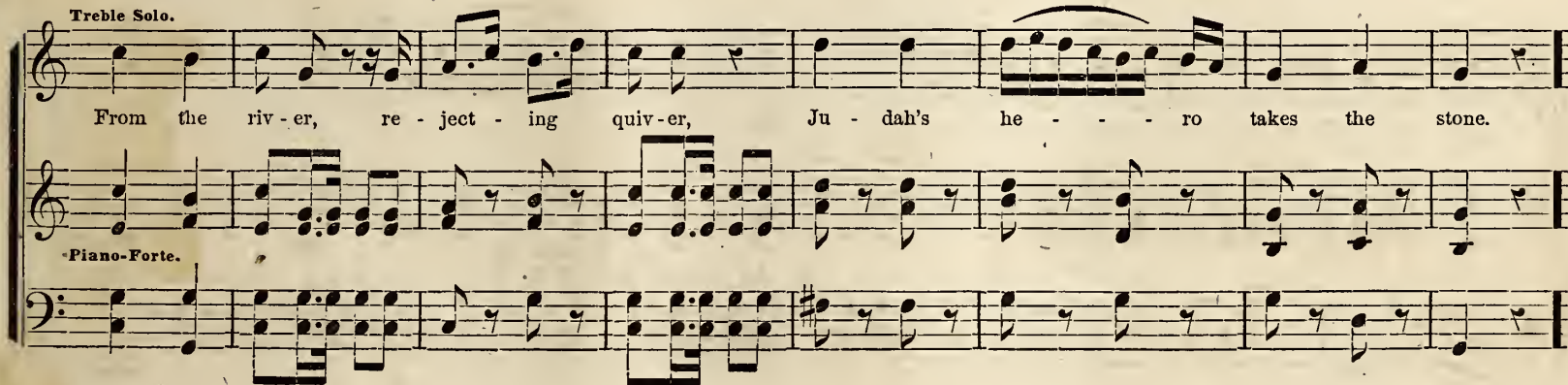
Sva



Sym.

Sym.

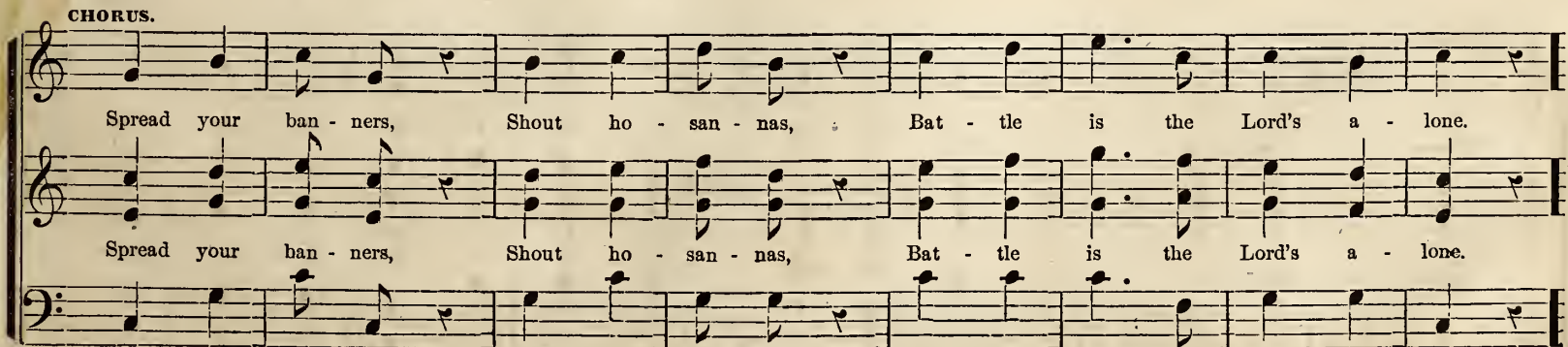
Treble Solo.



From the riv - er, re - ject - ing quiv - er, Ju - dah's he - - - ro takes the stone.

Piano-Forte.

CHORUS.



Spread your ban - ners, Shout ho - san - nas, Bat - tle is the Lord's a - lone.

Spread your ban - ners, Shout ho - san - nas, Bat - tle is the Lord's a - lone.

Sva



Solo Treble.

Solo Tenor.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef and the lower staff is a bass clef. Both staves contain a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a rhythmic melody. The lyrics are written below the staves.

See ad - vances, with songs and dances, All the band of Is - rael's daughters; Catch the sound, ye hills and waters.

CHORUS.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef and the lower staff is a bass clef. Both staves contain a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a rhythmic melody. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Spread your ban - ners, Shout ho - san - nas, Bat - tle is the Lord's a - lone.

Spread your ban - ners, Shout ho - san - nas, Bat - tle is the Lord's a - lone.

Sym.

Sym.

SOLI. Larghetto.

CHORUS. A tempo primo.

God of thun-der, rend a - sun - der, all the power Phi - lis - tia boasts; What are na-tions, what their sta-tions?

God of thun-der, rend a - sun - der, all the power Phi - lis - tia boasts; What are na-tions, what their sta-tions?

Andante. Tardo.

Allegro non troppo.

Is - rael's God is Lord of hosts.

SOLI.

Mer. cres.

Is - rael's God is Lord of hosts.

What are haughty monarchs now? Low be-fore Je - ho - vah bow.

Pride of princes, strength of kings,

Inst.

Accelerando.

TUTTI. A tempo primo.

Praise him, praise him, ex - ult - ing nations, praise; Praise him, praise him, ex - ult - ing nations, praise.

To the dust Je - ho - vah brings Praise him, praise him, ex - ult - ing nations, praise; Praise him, praise him, ex - ult - ing nations, praise.

ff

Ho - san - - na, Ho - san - - na, Ho - san - - - - - na.....

Ho - san - - na, Ho - san - - na, Ho - san - - - - - na.....

ff

A HYMN OF PEACE.

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Written for the National Peace Festival, by Dr. O. W. HOLMES, to the Music of KELLER's American Hymn.

f Sing 1st verse, *f*, 2d verse, *pp*, 3d verse, *ff*.

1. An - gel of Peace, thou hast wan-dered too long! Spread thy white wings to the sun - shine of love! Come while our voi - ces are

2. Broth-ers we meet, on this al - tar of thine, Ming - ling the gifts we have gath - ered for thee, Sweet with the o - dors of

3. An - gels of Beth - le - hem, an - swer the strain! Hark! a new birth song is fill - ing the sky!— Loud as the storm-wind that

blen - ded in song,— Fly to our ark like the storm - beat - en dove! Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,—

myr - tle and pine, Breeze of the prai - rie and breath of the sea, Mead-ow and moun-tain and for - est and sea!

tum - bles the main, Bid the full breath of the or - gan re - ply, Let the loud tem-pest of voi - ces re - ply,—

mf *Cres.* *f* *ff*

Speed o'er the far-sounding bil-lows of song, Crowned with thine olive-leaf gar-land of love,— An-gel of peace thou hast wait-ed too long.

Sweet is the fra-grance of myr-tle and pine, Sweet-er the in-cense we of-fer to thee, Brothers once more round this al-tar of thine.

Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main! Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky! An-gels of Beth-le-hem, ech-o the strain.

MY REST IS IN HEAVEN.

1. My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I murmur when trials are near? Be hushed; my dark spirit, the worst that can come, But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

2. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow, I would not lie down upon roses below; I ask for no portion, seek not to be blest, Till I find in my Saviour my joy and my rest.

3. Af-flic-tions may grieve me, but cannot destroy, One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy: And bit-terest tears, if he smile but on them, Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

4. A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand, I march on in haste through an enemy's land; The road may be rough, but it cannot be long, I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

CHANT No. 1.



Selection, No. 1.

Psalm i.

- 1 BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel | of the · un- | godly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the | seat— | of the | scornful.
- 2 But his delight is in the | law · of the | Lord;
And in his law doth he | medi- tate | day and | night.
- 3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the | rivers · of | water,
That bringeth forth his | fruit— | in his | season;
- 4 His leaf also | shall not | wither;
And whatso- | ever he | doeth shall | prosper.
- 5 The ungodly | are not | so:
But are like the chaff which the | wind— | driveth · a- | way.
- 6 Therefore the ungodly shall not | stand · in the | judgment
Nor sinners in the congre- | gation | of the | righteous ·
- 7 For the Lord knoweth the | way · of the | righteous:
But the way of the un- | godly | shall— | perish.

Selection, No. 2.

From Psalm lvi.

- 1 Be thou exalted, O God, a- | bove the | heavens;
Let thy glory be a- | bove— | all the | earth.
- 2 My heart is fixed, O God, my | heart is | fixed;
I will | sing and | give— | praise.
- 3 Awake up, my glory; awake, | psaltery · and | harp:
I my- | self · will a- | wake— | early.
- 4 I will praise thee, O Lord, a- | mong the | people:
I will sing unto | thee a- | mong the | nations.
- 5 For thy mercy is great | unto · the | heavens,
And thy | truth— | unto · the | clouds.
- 6 Be thou exalted, O God, a- | bove the | heavens;
Let thy glory be a- | bove— | all the | earth.

CHANT No. 2.



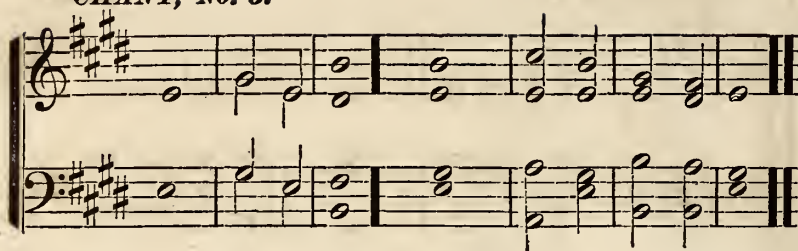
PURCELL.

Selection, No. 3.

Psalm xix.

- 1 THE heavens declare the | glory · of | God;
And the firmament | showeth · his | handy- | work.
- 2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto | night showeth | knowledge.
There is no speech nor language, where their | voice— | is not | heard.
- 3 Their line is gone out through | all the | earth,
And their words to the | end— | of the | world,
- 4 In them hath he set a tabernacle | for the | sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a
strong | man to | run a | race.
- 5 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends—
of it:
And there is nothing | hid · from the | heat there- | of.
- 6 The law of the Lord is perfect, con- | verting · the | soul:
The testimony of the Lord is sure, | making | wise the | simple.
- 7 The statutes of the Lord are right, re- | joicing · the | heart:
The commandment of the Lord is | pure, en- | lightening · the | eyes.
- 8 The fear of the Lord is clean, en- | during · for | ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true and | righteous | alto- | gether.
- 9 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than | much fine | gold:
Sweeter also than honey | and the | honey- | comb.
- 10 Moreover by them is thy | servant | warned:
And in keeping of them | there is | great re- | ward.
- 11 Who can under- | stand his | errors?
Cleanse thou | me from | secret | faults.
- 12 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have do-
minion | over me:
Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent | from the | great trans- |
gression.
- 13 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable | in
thy | sight,
O Lord, my | Strength, and | my Re- | deemer.

CHANT, No. 3.



Selection, No. 4.

Psalm xxiv.

- 1 THE earth is the Lord's, and the | fullness · there- | of;
The world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
- 2 For he hath founded it up- | on the | seas,
And established | it up- | on the | floods.
- 3 Who shall ascend into the | hill of the | Lord?
Or who shall stand | in his | holy place?
- 4 He that hath clean hands, and a | pure— | heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, | nor— | sworn de- | ceitfully.
- 5 He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord,
And righteousness from the | God of | his sal- | vation.
- 6 This is the generation of | them that | seek him,
That | seek thy | face, O | Jacob.
- 7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever- | lasting | doors;
And the King of | glory | shall come | in.
- 8 Who is this | King of | glory?
The Lord, strong and mighty, the | Lord— | mighty · in | battle.
- 9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye ever- | lasting | doors;
And the King of | glory | shall come | in.
- 10 Who is this | King of | glory?
The Lord of hosts, | he · is the | King of | glory.

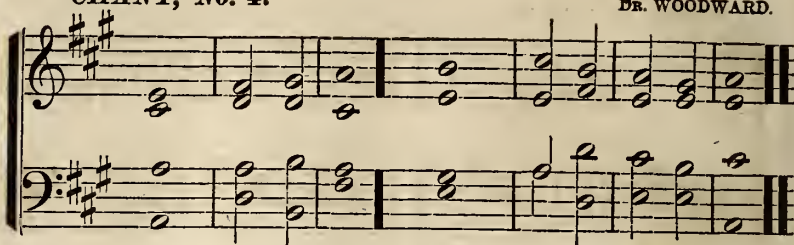
Selection, No. 5.

Psalm c.

- 1 MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his | presence | with— | singing.
- 2 KNOW ye that the Lord | he is | God:
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and
the | sheep of | his— | pasture.
- 3 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise.
Be thankful unto him, and | bless— | his— | name.
- 4 For the Lord is good; his mercy is | ever- | lasting;
And his truth endureth to | all— | gener- | ations.

CHANT, No. 4.

DR. WOODWARD.



Selection, No. 6.

Psalm viii.

- 1 O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in | all the | earth!
Who hast set thy | glory a- | bove the | heavens.
- 2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength be- | cause
of · thine | enemies,
That thou mightest still the | ene - my | and · the a- | venger.
- 3 When I consider thy heavens, the | work of · thy | fingers,
The moon and the stars | which thou | hast or- | dained;
- 4 What is man, that thou art | mindful · of | him?
And the son of man, | that thou | visit - est | him?
- 5 For thou hast made him a little lower | than the | angels,
And hast crowned him with | glory | and— | honor.
- 6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the | works of · thy | hands;
Thou hast put | all things | under · his | feet:
- 7 All | sheep and | oxen,
Yea, and the | beasts— | of the | field;
- 8 The fowl of the air, and the | fish · of the | sea,
And whatsoever passeth through the | paths— | of the | seas.
- 9 O | Lord our | Lord,
How excellent is thy | name in | all the | earth!

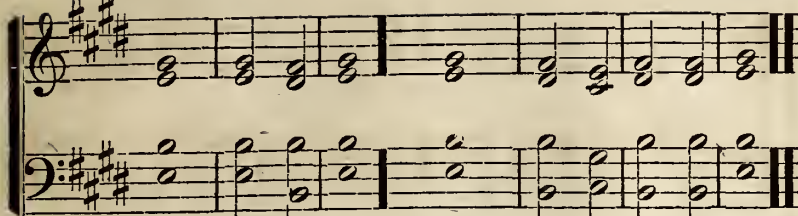
Selection, No. 7.

Psalm xvi.

- 1 O SING unto the Lord a | new— | song:
Sing unto the | Lord,— | all the | earth.
- 2 Sing unto the Lord, | bless his | name;
Shew forth his sal- | vation · from | day to | day.
- 3 Declare his glory a- | mong the | heathen,
His wonders a- | mong— | all— | people.
- 4 For the Lord is great, and greatly | to be | praised
He is to be | feared · a- | bove all | gods.
- 5 For all the gods of the | nations · are | idols:
But the | Lord— | made the | heavens.

CHANT, No. 5.

TALLIS.



Selection, No. 8.

Psalm xli.

- 1 God is our | refuge · and | strength,
A very | present | help in | trouble.
- 2 Therefore will not we fear, though the | earth · be re- | moved,
And though the mountains be carried into the | midst— | of the | sea;
- 3 Though the waters thereof | roar · and be | troubled,
Though the mountains | shake · with the | swelling · there— | of.
- 4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the | city of | God,
The holy place of the tabernacles | of the | Most— | High.
- 5 God is in the midst of her; she shall | not be | moved;
God shall | help her, · and | that right | early.
- 6 The heathen raged, the | kingdoms · were | moved:
He uttereth his | voice, the | earth— | melted.
- 7 The Lord of | hosts is | with us;
The God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.
- 8 Come, behold the | works · of the | Lord,
What desolations he hath | made— | in the | earth.
- 9 He maketh wars to cease unto the | end · of the | earth;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the | chariot | in the | fire.
- 10 Be still, and know that | I am | God:
I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be ex- | alted | in the | earth.
- 11 The Lord of | hosts is | with us;
The God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

CHANT, No. 7.

FARRANT.



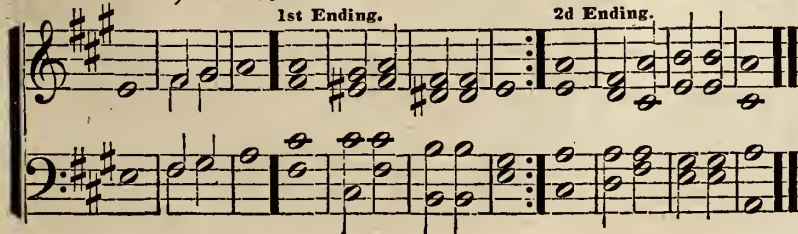
Selection, No. 9

Psalm cii. 16-32.

- 1 WHEN the Lord shall | build up | Zion,
He shall ap- | pear in | his— | glory.
- 2 He will regard the prayer | of the | destitute,
And | not de- | spise their | prayer.
- 3 This shall be written for the gener- | ation · to | come:
And the people which shall be cre- | ated · shall | praise the | Lord.
- 4 For he hath looked down from the height | of his | sanctuary;
From heaven did the | Lord be- | hold the | earth;
- 5 To hear the groaning | of the | prisoner,
To loose those that are ap- | point— | ed to | death;
- 6 To declare the name of the | Lord in | Zion,
And his praise | in Je- | ru- sa- | lem;
- 7 When the people are | gathered · to- | gether,
And the | kingdoms, to | serve the | Lord.
- 8 He weakened my | strength · in the | way;
He | shortened | my— | days.
- 9 I said, O my God, take me not away in the | midst of · my | days.
Thy years are throughout | all— | gener- | ations.
- 10 Of old hast thou laid the foundation | of the | earth:
And the heavens are the | work of | thy— | hands.
- 11 They shall perish, but | thou · shalt en- | dure:
Yea, all of them shall wax | old— | like a | garment;
- 12 As a vesture | shalt thou | change them,
And they | shall be | chang— | ed;
- 13 But thou | art the | same,
And thy | years shall | have no | end.
- 14 The children of thy servants | shall con- | tinue.
And their seed shall be es- | tablish - | ed be- | fore thee.

CHANT, No. 6.

GREGORIAN.



CHANT, No. 8.



Selection, No. 10. Rev. 14: 13; 20: 6; 1: 5.

- 1 BLESSED are the dead, who die in the | Lord from | henceforth:
 2 Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their | works do
 | follow | them.
 3 Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the
 second death | hath no | power;
 4 But they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with | him a |
 thousand | years.
 5 Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in | his own | blood,
 6 And hath made us kings and priests to God and his Father; to him be glory
 and do- | minion · for- | ever and | ever.

Selection, No. 11.

Psalm ciii. 15-18.

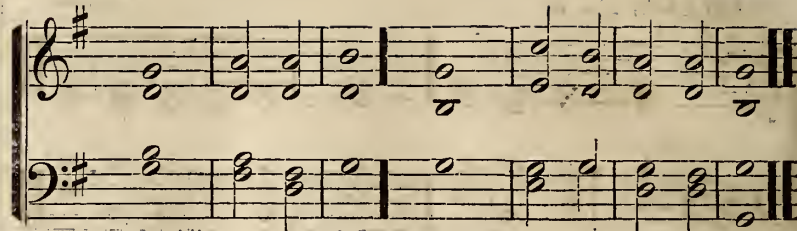
- 1 As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, | so he | flourisheth:
 2 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place there- | of shall |
 know it: · no | more.
 3 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that
 fear him, and his righteousness unto | chil- dren's | children;
 4 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that re- | member · his com- | mand-
 ments · to | do them.

GLORIA PATRI.

- 1 GLORY be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
 And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
 2 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · shall | be,
 World | without · end. A- | men.

CHANT, No. 9.

DR. TURNER.



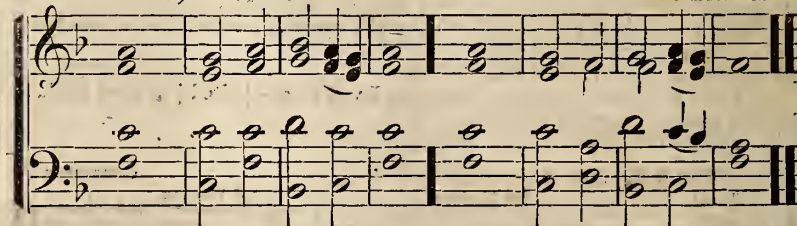
Selection, No. 12.

Psalm lxxii.

- 1 God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us;
 And cause his | face to | shine upon | us.
 2 That thy way may be | known up - on | earth,
 Thy saving | health a | mong all | nations.
 3 Let the people praise | thee, O | God;
 Let | all the | people | praise thee.
 4 Oh, let the nations be glad and | sing for joy: [| earth.
 For thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations | upon
 5 Let the people praise | thee, O | God;
 Let | all the | people | praise thee.
 6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase:
 And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.
 7 God | shall— | bless us;
 And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear— | him.

CHANT, No. 10.

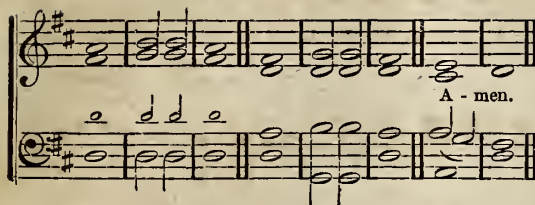
GREGORIAN.



Selection, No. 13.

- 1 OUR Father, who art in heaven, | Hallowed | be Thy | name; |
 Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth, · as it | is in | heaven;
 2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread;
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres- · pass a- | gainst us.
 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil;
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for · ever. | A — | men.

CHANT, No. 11.



Selection, No. 14. Ps. xxiii.

- 1 THE Lord is my shepherd : I | shall not | want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; He leadeth me beside the still | wa — | ters.
- 3 He restoreth my soul ; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His | name's — | sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they | comfort | me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, Thou anointest my head with oil ; my | cup runneth | over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for — | ev — | er. || A — | men.

Selection, No. 15. Ps. cxxxiii.

- 1 BEHOLD how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell to — | gether in | unity.
- 2 It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard ; that went down to the | skirts of his | garments.
- 3 As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the | mountains of | Zion.
- 4 For there the Lord commanded the blessing, even | life forever — | more.

CHANT, No. 12.



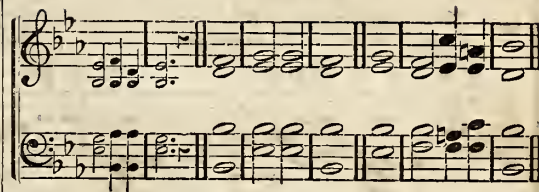
Selection, No. 16. Ps. exxi.

- 1 I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh my | help.
- 2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven and | earth.
- 3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved : he that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
- 4 Behold he that keepeth Israel, shall not | slumber nor | sleep.
- 5 The Lord is thy keeper ; the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right — | hand.
- 6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by | night.
- 7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil ; he shall pre — | serve thy | soul.
- 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for — | ever — | more.

Selection, No. 17. Ps. exii.

- 1 BLESSED is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in | his com — | mandments.
- 2 His seed shall be mighty upon earth : the generation of the upright | shall be | blessed.
- 3 Wealth and riches shall be in his house, And his righteousness en — | dureth for — | ever.
- 4 Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness, he is gracious, and full of com — | passion and | righteous.

CHANT, No. 13.

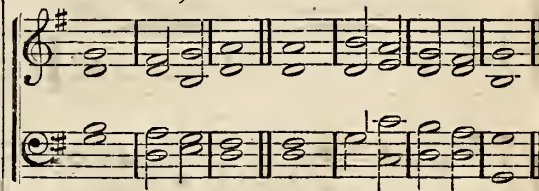


Selection, No. 18.

- "Thy will be | done !" || In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run ; |
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."
- "Thy will be | done !" || If o'er us shine
A gladd'ning and a | prosp'rous | sun, ||
This prayer will make it more divine — |
"Thy will be | done."
- "Thy will be done !" || Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with gloom, || one comfort — one
Is ours : — to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done." — Bowring.

Close by repeating the first two measures, "Thy will be done."

CHANT, No. 14.



Selection, No. 19. Rev. iv. & v.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord | God al — | mighty,
Which was, and | is, and | is to | come.
- 2 Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and | honor and | power :
For thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they | are and | were cre — | ated.
- 3 Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain,
To receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and | honor, and | glory, and | blessing.
- 4 Blessing, and honor, and | glory and | power,
Be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the | Lamb for | ever and | ever.

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